

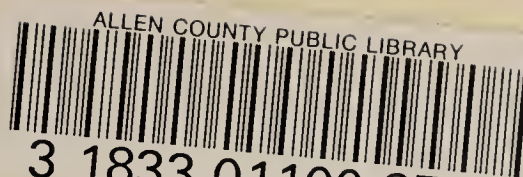
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THE ISLANDS OF BOSTON HARBOR

Their History and Romance

1626 - 1935

By

EDWARD ROWE SNOW

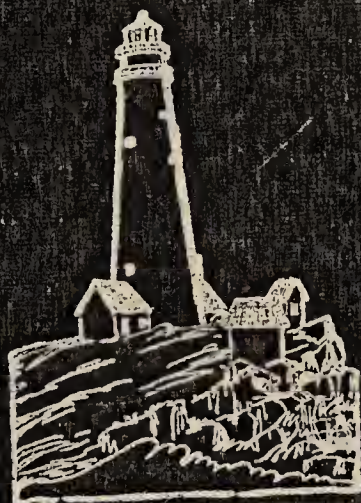
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THE ISLANDS OF BOSTON HARBOR

Their History and Romance

EDWARD ROWE SNOW



NACHANTE

CARTE
DU PORT ET HAVRE
DE BOSTON

avec les Côtes adjacentes,
dans lequel on a tracé les Camps
et les Retranchemens
occupés tant par les Anglois
que par les Américains.

DEDIEE

et présentée au Roy
Par son tres humble et
tres obéissant serviteur et
Fidèle le Citoyen Benjamin
Gougeon, Géographe de la Cour
et de la Peninsule

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Snake Isle

ulling
Pointe

River

Peut Chenal

Isle Deer

Cours du Chenal Principal

Isle Longue

Isle de Lovell

Isle de Nick's Mill

Isle de Galloway

Isle de George

RADE DE NANTUCKET

Isle de Rumphe

Echelle de

Echelle de

1000 Toises

1000 Toises



CARTTE DU PORT ET HAVRE DE BOSTON

avec les Côtes adjacentes,
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DEDIEE
et présentée au Roy
Par son très humble et
très obéissant serviteur et
fidèle sujet, le Citoyen
Geographe de Sa Majesté
et son Percepteur
en 1776.

1784686

Echelle de
Echelle de
1000 Toises
1000 Toises

THE ISLANDS OF
BOSTON HARBOR





Edwin T. Ramsdell

BOSTON LIGHT, OLDEST IN AMERICA, 1935

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FOREWORD

THE islands and ledges of Boston Harbor have been intimately connected with the growth of Massachusetts' capital city for over three hundred years, and there have been several booklets and pamphlets describing them. A few accepted authorities have included the islands in their surveys of surrounding peninsulas and inlets, but this is the first book ever written on the islands of Boston Harbor alone.

In presenting this volume to the reader, I wish to express my most sincere thanks to the more than four hundred individuals who have so willingly helped me in attempting to find desired information. Only three requests were refused. There was much that had to be omitted, and a wealth of material remains in index cards and photostats.

I owe a deep debt of gratitude to Dr. Robert Earle Moody of Boston University who willingly gave his time and knowledge in introducing me to several of Greater Boston's archives. Edwin Thompson Ramsdell's outstanding pictures form a valued part of this work. His whole-hearted cooperation made it a pleasure for me to work with him. I am also indebted to Dino Gris Valz for his generous technical suggestions. Channing Howard of Winthrop, with his knowledge of early North Shore history, was always eager to help.

I should like to be able to mention each and every person and institution I interviewed or visited during the sixteen years that I have been compiling this material, but the inclusion of a few whose services were outstanding must suffice to

acknowledge my appreciation. Besides those whose names are embodied in the text of the book, I mention the following: William Alcott, Thelma S. Allen, Charles Berger, T. Frank Brennan, James L. Bruce, Madeleine Connors, Curtis Chase, Josephine Cobb, Captain Charles Denny, Girard Edwards, Alfred Ela, Charles Eskrigge, Chester A. Fazakas, Laura Gibbs, Eleanor Gregory, Captain Joseph Gilbreth, Ethel Hazlewood, Charles O. Hurd, Captain J. I. Kemp, Lorraine Langley, Captain George P. Lord, Sergeant Enoch W. Lyman, Warren Manning, George R. Marvin, Major J. W. H. Myrick, F. Ward Paine, Franklin Pierce, Hugh J. Shaw, Fitz-Henry Smith, Jr., Harriet Swift, Alice Rowe Snow, Donald B. Snow, Edith Stevens, Albert V. Stolpe, Benjamin Stewart, Colonel Roland Tilton, George P. Tilton, John G. Weld, Eber M. Wells, Daisy Whitman, and Captain William Wincapaw.

Finally, I wish to mention the various institutions that have helped me. The British Museum, the War Department at Washington, the New York Public Library, and the Military Academy at West Point have been the chief documentary sources outside of New England. The fine archives at Worcester, Salem and Providence have yielded considerable information, but Boston itself has been the main center of historical research.

The unpublished diaries and documents at the Bostonian Society, the Massachusetts Archives at the State House, the manuscripts and publications of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the collections of the Colonial Society, the records and diaries of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, and the documents of the Boston Marine Society have been drawn upon freely. The remarkable collection of Civil War photographs of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion in the Cadet Armory was invaluable and the Boston Public Library proved very helpful.

The treasure room of the Harvard College Library and the rare map room of the same institution have yielded much material, while the Suffolk Court House has proved an important center for research, both for deeds and old court records. The Boston Athenaeum has been visited, and the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities has yielded much of interest. Town records from Chelsea, Winthrop, Hull, Hingham, and Quincy have been consulted.

If, during the stress of publication, I have neglected to acknowledge any person or institution, I trust I shall be forgiven.

E. R. S.

WINTHROP, MASS.

DECEMBER 7, 1935

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INTRODUCTION

AMERICA, the new world, compares in glamour and romance with the old, and Boston Harbor is one of the most delightful places in America. Come for a trip, not to Ulysses' Isles of the Aegean Sea, but to the Islands of Boston Harbor. It is to be hoped that before you have visited the last "happy isle," you will share some of the fascination which I feel for this historic Harbor.

For many years historians have wondered whether Thorwald the Norseman visited the New England coast as far south as Massachusetts Bay. If this bold Viking leader of nine centuries ago did reach the site of what is now Boston, he was the first European to look out over Boston Harbor. Two other early visitors who probably landed at many of the islands were Bartholomew Gosnold and John Smith.

Captain Smith left us an interesting map of Massachusetts Bay which was probably used by Myles Standish on his exploring trip to Boston Harbor in 1621. When the Puritans founded Boston, John Winthrop made a map of the islands and surrounding shoreline; his chart represents a substantial improvement over the map of Captain Smith. The next real attempt to survey the islands occurred about 55 years later when Thomas Pound drew his very satisfactory chart. This map was universally copied for many years.

We of today are privileged to view the present Harbor in a manner which might startle our Puritan ancestors. Let us go

over to the Boston Airport and ask Captain William H. Wincapaw to take us up over the Bay. As the ground drops away and we gain altitude, the most historic and romantic group of islands in America spreads out below. Although when the Puritans arrived there were over 40 islands and ledges of sufficient importance to be mentioned, today there remain only 35 which have survived the ravages of man and sea.

The airport behind us is connected with a former island, East Boston; neighboring Susanna Island, now known as Orient Heights, has also been joined to the mainland. Approaching Governor's Island, we fly over what was formerly Bird Island, now only identified by a marker.

Roaring over the Harbor, we observe that Governor's, Apple, Snake, and Deer Island with its Light, string out on one side of the main ship channel, while Spectacle, Long, and Lovell's Islands are seen in that order on the other. Lovell's Island, separating Broad Sound Channel from the Narrows, lies across the latter body of water from Nix's Mate, Gallop's, and George's Islands. By the time we have looked down on the islands just mentioned we are half way out to Graves Light and we dive toward that rocky ledge. Keeper Reamy comes out on the upper deck of the lighthouse to acknowledge our visit. Banking sharply, Captain Wincapaw heads his ship due south and we pass island after island. Green, Little Calf, Calf, Outer Brewster, Middle and Greater Brewster unfold before our eyes. Passing Boston Light, oldest of American beacons, Keeper Babcock waves us a friendly greeting. A few minutes later we have crossed Lighthouse Channel to Pemberton in Hull and glide downward as we approach Little Hog Island with its giant guns. We are now in Hingham Bay where Bumpkin, Ragged, Sarah's, Langlee's, and Button Islands soon appear and fall behind. Our pilot circles Hingham and starts for the trip back to the airport. We drop swiftly over Slate and Grape Islands, then

see Raccoon Island off to the west and Sheep Island in the east. Peddock's Island with its rambling shore line swings into view, then rocky Hangman's Island appears. Our plane banks to the right and we rush directly over Quarantine Rocks and Rainsford's Island. Soaring over the western cliffs of Long Island, we see Thompson's, the prettiest island in the inner Harbor, with tiny Thimble Island close by. Fort Independence at Castle Island is now directly beneath and we soon make a three-point landing at the airport. We have thus covered in less than thirty minutes a route which our Puritan forefathers could not have completed in thirty hours!

Having seen the Harbor from above, let us charter a small, comfortable launch, and visit each and every island and ledge in this glorious Bay. We shall begin with George's Island.

GEORGE'S ISLAND — FORT WARREN

EACH island in our Harbor has had its own period of importance in the history of Boston and Massachusetts. Deer Island and Long Island are still vital parts of Boston's city government, and Governor's Island was the famous John Winthrop's home in Puritan days. Nix's Mate and Bird Island were prominent during the pirate era, while Fort Independence on Castle Island saw its only battle during the Revolution. George's Island will always be associated with the days of the Civil War, or the War between the States as the Southerners like to call it. Fort Warren, located on this Island since 1833, has more memories of the Civil War days than any other place in New England. Seven miles to the eastward of Boston, between Lovell's and Rainsford's Island, it is the strategic center of Boston Harbor.

The activity George's Island saw between 1861 and 1865 was varied and spectacular with soldiers, prisoners, and even ghosts figuring in the events of the period. Hundreds of soldiers who trained at Fort Warren left the Island never to return; over one thousand Confederates were imprisoned in the walls of this historic old fortress. Many attempts at escape were made here, none of which, as far as is known, was completely successful. This Fort was the prison of Mason and Slidell in 1861, and four years later held Alexander Stephens in captivity.

Going back to the days before the Puritans arrived in Boston Harbor, we find that James Pemberton owned George's

Island. It was then known as Pemberton's Island, and when its ownership was in question in 1652, Pemberton produced proof that he had come to the Island two years before the Puritans arrived and had been living there ever since. The Court accepted his proof and declared Pemberton's Island "to be his propriety." We do not know when Pemberton left the Island which bore his name for almost a century, but the date of his death was February 5, 1682.¹

Pemberton's Island passed into the possession of Governor John Leverett, whose will mentions the Island as being in the occupation of Benjamin Worthylake. Leverett, who died in March 1679, willed ownership to his wife. Their son, Hudson Leverett, inherited the property when his mother passed away and later willed it to John Leverett. Desiring to raise money, John Leverett placed a mortgage of £200 on the "island and pasture," borrowing the money from Simeon Stoddard. After the death of John Leverett, his heirs wished to sell Pemberton's Island, so paid the principal and interest on the mortgage to obtain a clear title, and in 1725 received from Samuel Greenleaf the equivalent of \$5,000.²

Thirteen years later Greenleaf passed away, his wife then becoming owner of what was by this time definitely known as George's Island. John George, whose father lost his life shortly after the Andros episode, was a tenant around the first part of the century and is the man for whom the Island is named.³

At the death of Mrs. Greenleaf in 1757, her daughter Hannah became the owner of the Island which figured so prominently in the news a century later. When Hannah died in 1765, Elisha Leavitt, the famous Hingham Tory, bought the Island at auction. At one time or another this clever Loyalist owned quite a few of the Boston Harbor islands.⁴ He bequeathed George's Island in 1790 to his grandson Caleb Rice. In 1825 Rice, who also owned Gallop's and Lovell's, sold Lovell's Island

and George's Island for \$6,000 to the city of Boston, which transferred them at once to the Federal Government.

Having covered, perhaps too fully, the various changes of ownership of James Pemberton's Island, we shall go back to the day in 1690 when Samuel Sewall and a group of officers went down the Harbor to George's Island. This party of dignitaries from Boston watched the English flotilla manoeuvre in the Road and observed the muster held on the Island itself.⁵ The fleet later sailed away under Sir William Phips to participate in the disastrous expedition against Canada.

In 1709 new preparations were made to receive another flotilla. On May 2 of that year the council voted to "cause one or more sheds to contain in all 100 feet in length, 15 feet wide and seven feet high to be raised on George's Island to receive and Lodge the sick amongst her Majesty's Forces speedily expected to arrive here from England."⁶

The fleet did not come, however, since it was diverted to Portuguese waters, and during the next summer one of the barracks was "burnt down by some ill-minded person or persons." Adam Winthrop, the captain at the Castle, went to George's Island and brought the remaining barracks back to Castle Island. The fleet did arrive at Boston Harbor in 1711, with Sir Hovendon Walker at the head of a mighty squadron which anchored in the Harbor. After hasty arrangements had been completed, George's Island was used as the hospital base for the sick soldiers of Marlborough's regiments which had accompanied the fleet. The rest of the troops were encamped on Noddle's Island.

The next time George's Island received notice was during the Revolution. When the British evacuated Boston, they did not leave the Harbor for some time, sailing around the islands week after week. Dr. William McKinstry, a prominent Taunton Tory who had been obliged to flee Boston just before the

fighting started, had been active in dressing the wounds of the injured British soldiers after the Lexington engagement and was now placed aboard one of the British ships. Ill when the fleet sailed, he grew worse as the weeks passed, dying on board ship in Nantasket Road. His body was taken to George's Island and buried there.

The British left Boston so unexpectedly that they could not notify England in time to stop many of the transport ships which had already started for Boston. On the first anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill two transports at anchor just off the shore of Pemberton's former residence were attacked by the Americans. The transports that had sailed unsuspectingly into Boston Harbor were the ship *George*, with six cannon and 114 Highlanders under Colonel Campbell, and the brigantine *Annabella* carrying seventy-four Highlanders besides her regular crew. At midnight the American vessels approached the two English troopships and hailed the *George*, demanding that she surrender. They were refused, and a fierce struggle began which lasted till dawn. When Colonel Campbell saw that defeat was near, he tore his regimental colors into bits and threw them overboard. The British Major Menzies and eight Highlanders were killed on the *George*, while one soldier met his death on the *Annabella*. The American ship that took a very active part in the battle was the *Warren*, which nicely matched the English vessel *George* since the battle was fought off the shores of George's Island where Fort Warren is now located.⁷

The British continued their supremacy over France on the high seas, however, and Lord Howe gave that nation another crushing defeat off Newport in 1778. The French commander brought his battered ships into Boston Harbor. Chevalier, in his fine history of the French Navy, tells us that the "garnisons des vaisseaux et des détachements de matelots, débarqués sur les îles George et Nantasket, travaillèrent immédiatement à la

construction de batteries destinées à défendre le mouillage . . . Le 1^{er} septembre, nous avons, sur l'île George, six mortiers et deux batteries, l'une de onze pièces de canon de vingt-quatre, et l'autre de dix-huit et vingt-quatre."⁸ The largest of the frigates, the *Cesar*, had been terribly damaged in the encounter with the British ships.

Very little of the Island's history from the Revolution until 1825 has been preserved. In 1786, Thomas Spear of George's Island sighted the masts of a wreck ashore on Lovell's Island and crossed over in a boat, discovering the famous Lover's Rock tragedy described in another chapter. Later on, Spear became the Keeper of Rainsford's Island. At the turn of the century, Thomas Crane was born at his father's farm on the Island, and later in life he became a leading New York capitalist. When the broadsides of the *Shannon* were working their terrible destruction on the *Chesapeake*, June 1, 1813, a terrified group of island-dwellers, huddled on the eastern cliff at George's Island, watched the defeat of the American ship. But our last war with England came to an end, and we enjoyed a brief rest from the rigors of warfare.

Frederick W. A. S. Brown wrote the following stanzas about George's Island shortly after his visit in the spring of 1819:

*Of George's Isle; oh muse, now speak,
Whose lofty southern shore
Secures a ship from whirlwinds bleak,
Until the storm is o'er.*

*Here, too, the passenger may find,
Whate'er his taste can please;
A book to entertain his mind,
And unaffected ease.*

*When the poor sailor, wet and cold,
And with fatigue opprest;
This happy island does behold,
He happy feels and blest.*

*For whether from the east or west,
The wind severely blows;
At anchor here, his hardy breast,
Feels quiet, calm repose.⁹*

Frederick Brown was quite interested in a young lady whom he met on what he called "George's happy shore," but we shall never know the details of this island courtship. For some reason he did not win the girl of his dream, but after returning from his final visit to George's Island penned the thoughts of his lady fair. He hoped that he would

*"Oft recall each fleeting scene
Of pleasure and delight
Her fancy formed, while o'er the green
She strayed at morn or night."*

He does not tell us her name, so perhaps she was the original "Lady in Black" of George's Island.

The Government, believing that in peace it should prepare for war, began work in 1826 on the seawall at George's Island. Doctor Jerome Van Crowninshield Smith, then Port Physician at Rainsford's Island, visited the men who were constructing the wall. Smith tells us that \$52,000 had already been appropriated by the Government at this time. The seawall was built on the east and northeast side of the Island, and Smith says that "we have never seen any masonry that would compare with it, in point of strength and workmanship." He goes on to say that under the "superintendence of Captain Smith, whose good judgment has been exercised in the beginning, we may expect

to see a fort in the outer harbor that will bid defiance to all the ships of war that ever sailed." This man, who later became the mayor of Boston, thus predicted the future of George's Island.¹⁰

On September 13, 1832, the Government began the survey of the Island and the following April started work on the Fort. It was this year, 1833, which saw the changing of the name Fort Warren from the fortifications at Governor's Island to the present works at George's Island.

Peter Peregrine sailed by Fort Warren July 30, 1838. The workmen had already been laboring five years when he made his trip, and their results shown on the Island so impressed him that he said it suggested a sort of "Ocean Thermopylae, where a small band of Boston Yankees would as triumphantly beat back the navy of Great Britain as did the 'Immortal Three Hundred' the myriads of Xerxes." In making a comparison between Fort Warren and the Rock of Gibraltar, he thought that the fortress on George's Island commanded the entrance to Boston Harbor far more effectively than the famous rock controlled the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea.¹¹

The second of August, Mr. Peregrine took another trip down the Harbor, and this time he sailed nearly around George's Island. Speaking of the seawall which Smith mentioned, he tells us that on "this solid and apparently everlasting foundation, is slowly rising a cincture of walls and battlements not unworthy of the basis on which they rest . . . It is intended to supply so well with ordnance, that more than three hundred guns can be brought to bear on any given point." The greatest number of guns ever at Fort Warren, however, was 248.

A few years later, another observer set down his impressions after a visit to Fort Warren. James Lloyd Homer, one of the early contributors to the *Boston Post*, wrote under the pseudonym of the "Shade of Alden." He first visited the Island with a "matrimonial party" from Weymouth in August 1845.

We quote from the survey he made of the Fort at that time.¹²

“As far as the Fort is finished, it is probably the most magnificent piece of masonry in this or in any other country . . . The dry-dock at Charlestown is a splendid piece of workmanship, but it bears no comparison to the Fort at George’s Island, the foundation walls of which are twelve feet thick, and the superstructure eight . . . The fronts are neatly hammered and the workmanship is as even and as perfect as it possibly can be.”

The principal material used was Quincy granite, with granite from Cape Ann for filling purposes. Two sides of the Fort were then so far advanced that the cannon could be mounted within three months if necessary. One gun, however, comprised the entire defense at this time, and in June 1848, that one cannon still stood alone as a challenge to an invading navy. Incidentally, conditions were not much better in 1857, for according to a picture shown in *Ballou’s Pictorial*, the platforms on the shore were not equipped with guns of any sort. Even at the start of the Civil War, 13 years later, Fort Warren was practically worthless for defensive purposes.

James Lloyd Homer made a careful survey of the whole fortress even to the commissary department on his visit in 1845. A Mr. Gould, who had ambitious plans for a hotel at Hull, was in charge of provisions at the Island and brought shipload after shipload of supplies for the hungry workmen building the fortress. He kept a large herd of cows and many hogs which rambled over the slopes of Pemberton’s old Island.

Homer’s story of his visit to the semi-subterranean prison is the most interesting part of the account of his trip to Fort Warren. Let us accompany him on his journey of 90 years ago. Starting at the parapets:

“You descend a long flight of stone steps. Having touched the ground, you walk about forty feet, and then

turn to the left, when you find yourself in the 'prison-house' of the Fort, which extends, through several apartments or sections, a distance of over one hundred feet, and is capable of accommodating one thousand prisoners, if we should ever have as many in New England, which is at least problematical—unless the foul fiends disunion and insurrection should raise their bloody and unsightly crests on the soil of the Pilgrims."

These words were written over 15 years before the actual outbreak of hostilities, but the rooms through which he travelled that day really held hundreds of Confederate soldiers during the Civil War. The stairway which the "Shade of Alden" used to enter the prison dungeons has been walled up forever, and the only entrance today is through a small caronade embrasure reached by ladder from outside the walls of the Fort. In our discussion of the "Lady in Black" we shall again mention the quarters visited by James Lloyd Homer so long ago.

An interested visitor to Fort Warren landed from the 42-ton sloop *General Warren* on October 13, 1853, after a run of one hour. Thomas Kelah Wharton, who was later to assist Beauregard in the construction of the great New Orleans Custom House, was met at the pier by Sylvanus Thayer himself. A few lines from the diary of Wharton follow:

"We sallied forth to explore the fortifications—and first took the circuit of the outer parapet, rising to the height of 69 feet above tide water, enclosing an area of about 12 acres, and faced with Granite, beautifully cut, and jointed, and 8 feet in thickness. On this exposed elevation the wind tried hard to rob us of our hats and cloaks, but it was so pure and healthy I should have been sorry had there been less of it. We descended one of the exquisitely cut spiral staircases to the 'Quarters'."

Wharton drew a fine sketch of Fort Warren from Telegraph Hill in Hull, which can be seen in the Manuscript Room of the New York Public Library.

We now approach the time of the break between the North and the South, the days when Fort Warren saw more action than any other fortress in all New England. With the start of the war in April 1861, the Government made a hasty examination of the harbor defenses and was not at all reassured by the condition of the armament at Fort Warren. When Governor John Albion Andrew visited George's Island, it was said the salute due him had to be postponed until the soldiers could find enough ammunition to fire it off. It was later claimed that the *Alabama* could easily have run the gauntlet of Fort Warren and Castle Island to drop a few shells on Beacon Hill.

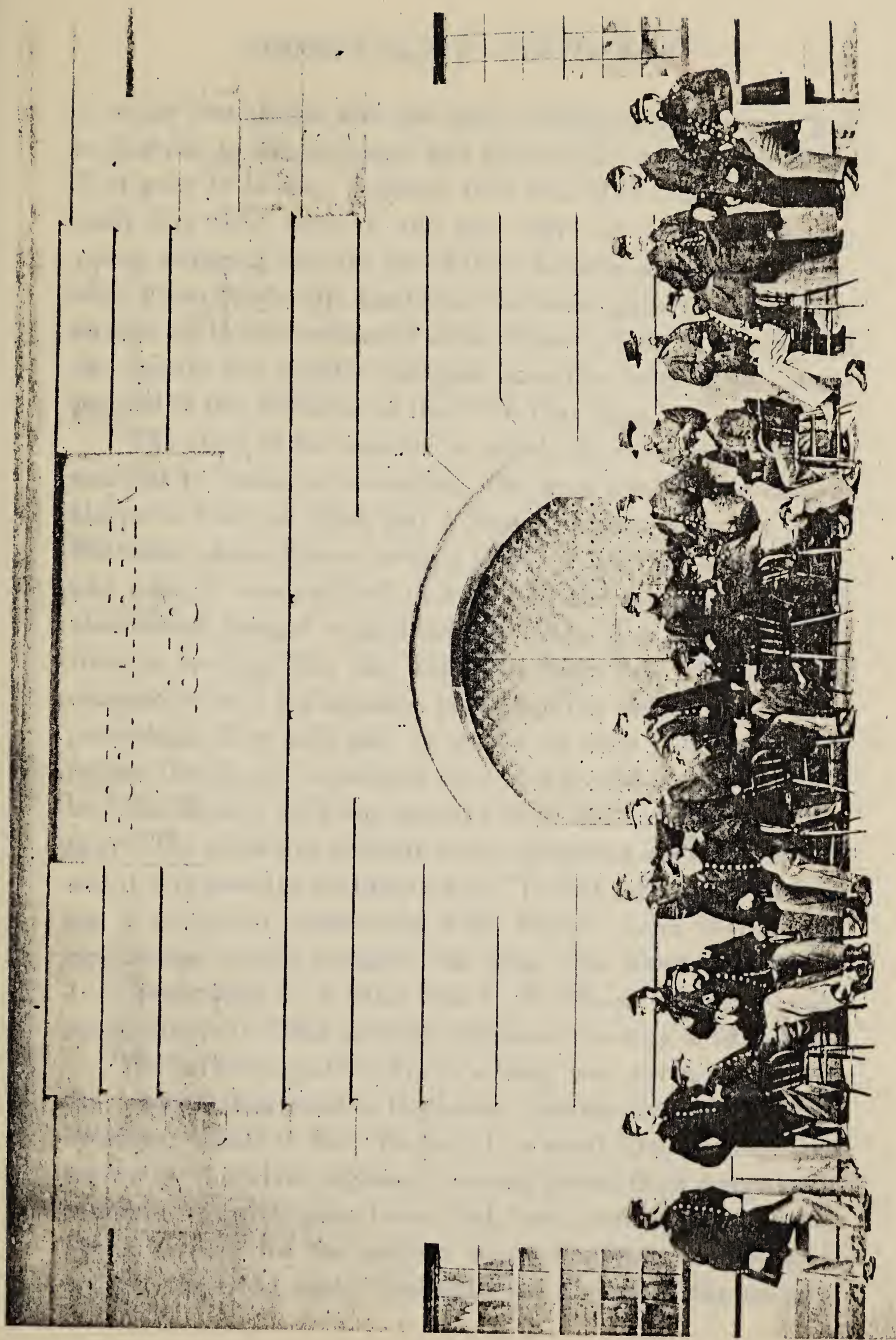
With the war came many patriotic songs and hymns, and Fort Warren was the birthplace of the greatest of them all. The famous Yankee song, *John Brown's Body*, was the product of the 2nd Infantry, or Tiger Battalion, and came into being while the men were quartered at George's Island. The Battalion, composed of four companies under the command of Major Ralph Newton, arrived at Fort Warren April 29, 1861.¹³

When they landed at the Island, the members of the "Tigers" found great heaps of earth lying around inside the parade ground, and it was made clear to the men that their first job would be to put the fortress into proper shape for military occupancy. Since the soldiers were of high social standing and manual labor was entirely foreign to them, only the knowledge that they were helping their country kept them at work.

Singing seemed to be the best way for the men to pass their time while working with the pick and shovel, and all the popular songs of the day echoed and reechoed across the parade ground. After the work for the day was completed, the boys and men gathered together in the casements and sang far into the night.



ONE OF THE GLORIOUS MOMENTS AT FORT WARREN PARADE GROUND, MARCH 1864



OFFICERS OF COMPANY C, FIRST REGIMENT HEAVY ARTILLERY, IN FRONT OF THE SALLY PORT, 1864

A really fine chorus was the result. Religious hymns were just as popular as secular songs, and the favorite hymn sung at the Fort grew to be *Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us?*¹⁴ The music itself was very tuneful, and the effect of scores of husky voices swinging into the air of their favorite song was remarkable. From this hymn, sung time and time again, came the tune chosen by the composers of *John Brown's Body*. The music of the chorus was slightly changed from the notes of the hymn printed in the *Melodian* of the Civil War days.

The story of the manner in which the words were written and put to music is interesting. The man who led the raid on Harper's Ferry in 1859 had a Scotch namesake in the Tiger Battalion. John Brown always joined in the fun at the Fort, and when it was realized that he had the same name as the abolitionist hanged near Harper's Ferry, the others lost no time in making him the object of their fun. Whenever he chanced to be a few minutes later than the rest at one of their gatherings, they told him to arrive on time if he wished to release the slaves. At another time he was told that he couldn't be John Brown, for John Brown's body was mouldering in the grave. The same line of chatter was continued week after week, and it was soon the custom to ask, "Is that so?" when answering a statement concerning John Brown. John Brown, the Scotchman, helped compose the song with Newton Pernette, J. E. Greenleaf, C. S. Hall, and C. B. Marsh all active in its preparation. Mr. Hall actually published the song in May 1861.

While the song, *John Brown's Body*, was still in its infancy, the 12th Massachusetts Regiment, commanded by Fletcher Webster,¹⁵ came to Fort Warren. In a short time the tune was known by the whole regiment, having spread from company to company. The Brigade Band had been coming down to the Island to play for the soldiers many Sundays, and in some manner the band leader had obtained a copy of the melody.

One Sunday night the regiment and the battalion were scheduled for a joint dress parade, and as the band swung into line the musicians electrified the gathering by striking up *John Brown's Body*.

This was the first time the song was ever played by a military band. Shortly afterward the government notified the Tiger Battalion that only organizations of ten companies or over could be accepted for active service at the front, and so the soldiers disbanded and returned to the city May 25, 1861. Many of the men, however, now joined the 12th and John Brown and Newton Pernette were among them. When the 11th and 14th Regiments came to the Fort, they also enjoyed singing the song even after the Tigers had left the Island.

July 18, 1861, the Webster Regiment, as it was called, visited Boston for a grand review and was met at the dock by the 2nd Battalion. While marching up State Street, the band struck up the tune of *John Brown's Body*, and every man in the line joined in. The effect was startling, and the crowds watching the parade were greatly impressed by the swing of the tune. The regiment caused a sensation in New York, arousing the populace with the stirring rhythm of the new song.

When the 14th Regiment left Fort Warren and went to Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Julia Ward Howe visited the camp of the Massachusetts soldiers. The stirring strains of *John Brown's Body* so moved Lincoln that he asked Julia Ward Howe to compose a hymn from the tune. *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* was her inspired answer.¹⁶

The crowds went wild everywhere when they heard the magical strains of *John Brown's Body*, and the melody soon reached the far corners of the Union. The great value and inspiration it was to the Northern troops will probably never be fully realized. On June 6, 1862, John Brown, the Scotchman, then serving with the Massachusetts Volunteers, went to his

death in the Shenandoah River, Virginia. Thus passed the man who was indirectly responsible for the greatest marching song of the Civil War.

While Company D of the 12th was still at Fort Warren, the Public Latin School of Boston presented the soldiers a flag which gallant Captain Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff, Junior, himself an old Latin School boy, received. The presentation speech was made by Arthur Brooks, brother of Bishop Brooks, and the boys sang a song written for the occasion. Shurtleff was later killed in battle.¹⁷

Early in the autumn of 1861 Colonel Justin E. Dimmick arrived from Fortress Munroe to take charge at Fort Warren. He had saved Fortress Munroe for the North, but because of his advancing years was sent to George's Island and the quieter life of New England. A temporary garrison was detailed from the 24th Massachusetts Infantry to prepare for the hundreds of prisoners expected at the Fort.

A battalion was quickly recruited to relieve the companies from the 24th. Company A came from Hingham, landing at Fort Warren November 17, 1861. Three other companies were soon sent to the Fort: Company B was from Concord, Company C came from Boston, and Company D was composed of Gloucester fishermen. One can imagine the lack of discipline of these men who had only been in the service one day.¹⁸

An amusing incident occurred the first night at the Island in the quarters of Company D. The most hilarious of the men had already been locked in the guard house, and the remainder were given a supper of soft bread and tea. The Gloucester fishermen regarded this repast with contempt and soon started bombarding their comrades with loaves of bread. The noise of the uproar reached the ears of the Colonel, who strode over to the quarters with his lantern, walking in on the company just in time to receive squarely in his face the full benefit of a loaf of

bread generously dipped in hot tea. The gray-bearded veteran of Fortress Munroe quickly assumed control of the situation by lining up the whole company for inspection. Passing along the row, he carefully examined each soldier by the light of his lantern until he recognized the man who had thrown the bread. After forcibly ejecting him from the casemate, the commander gave the Gloucesterite a brief but sufficient lecture on discipline and allowed him to return to his comrades.

December 2, 1861, Major Francis J. Parker assumed command of the 1st Battalion with Charles K. Cobb, Adjutant, and George W. Pearson, Quartermaster. At this time, guard duty was the most important item, as there were over eight hundred prisoners on the Island. The daily detail consisted of 75 men, some of whom guarded the space where the prisoners were allowed to exercise. At retreat, the sentinels went inside the casemates. A picket line entirely surrounded the outside of the Fort, with guards also at the sally port, the staircases, and the postern gate.

Two more companies of the First were quickly raised and sent to Fort Warren. Company E was recruited in the Old Colony by Captain Cephas C. Bumpus, and mustered in December 7, 1861. Bumpus also was responsible for the enlistment of the men in Company F, recruited at Boston.¹⁹

The disciplining of all these new companies at Fort Warren was effected without serious trouble. If a man disobeyed the rules twice he was given the famous log duty, which cured the worst offender. The punishment consisted of carrying a log, not too heavy, from one bastion to another, the culprit walking in common time all the way. On arrival at the other bastion, he had to pick up another piece of wood of equal size, carry it back, and place it on the pile where he had picked up the first piece. The taunts of his comrades probably added to the offender's discomfiture as he carried on a task which he knew to be useless.

When the Massachusetts men were going through Baltimore on their way to battle, several were killed by shots from the crowd. Scores of politicians were arrested, taken to Fort Lafayette, and later moved on the *State of Maine* to Fort Warren. Among the political prisoners taken to George's Island was Lawrence Sangston, a former member of the Maryland Legislature. He had been confined with over one hundred other Southern civilians at Fort Lafayette. Accompanied by several hundred Confederate soldiers, the political prisoners had sailed for Fort Warren arriving late at night on October 31, 1861.²⁰ In his diary Sangston shows much of the war-time bitterness evidenced by both sides during the conflict.

Let us spend a few days with Sangston at Fort Warren in order to return to the forgotten atmosphere of the war. He stayed on the ship that night, and the next morning marched with the others into the Fort where he was given a casemate room with six other men. The cell measured sixteen by eighteen feet and was lighted by three slits in the wall. Later in the day a "sharp Yankee" arrived at the Fort from Boston, contracting for the maintenance of those civilians who could afford a better bill of fare than the Fort mess offered. He also arranged for Boston and New York papers to be delivered to the prisoners. After dinner, Sangston looked around the casemates to see if he could find better sleeping arrangements and succeeded in obtaining the small room which connected the front and back cells of Casemate Number Seven. A Lieutenant Stevens accepted Sangston's invitation to become his roommate, and there they spent the night.

The next morning Sangston arose early and began to realize that the prisoners were going to be accorded better treatment than they had received at Fort Lafayette. "The officers appear to understand their position," he tells us, and goes on to express his delight with the speed in which the supplies ordered from Boston were received. Later in the day a

driving northeast snowstorm set in during which the men were forced to stay inside the casemates. At the same time, miles out in Massachusetts Bay, the luckless square-rigger *Maritana* was plunging through ever-increasing seas which were to send her to her doom on Shag Rocks before the next sunrise. Sangston's last entry for the day is significant:²¹

"Storm increasing, fearful night for ships on the coast; at times the wind would whistle through the casemate windows equal to the shrill whistle of a locomotive engine, and after listening an hour to the howling of the storm, and the waves breaking over the rocks, went to sleep."

The next day was Sunday, and at ten o'clock the gale ceased. Several of the North Carolina prisoners who were allowed to walk along the ramparts returned to Sangston's quarters with the fearful news of a marine tragedy near Boston Light. It was the *Maritana* which had piled up on Shag Rocks in the blinding storm early that morning. The North Carolina soldiers reported that they had seen the nude body of a woman being recovered from the spit of sand which runs from Greater Brewster Island.

Sangston tells us that on the fifth of November he enjoyed a "regular Yankee breakfast; codfish and potatoes, baked beans and pumpkin 'sass', all very good except the coffee." Again commenting on the good treatment received at Fort Warren, he wrote that he experienced "none of the rudeness and insolence we had to encounter daily at Fort Lafayette."

The following week he had his quarters fixed for comfortable living, and "when all was finished and arranged had about the nicest little prison room that could be found anywhere; many visitors came in to view and admire it," he wrote.²²

On Sunday, November 10, church services held in one of the bastions were attended by several hundred of the North Carolina prisoners. The Sunday meal after the services was a

fine one, leading Sangston to comment in his diary that "money will enable you to live anywhere, especially where there is a Yankee near and he wants it—as he always does."

Forty-five of the civilian prisoners had been assigned to live in one section of the casemates, because they did not have enough money to afford special privileges. The room in which they were placed was seventeen by fifty feet with bare walls, and floors of naked stone. These men were not as well off as they were at Fort Lafayette, for at Lafayette they were not segregated from the prisoners of means, and thereby benefitted from the association. Left to themselves at Warren, they quarrelled constantly. Even the lieutenant in charge of them had his pocket picked of forty-five dollars, which he insisted must have been taken by one of the forty-five inmates in Casemate Forty-five. The same casemate reminded Sangston of an almshouse, as he comments on the "poorhouse-smell."

The following week, Colonel Pegram, aided by Captain De Lagnel and Charles H. Pitts, took his turn at running the mess operated by the wealthier prisoners. This was the week Sangston received a large package from home containing liquor of various assortments. Colonel Dimmick permitted him to keep the liquor, advising him to use the same in a judicious manner. His friends were all suddenly seized with anxiety about Sangston's health which could only "be relieved by personal inquiry."

We are told that Colonel Bradford, who was captured at Hatteras Inlet and taken to Fort Warren, was one of the officers under Sylvanus Thayer, the master engineer who constructed the Fort at George's Island. The irony of the situation caused much comment.

In spite of the many storms at the Island and regardless of the strain under which the prisoners lived, there were many enjoyable days at the Fort. Sangston's diary gives us a fine account of life in the casemates:²³

“At half-past four, when we leave the parade ground and retire to our rooms, and the sentinels are drawn into our door, I trim and light my lamp, and prepare my writing table for those who wish to write, or read in quiet, leaving the front room for conversation, and the backgammon players, the only game we have, as there are not enough card players among us to make up a game; at ten o'clock, I brew a pitcher of hot whiskey punch, which we sip until eleven; Colonel Pegram, the only one among us who does not partake of the punch, gives us some very fine music from his guitar, and we put out the light and go to bed.”

One day Sangston made the discovery that two of his roommates did not speak to each other but conversed generally with the other prisoners. He found out that these Southerners had formerly been in business together but had had a serious falling out. They had both gone to England and on coming back to America, had taken separate boats to avoid one another. Each was arrested on his way home, one in Detroit and the other in Cincinnati; both were sent on the same boat to Fort Warren, where they were incarcerated in the same room. Thus in spite of their efforts to keep apart, the two former partners were living together. They did not become friendly despite the persuasion of their fellow prisoners.

The first rumors regarding Mason and Slidell reached Fort Warren the twenty-third of November. Later in the chapter we shall discuss with more detail the Trent affair in which they participated. The two Confederate Commissioners arrived on November 24, 1861, and were quartered in the front room of Quarters Number Seven, adjacent to the small room Sangston was then occupying. Their secretaries, McFarland and Eustis, were also quartered with the commissioners. McFarland had an excellent voice, and would sing to the accompaniment of his guitar. The last entry for November 27, 1861, reads:

“Colonel Pegram and Mr. McFarland entertained us with some fine singing and music on the guitar, which they continued long after the lights were put out, and we went to bed.”

Colonel Pegram became the famous General John Pegram after his exchange, and was killed in a battle near Petersburg.

Many incidents that in themselves were not important were mentioned by Sangston in his diary. He tells of the arrival of the notorious Shany rowdies, the men who had been captured on the waterfront of Baltimore for smuggling supplies to Virginia. A short time after their arrival at Warren they took the oath of allegiance and were soon released. He also speaks of Marshal Kane, the Baltimore police chief, whose illness forced him to sleep away from a fire of any sort.

The chilling winds of the northern winter were already claiming victims from the ranks. On the 29th of November a Cape Hatteras prisoner, James Cooper,²⁴ died and was buried on December 2 in the lonely graveyard. His body was later removed and taken to Fort Winthrop but was transferred to Deer Island in 1908. The first week in December an epidemic of mumps broke out in the casemates, and Sangston's roommate, De Lagnel, took the illness.

Another Southern prisoner, John M. Brewer, was confined in the cellar apartments. Brewer kept a diary of his trials and hardships in the New England bastile and his description of a night on the jail beds in the cellar apartments is of interest. “When we arose in the morning, the flesh of those who occupied these beds presented the appearance of checker boards,” he tells us in his diary. The next night Captain Tansill, a cellmate, spread several newspapers on the bare stone floor, asserting that he could sleep better on the floor than on the “damned gridiron” he occupied the night before. Sangston records the release and departure of Mr. Brewer on December 2.

A great gale lashed the Island December 28 preventing the Boston boat from landing, and the day seemed long without fresh reading matter. Sangston, however, was soon to have a surprise. The very next day Colonel Dimmick informed him that he was to be given a thirty-day leave from Fort Warren. Mason and Slidell also received word of their coming release the same day. The Confederate Commissioners left the Island January first, followed by Lawrence Sangston the next day. The waves were so rough when Sangston left Fort Warren that he had to jump onto the boat when she slid by the dock, and his baggage was thrown after him. His thirty-day leave was later extended, and he never saw Fort Warren again.²⁵

The whole world trembled when the Trent affair took place, as the incident could easily have thrown England and America into their third great conflict. Let us discuss the events which led to the final release from Fort Warren of the two Confederate Commissioners.

James Murray Mason and John Slidell had been appointed Confederate Commissioners to England and France, but because the Southern ports were blockaded, had to make special arrangements for reaching Europe. They slipped out of Charleston one rainy night on the blockade runner *Theodora*, bound for Nassau. Landing at Nassau, they found arrangements could not be made for direct passage to Europe, so they continued on to Havana where passage was obtained on the British mail steamer *Trent*, bound for England. On November 8 they were stopped on the high seas by Commander Wilkes of the United States sloop-of-war *San Jacinto*. After some discussion Mason and Slidell were forcibly removed to the American vessel, accompanied by their two secretaries, James McFarland and George Eustis.

Receiving orders direct from Washington, Captain Wilkes brought the men to Fort Warren, where they were landed at

the dock Sunday, November 24. Not expecting them so soon, Colonel Dimmick was in church, but quickly went out to receive the party. Nine North Carolina officers were turned out of their quarters to make room for the commissioners. The floor was carpeted, and the room furnished in a very suitable manner.²⁶

International law was a favorite topic during the stay of the four men, and Mason predicted almost exactly the date when the United States would release them. Late in December President Lincoln gave special orders for their freedom, to take effect January 1, 1862. Because of the disturbance a few weeks before when some other prisoners had been released, Colonel Dimmick took steps to insure a silent departure when the commissioners should leave the Fort.

January 1, 1862 proved to be a stormy day with great seas sweeping around the Island. The wharf was under water at high tide, and, when the Confederate party left the dock on a small tugboat, there was some doubt as to whether they would reach Provincetown in safety. But the tug *Starlight* transferred its cargo in Provincetown harbor to the British 16-gun man-of-war *Rinaldo* and returned to Boston. Thus Fort Warren saw the last of "lean, dyspeptic" Slidell and "portly, jovial" Mason.

A sailor, Keene by name, who had enlisted in the United States Navy for the purpose of blowing up the frigate *Congress*, was taken to Fort Warren and imprisoned in a "horrible little triangular dungeon"²⁷ in the casemates. He stayed at the Island many months, refusing to sign the oath of allegiance, and probably was not released until after the war ended.

A terrible winter was experienced by the soldiers during the first year of the Civil War. The parade ground frequently froze over and was more suitable for a skating rink than for its original purpose. The dress parades naturally had to be omitted under such conditions, and guard mountings took place in the

casemates. Parker tells us in his *32nd Regiment* that the marching of the relief over the glare ice against a high wind did not exactly convey the impression of a precise military movement. One day a soldier was whirled along across the entire area and brought up with a crash against the granite wall. These wintry scenes must have been thrilling and terrible experiences to the North Carolina prisoners, who probably remembered for the rest of their lives the winter spent in Boston Harbor.

An incident in the celebration at Fort Warren of the surrender of Fort Donelson should interest the reader. Colonel Dimmick, whom soldiers and prisoners alike admired, left the Island, believing the men could celebrate to better advantage in his absence. Salutes were prepared and all was in readiness when the bandmaster of the 1st Artillery presented himself at headquarters to ask a favor. He had fired the last gun in the surrender of Fort Sumter, he said, and he wished to be the first to fire a salute in honor of the Donelson victory. His wish was granted, and as he went to his station the bandmaster was given a great cheer by the men assembled on the parade ground. A week later prisoners from Fort Donelson, including General Simon B. Buckner and General Lloyd Tilghman, arrived at Fort Warren.

With the coming of spring in 1862 there seemed to be a general feeling in the North that the war was practically finished. May 1 saw the battalion reviewed by Governor Andrew. Commander F. J. Parker was so sure that the war would soon be over that he resigned the day after the review, returning to private life. Captain Stephenson was now put in charge of the battalion. But the news soon came that Banks had been driven down the Shenandoah Valley and Washington was being menaced by forces under the great Stonewall Jackson.

Parker was at once recalled and put in charge of the new 32nd Regiment, formerly the 1st Battalion. He arrived at Fort

Warren an hour after midnight Monday, May 26; within thirty minutes the entire Fort was aroused, and the news was travelling about that the six hundred men there would soon start for the front. The company of heavy artillery at Fort Independence as well as the famous Independent Corps of Cadets was ordered to Fort Warren. The occasion was so serious that red tape was broken to small bits. It was a night of hard work, with many tasks to be accomplished; but finally the hour for departure came. At noon Monday the regiment was relieved and marched out of the main sally port for the last time, anxious for the realities of battle. The men embarked on the ferryboat *Daniel Webster*, shouting their farewells to good old Colonel Dimmick as the boat pulled away from the dock. What a picture it was as the ferryboat churned its way up the channel with every man singing the *John Brown* chorus to the accompaniment of the drum corps. Thus they left Fort Warren to the Boston and Salem Cadets. But one man did come back, long after the scars of war had healed—Francis J. Parker, who revisited Fort Warren in 1874.

The entry into the service of three units of Massachusetts Volunteer Militia can be closely tied up with this Shenandoah Valley scare. They were the New England Guards, the Salem Cadets and the First Corps Cadets, all of whom saw service at Fort Warren. The New England Guards stayed at the Island less than a week, but the Boston and Salem Cadets had many weeks of duty at historic Fort Warren.²⁸

On the 27th of May, 1862, the Independent Corps of Cadets, sometimes called the Boston Cadets and often designated as the First Corps Cadets, was called out for active service by Governor Andrew. Hastily assembling at their old armory opposite the Granary Burying Grounds, the cadets formed in line and marched to Long Wharf where they boarded the boat for Fort Warren.

After a sail down the Harbor they landed at George's Island, meeting Colonel Dimmick at the dock.²⁹ Dimmick was greatly surprised at the fine red and grey uniforms the men wore and wondered what type of military organization it was that could have a colonel, an adjutant, and two majors in a total membership of slightly over one hundred. The Boston Cadets soon discarded their showy but then unpopular grey uniforms for the blue of the army.

Unused as they were to hard labor, they were given vigorous tasks to perform, but carried on their work with cheerfulness. After their first long day of work was completed, the Cadets were forced to sleep in wooden bunks three in a tier, and in spite of the fatigue which most of the men felt after the hard day, one barrel-chested lad snored so vociferously that his companions left the casemates. They found shelter beneath the stars where they were able to sleep soundly.

With the coming of dawn, army discipline was strictly enforced. While at Fort Warren, the Cadets performed guard duty so well that not one prisoner succeeded in escaping in all the time they were at the Island. No guard of the Corps was ever found sleeping at his post, although many probably longed for that forbidden luxury.

There was one incident which served to break the monotony of guard duty. One stormy night the commander called together the guardsmen and warned them especially to watch for attempts at escape, ordering the men to shoot if anyone did not answer their challenge. Private James H. Ellison of Waltham was patrolling the shore line during the blustering storm with his usual careful vigilance when suddenly he thought he detected a man swimming in the water. He challenged the shadow. There was no answer. The waves hid the form for a moment, but there it was again, unmistakably outlined in the water. Once more he challenged, and fired just as the head came

up with the water running off the man's shoulders. The fortress stirred at the sound of the gun, and poor Ellison soon saw, with the receding tide, that the "man" was merely a rock gradually being exposed by the ebbing water. He was teased by the prisoners at the Fort for some time to come, but as was later proved, other sentinels could have profited by Ellison's cautiousness. Another night a sentinel notified the guardhouse that he had heard the discharge of a musket and on investigation had seen a dory with six men near the Fort. They were ordered away, and their purpose will always remain unknown.³⁰

The rats at the Fort must be mentioned. They were in complete charge of the casemates at night, and their tails, according to the men, were as large as a man's little finger. Perhaps they were the descendants of the rats that had lived at George's Island since 1709 and had been multiplying ever since the old barracks were erected. They were a great nuisance, and a certain member of the Corps had occasion to remember them for many years to come. This soldier, who had been given permission to spend the day in the city, returned to the Fort on the afternoon boat, his hair slicked down with barber's oil. Weary from his holiday in the city, he retired early and dreamed that night of countless mosquitoes stinging his head, but he did not awaken. The next morning when the drumbeat aroused the Fort, the young cadet jumped out of bed to find his hair neatly removed. The rats, greedy for the barber's oil, had mowed his head as smoothly as could be desired, and the poor soldier was bald for the rest of his days.

The gayest affair at the Island was the Cadet Ball, the like of which, it is safe to say, has never been seen since. As the ladies could not be present in person, some of the young men took their places. We are told that the Misses Wellman, Inches, and Goodwin, all socially prominent, were very attractive in their costumes, but Mrs. Barlow was "the belle of the ball."

Another enjoyable experience was the mock dress parade, conducted on the twentieth of June by Adjutant J. S. Whitney. Some of the general orders read that day brought out in sharp relief certain aspects of army life. I trust the reader will permit the inclusion of a few lines from the "General Orders" of that occasion in 1862.³¹

"The commander wishes me to say to you, that the manner in which you have emptied swill-barrels, the promptness with which you have fallen in for morning drills, as well as the respect you have shown your brevet non-commissioned officers, meet his warmest approbation. In the future there will be no morning drills, as it had been ascertained that the drill of the men has become much demoralized by too much exercise on an empty stomach. The usual ten o'clock drill will also be dispensed with if a majority of the men so decide. The regular dress parade will not be given up, as it affords Colonel Clark the only opportunity he has of folding his arms and assuming his present imposing position. You are to be entirely relieved from guard duty during the night, as it has been found that the mattresses used by the men when off guard duty have had the effect of softening the brains of several of the members. For the next six months, or until discharged by the President, tattoo will sound at eleven p.m., taps at twelve, and after that, if any man has any decided objection to put out his light, he needn't do it.

By order Colonel Clark,

J. S. WHITNEY,

Adjutant."

The First Corps Cadets left Fort Warren in July 1862, and Colonel Dimmick went down to the pier to see the men off. This grand old army man expressed his thanks to the men for

their work in putting Fort Warren in order for war. He concluded by saying he was genuinely sorry to see them go, and the boat left the pier.³²

There were many notable prisoners confined at Fort Warren during the war. George Proctor Kane, the Baltimore chief of police, had been sent north after the famous riots in that city. After his release, Kane became Mayor of Baltimore and died in 1878 while in office.

General Simon Bolivar Buckner, an old West Point professor, was brought here in February 1862, after his surrender of Fort Donelson. Just before the surrender, Buckner received the famous message from General Grant: "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted." Buckner was released from Fort Warren in August 1862, and later proved that the war was truly over when he served as one of Grant's pallbearers at the great Union general's funeral. In 1896 he was the candidate of the gold democrats for Vice President, his Kentucky supporters calling him at the time the "grey eagle of Glen Lily."

General Lloyd Tilghman of South Carolina was also incarcerated in the casemates at Warren. An officer in the Dragoon Regiment, he had been decorated for bravery at Palo Alto. Tilghman was released in the summer of 1862, and met his death before a year had elapsed while fighting on the Mississippi River.

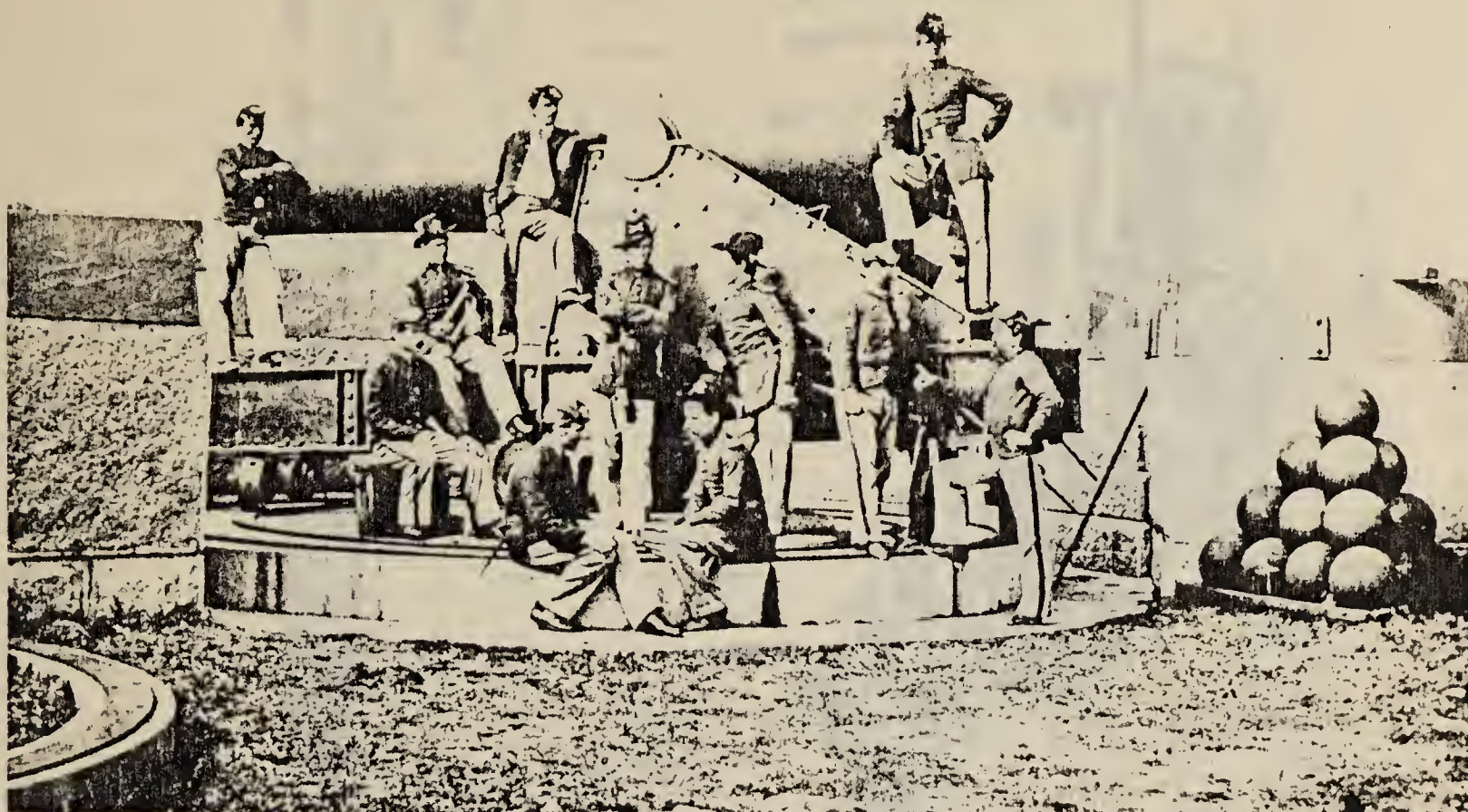
Commodore Barron, an Annapolis graduate, had been captured at Cape Hatteras. He also was released in the exchange and went to England where he superintended the building of the famous blockade runners. Another compulsory guest at Fort Warren was General Henry R. Jackson, a Yale graduate. He had been prominent in the diplomatic service as Minister to Vienna. After joining the Confederate forces, he became Brigadier-General, and later was captured with his entire command

at Nashville. Jackson was then sent to Fort Warren as a prisoner of war. Twenty years after peace was signed he was the Minister to Mexico.

The capture of two Confederate warships in June 1863, was the first step in a dramatic incident which aroused all New England two months later. The Confederate battleship *Tacony* was taken on the 27th of June, while the *Atlanta* had been captured by the U.S.S. *Weehauken* ten days earlier. The officers and crew of the two captured ships were taken to Fort Warren where they were practically forgotten until a daring escape on the night of August 19, 1863, excited New England.³³

Lieutenant Joseph W. Alexander of the *Atlanta* was the first to discover the exit which was later used in the thrilling escape from Fort Warren. He had served on the C.S.S. *Virginia*, which later became the *Merrimac*, and had commanded the C.S.S. *Raleigh*. Naturally he was anxious to get back to the scene of activity and was constantly on the alert for a chance to leave the Island. One day he was standing in the pump room under the quarters where the men lived, looking through the loophole at the grass on the cover face. The thought occurred to him that it might be possible to squeeze through the seven-inch musketry loophole. He climbed up into the opening and was pleased to find that he could push his head through the slit. As his clothing prevented him from getting his body out, he removed his outer garments and tried again. This time he was gratified to find that he could squeeze through the aperture. Being small in stature, as is shown by his picture, he realized that only men of slight build would be able to escape by this method.

After telling the others of the discovery, he found there were only three men in the quarters who were able to go through the opening. They were Captain Charles W. Reed, who had been commander of the *Tacony* at the time of its capture,

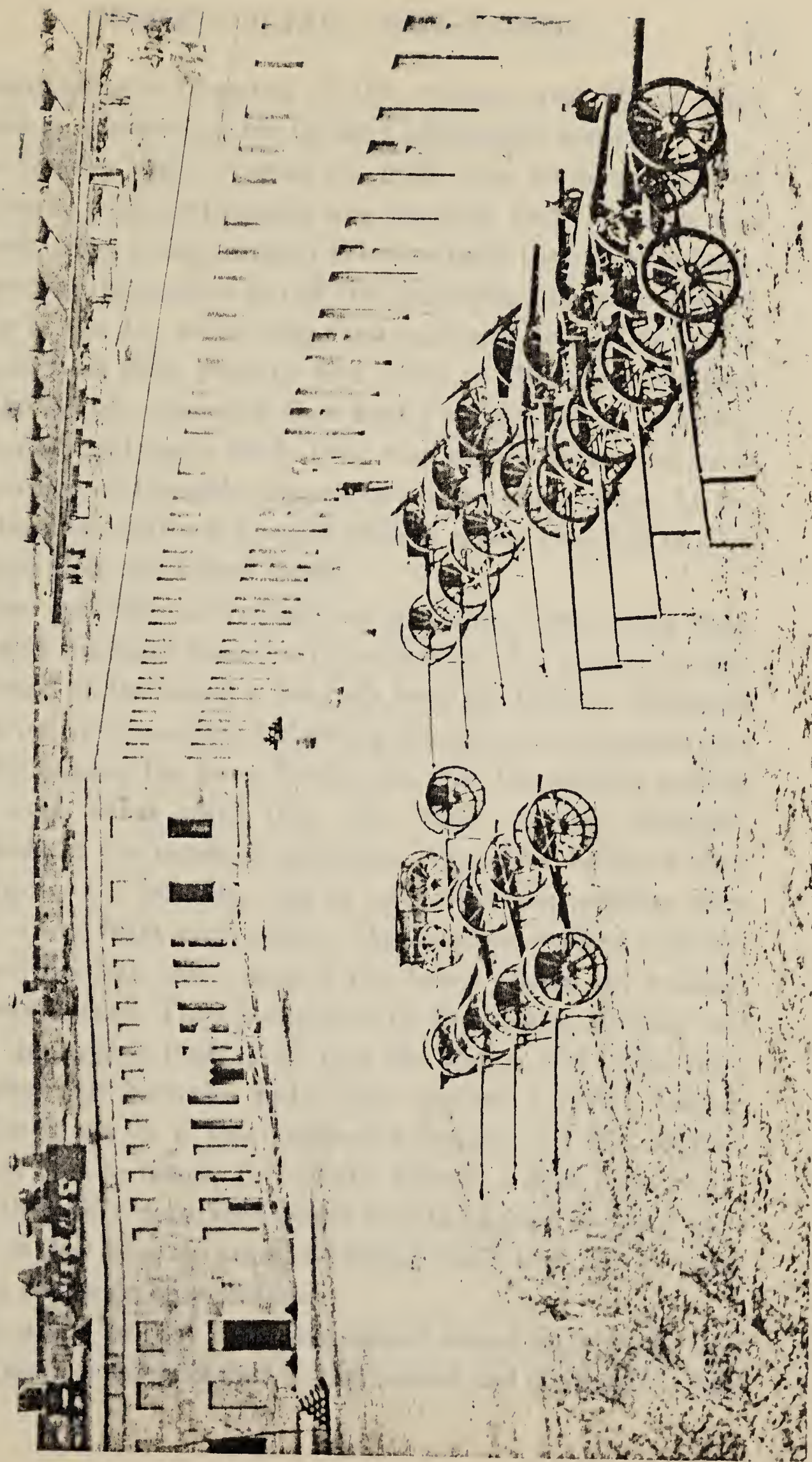


GROUP AT FORT WARREN, SHOWING UNIFORMS OF CIVIL WAR PERIOD



CONFEDERATE PRISONERS AT FORT WARREN, INCLUDING FOUR MENTIONED IN TEXT

Seated, fifth from left, Saunders; seventh from left, Reed. Standing, seventh from left, McBlair; extreme right, Alexander



CANNON ON THE PARADE GROUND AT THE PEAK OF THE CIVIL WAR

Lieutenant James Thurston of the *Atlanta*, and Major Reid Saunders, a quarter-master in the Confederate army.

On Sunday night, August 16, 1863, they made an attempt to escape. A wild northeaster was blowing, and the night was very dark. After tying together the rope from their canvas bags, they lowered themselves out of the loopholes and were soon on the floor of the dry moat with their cans and demijohns safe in the grass. Less than seventy feet away at the main sally port stood the sentry, unaware that four prisoners were escaping. The quartet cautiously made their way up the inner surface of the coverface and quietly slipped down the outer slope. At the foot of their descent was a small thicket, where they hid to plan the escape from the Island itself.

After carefully surveying the situation, they made their way across the open space in the direction of a wooden target which stood on the beach a few rods from the thicket. Although the sentries were carefully patrolling the section, Alexander had a plan for passing the lines. He noticed that the soldiers walked toward each other until they met, then, turning abruptly, would walk in the opposite direction. Alexander believed they could slip by the sentries, one by one, while the soldiers were walking away from each other. This scheme worked successfully, and the four men reached the beach where the wooden target was located. They planned to tie the bottles, planks, and cans to the target, push it off into the water, and swim their way across the Narrows until they reached Lovell's Island. Alexander knew of a fine sailboat belonging to Mr. Barber pulled up on the beach at Lovell's Island, a half mile away. Placing the oddly decorated target into the water, the four men jumped in and bravely started kicking their way across what was then the main ship channel.

The storm and icy water succeeded where the sentries had failed. The four men became so benumbed and confused by the

combination of water, wind, and huge waves, that they gave up the unequal struggle after a half-hour's battle and let the ocean push them back on the beach. Putting the target back into place, they were successful in returning to their quarters without discovery. The various bottles and cans were left near the shore, but the sentries did not notice them. Some of the other prisoners, hearing rumors of the four men's escapade, were inclined to doubt the story, but when one smart midshipman noticed their wet clothing and tasted the salty cloth, the others were convinced.

The next day the four men formulated plans for a release which they hoped would be successful. If two strong swimmers could be found in some of the other quarters, they reasoned, the pair could swim across to Lovell's Island, get the sailboat, and sail it back to the Fort where the four officers would board it. Two prisoners were found who claimed to be good swimmers: N. B. Pryde of the *Tacony*, and Thomas Sherman, formerly a sailor in the United States navy. They were given full instructions, and everything was in readiness for the next try for freedom. When the night of August 19 began dark and threatening, every prisoner knew the break would be attempted. At about 9:15 the four men started to climb out of the casemates. All was quiet until Alexander inadvertently knocked over a bottle, which crashed onto the granite floor with a noise that he feared must have been heard by the guard at the main sally port. There was a challenge from the sentry; the prisoners shivered. Alexander looked over at the bridge and found it was merely an officer passing into the sally port. Because of the rising west wind, the crash of the bottle had not been heard. With great relief the four men now climbed down into the moat and made for the meeting-place at the top of the demilune. Pryde and Sherman were waiting for them, having successfully escaped from their part of the bastion.

It was then agreed that Reed and Saunders should wait in the shelter of the demilune while the four others would make their way down to the shore. Evading the sentries by the same method as before, the four men reached the beach. The two swimmers stripped off their clothing, and after a word of farewell, plunged into the dark waters. That farewell, as far as can be discovered, were the last words ever spoken by the two men, as no trace of them has been found to this day. F. A. Boles, writing of the escape in 1864, said that nothing had been heard from them, and Alexander himself, commenting on the incident years later, said that there had been a rumor to the effect that the two men finally reached the Confederacy, but he was not certain as to the truth of the report. No facts have as yet been presented to substantiate the belief that the men were successful in reaching the South. The strong west wind probably proved too much for the swimmers, sweeping them out to sea.

When the two men failed to return, Reed and Saunders joined Thurston and Alexander. These men, desperate in their disappointment, agreed to take the target out again while Reed and Saunders were to stay behind to wait for the other two to return in the sailboat. Placing the target in the water, the two men were soon kicking their way in the general direction of Lovell's Island. Perhaps the wind had changed, possibly the tide had turned—no matter—they were successful in reaching their goal. Walking along the beach at Lovell's Island, they finally located Mr. Barber's boat and struggled to get it into the water. After spending half an hour in a vain effort to move the sailboat, Alexander discovered that it was tied to the anchor at the stern and soon released the anchor. Sliding the craft over the stones into the water, just as Thomas Pound's trusty pirates had done from the same spot back in the 17th century, they jumped into the boat and hoisted sail. By this time the first streaks of dawn were showing over Boston Light, and

the men realized it was too late to go back for Reed and Saunders.

Reed and Saunders had crouched in the shadow of the seawall near the hole where the target had been. A sentinel came along and fell into the hole. His shouts caused the other sentry to walk over to find out what was wrong. The two men debated about where the target had gone, finally concluding that it had been blown away. They peered over the edge of the seawall and saw a dark mass, actually the two prisoners, below them. Believing that it might be the target, one of the men pricked at the mass with his bayonet, but as it yielded under his prods, he concluded it was seaweed and not the lost target. He ceased his effort, saying that he didn't wish to have rust from the salty seaweed on his bayonet. To the relief of the men crouching under the seawall, the sentries now returned to their posts. But dawn was rapidly approaching, and they realized that they must go back to their prison. The two men ran across the open ground on their way to the moat, but the guard caught sight of them and aroused the entire post. Reed and Saunders were captured and soon placed in solitary confinement.

Thurston and Alexander in the meantime had laid a course straight up the coast and when morning came were in the vicinity of Cape Ann. They went ashore but were not able to obtain help. The next morning they landed at Rye Beach and were successful in purchasing overalls and hats. Setting their course for St. John, they were far out off Portland when chased and captured by a U. S. revenue cutter, the *Dobbin*. After a brief stay in the jail, where the people came to see the "rebels from Fort Warren" as they would animals in a zoo, they were returned to George's Island on September 7, 1863,³⁴ not quite three weeks from the time of their escape. Colonel Dimmick now had iron bars set into the stone work of each musketry loophole in the casemates occupied by the naval prisoners. This

precaution did not prevent two other escapes from the Island before the war ended; and we shall now discuss the first of these two tries for freedom.

The first escape occurred in October 1863, and was from the demilune outside the Fort. Ever since 1875 the soldier-guides have pointed out the block of granite set into the casemate openings of the *caponnière*, or demilune, located outside of the main sally port. The original granite work had been chipped away, and a block was set into the opening. The guides have told the story of the Confederate soldier shot while trying to escape there, and I have heard, within the year, that Mason and Slidell were shot while trying to climb out of this particular musketry loophole! There is, of course, no historical evidence to substantiate either of these two stories, but I have found definite proof of the manner in which the granite window sill was chipped away.³⁵

A deserter from a Maine regiment had been sentenced to two years' confinement at Fort Warren. This man, Private Sawyer, worked for three weeks chiseling away the edges of the granite loophole. As soon as the opening was large enough for his body, his comrades lowered him by a small rope out of the loophole twenty feet above the mud in the ditch. The rope, frayed by the sharp edge of the granite, suddenly broke, dropping him the remaining distance to the moat. He picked himself up and walked to the beach where he saw the lights of a schooner lying at anchor in George's Island Road, as it was then called. After a swim out to the vessel, he secreted himself on board. The ship sailed away at about two in the morning, and Sawyer gave himself up shortly before ten a.m. The schooner was the *C. W. Dyer* under Captain Pierce, and as soon as the captain learned all the particulars of Sawyer's escape, he sailed into New Bedford Harbor and turned Sawyer over to the police. What the fate of Sawyer was when returned to Fort Warren is unknown,

but there are two known cases of the execution of deserters at Fort Warren.

Many things taken for granted in these days of radios and telephones were great innovations when installed at the lonely islands down the Harbor. Because of the escapade of the six prisoners, a telegraph line was installed from Boston to Fort Warren at great expense. Opened the first week in October, 1863, it ran from the State House in Boston down through the Merchants' Reading Room, over to South Boston, and across the water to Castle Island. Going from Fort Independence under the water to Thompson's Island, it extended the length of the island before plunging into the water again to reach Long Island. After stretching its length one and three-quarters miles on Boston Harbor's longest island, it was again submerged at Long Island Bluff, coming out at John Gallop's old home. From Gallop's Island it made the short hop across to George's Island, and Fort Warren was connected with the city by wire for the first time in its history. Of the eleven miles of cable used, six miles were laid under water.³⁶

The same year an irate pilot of Boston Harbor complained to the Government of the treatment he had received from the guards at Fort Warren. Henry Hunt, during a heavy fog, had passed the Island in a canoe on the way to pilot a ship anchored near the Fort. The guards at the Fort fired a volley at him, but he escaped uninjured. He shouted his objections and was treated to another volley which pierced the canoe. His pride conquered, he now gave up the unequal fight and paddled away into the fog out of sight of the alert sentries at the Island.³⁷

Edward A. Pollard, the celebrated historian of the war, was taken from the British steamer *Greyhound* by the U.S.S. *Connecticut*, and quartered at Fort Warren May 29, 1864. Major Stephen Cabot received him at the Fort, showing him to his casemate home in the cellar of the northern bastion. As he

passed into the quarters, he heard a voice calling his name and was confronted by an old friend, J. M. Vernon of Richmond.³⁸ He found 160 men prisoners at the Fort, the majority having been there over a year. In a place facetiously called the gunboat, he found the sailors of the *Tacony* and the *Atlanta* and talked with Lieutenant Reed, the hero of the attempted escape of 1863. There were seven prisoners in solitary confinement at the time, with Major Armstrong and Lieutenant Davis, Captain Brattle of Wheeler's Cavalry, and a man named Gordon, the most notorious of all. Armstrong and Davis had been captured while recruiting for the Confederacy in West Virginia. Captain Brattle was in double irons for reasons never made clear to the other prisoners. Gordon had been captured by the Yankees while recruiting for the South at Clarkesburg, Virginia. Sentenced to be shot for this offense, he walked calmly out to his execution with the shroud under his arm; just as the soldiers were to fire, an order came for his reprieve, and he was quartered in solitary instead.

We now come to the unusual story of the cabin boy of the unfortunate *Atlanta's* crew, McBlair by name. This fifteen year old lad used to sit in the casemates, dreaming of almost forgotten days in the south, when one day a kind soldier brought him a book to read. It was Alexander Dumas' famous *Count of Monte Cristo*. No more suitable place to read this epic can be imagined. The book had a startling effect on the young cabin boy, who suddenly developed the spirit of a lion and determined to escape from the Island. One day he hid away behind a Parrott gun on the parapet, but the guards discovered him in time. On another occasion he dressed himself in some old rags which the laborers had discarded and joined them as they walked out of the Fort to take the boat to Boston. He had actually stepped on the gangplank when detected by one of the guards because of his youthful appearance. Later the commander, Major Cabot,

asked him if he had been trying to escape. "I was doing my best, sir," was the plucky reply.

His third attempt at leaving the Island was made in the middle of July 1864, about eleven months after the six men had escaped through the musketry loopholes. Feigning sickness, he had been transferred to the hospital where there were no bars in the loopholes. Late one night he crawled through the narrow window and let himself down by a small rope which parted and dropped him into the moat. Severely injured, he crawled to the water's edge, pulling a life preserver along with him.

At the shore's edge, the little fellow crawled into the water and started to swim away from the Island. The water was so cold and his injuries pained him so greatly that he finally had to call for help. A boat was launched from the Fort, and the injured boy was brought back to the prison in an unconscious condition. Major Cabot later interviewed him in his cot, promising to overlook the escapade if McBlair would in turn agree to give up his efforts to emulate the hero of *Monte Cristo*. The boy was firm, however, and answered the commander by saying he would try to escape until he succeeded; so there was no alternative but solitary confinement when he left the hospital.³⁹

On the 22nd of July, 1864, Historian Pollard was permitted to walk along the shore outside of the Fort itself, and came upon the grave of Edward J. Johnston who had died in October of the previous year. Johnston, before his death, had requested that his head be faced toward the South, and his dying wish was granted. Some years later the body was removed to Governor's Island, where this request was again honored, but in 1908 when the body was moved for the last time down to Deer Island, the wish was forgotten. The reader may see the slab at Resthaven Cemetery, pointing almost due north. Edward Pollard was released from Fort Warren early in August 1864.

Scores of prominent Southerners arrived at Fort Warren in the last years of the struggle between North and South. General Richard S. Ewell, West Point 1840, of whom Stephens speaks in 1865, General Eppa Hunter of Virginia, General Adam R. Johnson and General T. B. Smith were some of the noted prisoners at the Island. Harry Gilmour, who became a writer and, later, police commissioner of Baltimore, was a prominent prisoner at Warren. Commodore Tucker was also at the famous northern bastile.

Other Southerners of note were brought to Fort Warren. General I. R. Trimble was brought here after the battle of Gettysburg, where he lost a leg. He remained at Fort Warren until early in 1865 when he was exchanged. Trimble had graduated from West Point in 1822, a splendid soldier, and achieved a remarkable string of victories for the Confederacy until the Gettysburg conflict. When exchanged, he hastened to join Lee but reached Lynchburg the day after Appomattox, April 10.

In the fall of 1864 General John S. Marmaduke was brought to Fort Warren, having been captured at Fort Scott, October 24, 1864. Marmaduke graduated from West Point in 1857, and was on duty in New Mexico when the war began. He returned to his home in Missouri, resigned from the army, and raised a company of state guards. Since the policy of the state dissatisfied Marmaduke, he resigned his office there and went to Richmond, where he accepted a commission as first lieutenant under Jefferson Davis, and soon rose to major-general. After the war he was elected governor of Missouri.

Alexander Hamilton Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy, is the last actor in our Civil War drama at Fort Warren. Arrested after he had returned to his home in Crawfordville, Georgia, Stephens was sent to Fort Warren along with Judge Reagan. They reached Boston Harbor at eleven o'clock on the night of May twenty-fourth, going ashore the next

morning where they were met by Lieutenant William H. Woodman. The group walked around to the old entrance, through the sally port, and descended the stone stairs outside of Quarters Number Seven to the cellar casemates. Stephens was placed in the front room; his door was shut and locked. We read from his journal:

“I was alone, a coal fire was burning; a table and chair were in the centre; a narrow, iron, bunk-like bedstead with mattress and covering was in a corner. The floor was stone—large square blocks. The door was locked. For the first time in my life I had the full realization of being a prisoner.”⁴⁰

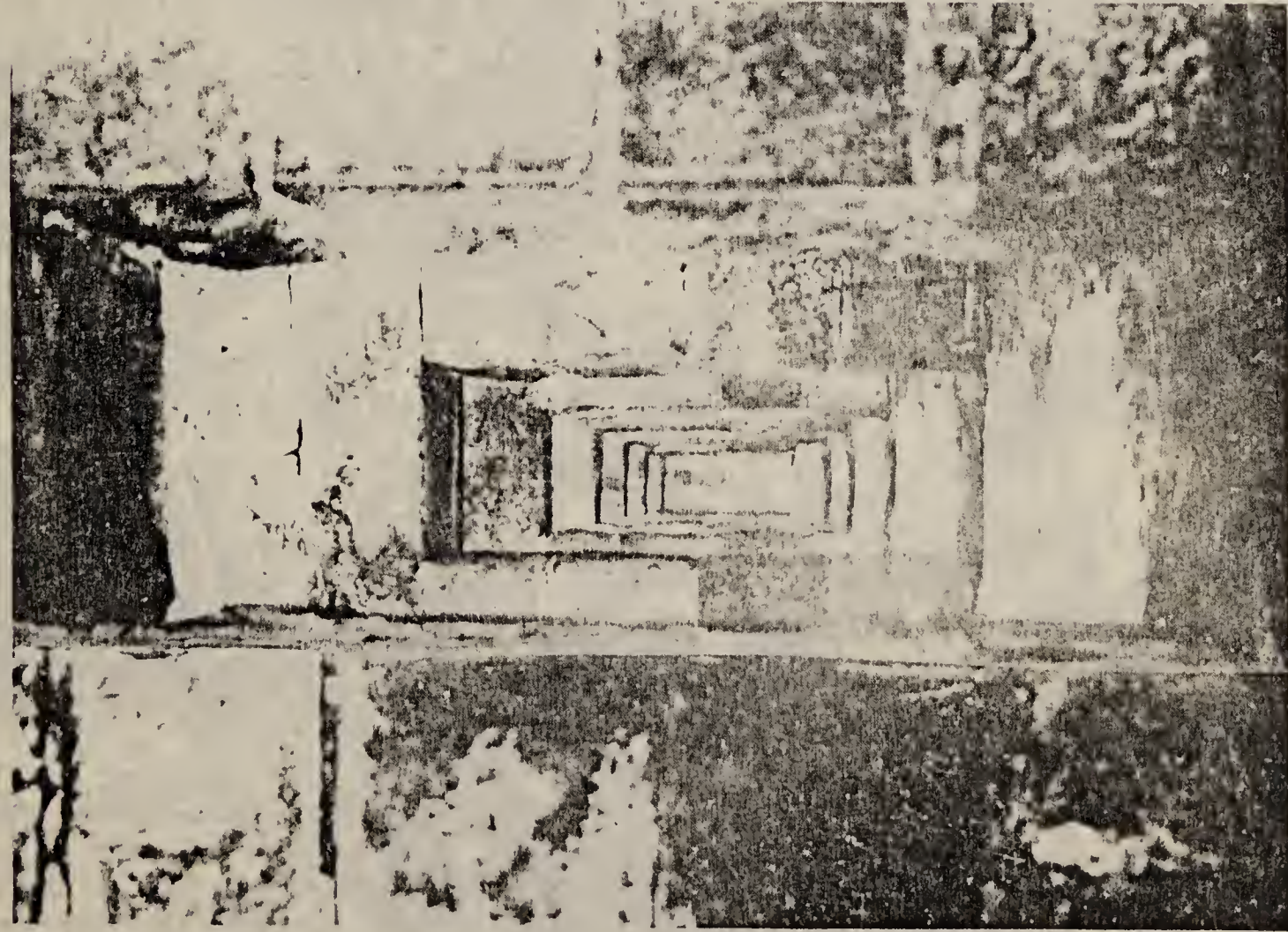
Judge Reagan was placed in the next room. We continue with excerpts from Stephens’ lengthy journal:

“Sunday—[May 28, 1865]. The horrors of imprisonment, close confinement, no one to see or talk to, with the reflection of being cut off I know not how long—perhaps forever—from communication with dear ones at home, are beyond description. Words utterly fail to express the soul’s anguish. This day I wept bitterly. Nerves and spirit utterly forsook me. Yet Thy will be done.

“Thursday—June 1. Lieut. W. [Woodman] entered for the usual morning walk. We went on the parapet: looked at target shooting by a company; rested under music band arbor. He informed me that my room had never been occupied by any prisoner except Captain Webb of the *Atlanta* and some of his men: this in reply to my question prompted by writings on the wall.

“June 4—Sunday again. This day four weeks ago, where was I? Oh, the scenes and faces then surrounding me! Now, nothing but these white sepulchral walls!

“Lieutenant W. walked out with me this morning. He



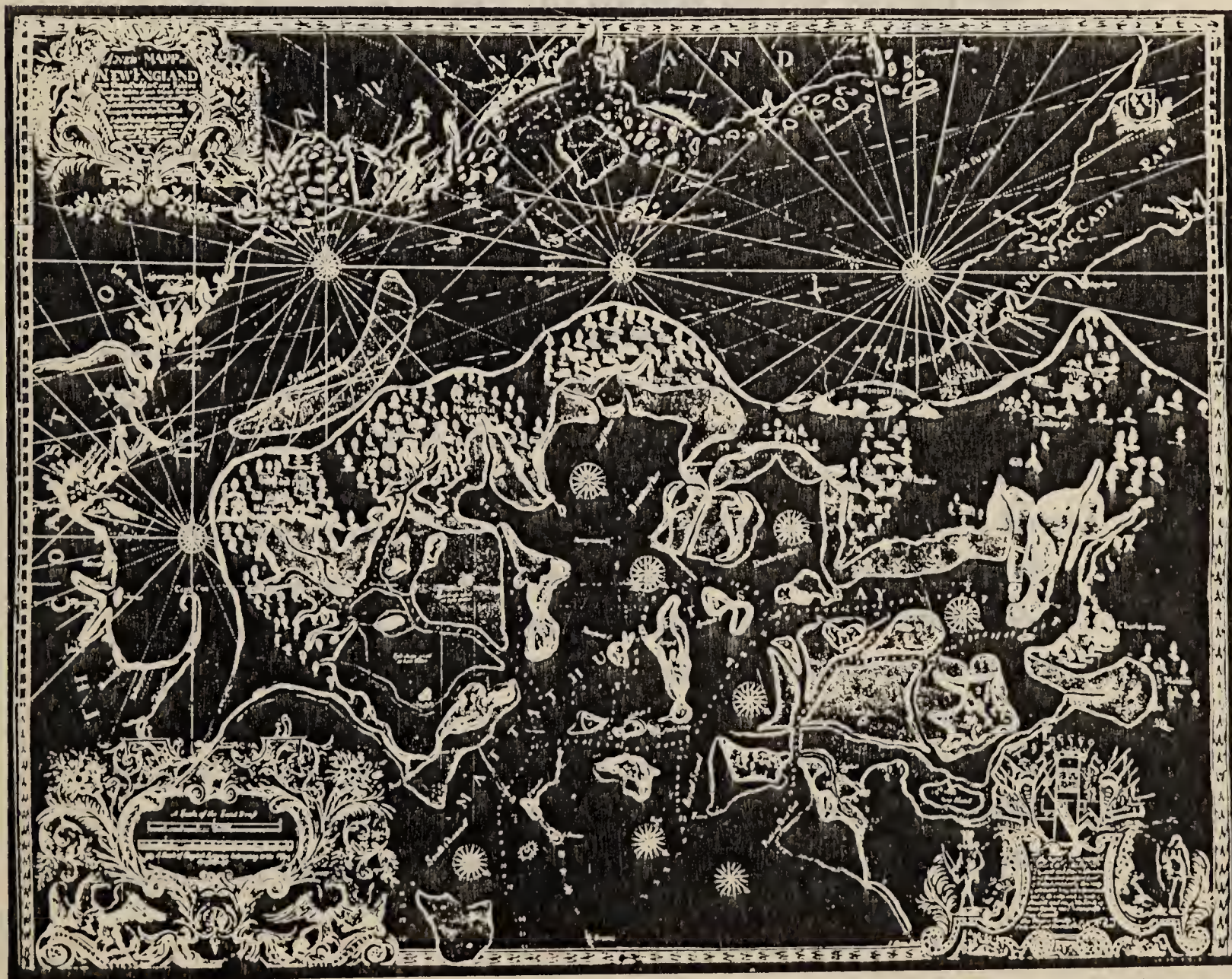
THE CORRIDOR OF DUNGEONS AT FORT WARREN



ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS



LAST MEETING OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH AT FORT WARREN, JUNE 9, 1935



British Museum

COMBINATION CHART OF NEW ENGLAND AND BOSTON HARBOR, DRAWN BY PIRATE THOMAS POUND AROUND 1685

Line separating charts is indicated by arrow

pointed out General Jackson, dressed in gray, walking on N.E. parapet. We were on S.E., several hundred yards away.

“June 5. Thunder and lightning after candles were out. First thunder since I left Hampton Roads. The warmest night since I have been here. Rose after a refreshing sleep. As has been my custom for many years on arising at home, I commenced singing, in my way, whatever happened to occur to me. This morning I began Moore's hymn:

This world is all a fleeting show

For man's illusion given;

The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,

Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—

There's nothing true but Heaven!

“June 11. 7 p.m. From the parapet on the eastern bastion had a magnificent view of the ocean; as far as the eye could reach, its wide green plain stretched out, placid as the bosom of a lake. I thought of my first view of the great deep, on the 2d of March, 1833. Where I stood this evening is a favorable point for a sea-view; 70 feet above high-water mark, enabling one to look much further out than from any place I have ever been before. On the N.W. bastion got a full, clear outline of Boston, Bunker Hill Monument, etc. Walked out at 6.15. Saw Jackson and DuBose on the opposite bastion—too far to recognize them. Lieut. W. told me who they were. Saw General Ewell on his crutches. He was walking on parapet. I remarked that I thought Ewell had an artificial leg; wondered he did not use it. Lieut. W. replied that Ewell said he was waiting before getting an artificial leg to see if the authorities were going to hang him; if he was going to be hung, he did not care to go to the expense; intended to wait and make out on his crutches until that matter was settled. Ewell has a sense of humour.

"We heard a cannon. Turning toward the point from which the sound came, we saw smoke near a small craft lying at the wharf of a little town, called Hull, nearby. Lieut. W. said, 'Oh, it's Dexter Follet's yacht.' 'Who is he?' asked I. 'A young man of Boston, son of a rich father. He keeps this yacht to sail about as he likes. Carries a gun on board, and always fires it off upon landing or leaving, upon heaving or hoisting anchor.' We saw the yacht on its way to Boston.

"June 20. 6.15. Walked out with Lieut. W. He told me he had sent off all prisoners from this place, except 33 including Reagan and myself. DuBose and Jackson are still here. All here have applied for amnesty.

"June 21. We went on the terreplein, but it was too wet; went up on parapet; but the grass was too wet. We saw Confederate prisoners on the bastion nearest that on which we stood. While on the bastion, I saw a row of men, walking two together. They were moving from the entrance to the inside of the Fort toward some underground apartments formed by a sort of mound near the water's edge. I asked if these were soldiers going to their quarters for the night. They looked dejected as they walked along. 'No,' said the Lieutenant. 'They are the chain-gang, the criminals, deserters, etc. They are made to work on the Fort.'"

The underground quarters mentioned by Stephens were, of course, in the demilune from which Sawyer escaped in October 1863.

"July 5. 3 p.m. The firing of a salute indicates some notable visitor. Two officers stopped opposite my window and looked down upon me. 6.15. Took usual walk. Lieut. W. informed me that salute was in honour of General Robert Anderson and Rear-Admiral Farragut who visited the Fort with a party.

"July 7. Lieut. W. informed me his full name was Wm. H. Woodman.

"Sunday, July 9. The fife, the drum, and the drill go on as on all other days. No more regard is paid to Sunday here than in Siam, Timbuctoo, China, or the Fiji Islands.

"July 13. If the real truth of history in relation to the Southern Cause shall ever be written, it will be to this effect: The Southern mind was influenced and misguided by a class of public men, who possessed far more ambition and zeal than wisdom and knowledge. By their power over the passions and prejudices of the multitude they precipitated the Southern people into reassumption of their independence as States, more as an escape from anticipated wrongs than from actual grievance.

"July 22. My soul is sick, and I have no one to whom I can impart my griefs. As I returned from the evening walk, a little girl handed me a bunch of flowers. They were sweet and pretty. I have put them in a tumbler of water on my table.

"July 25. If I remain here much longer I shall be bed-ridden. A little girl brought me some flowers: she got the guard to hold her up, and gave them to me between the bars.

"July 27. Lieut. Newton did not come for the walk until 6.30. All [the prisoners] are gone except Reagan, myself, Vernon, and Binckley. I do not know if I have before stated that Vernon is an Englishman, or claims to be such.

"Dr. Seaverns called. (9.30) He told me that Major Allen is to go to San Francisco. Major Appleton is to command.

"July 29. Dr. Seaverns entered my room, and announced that he had just got an order authorizing my release from close confinement. The boat had come while I was writing,

bringing the mail and with it the order. By it I am allowed to go in and out at pleasure, and walk the grounds when I choose, between sunrise and sunset. In other words I am simply put on parole in the Fort. Lieut. Newton immediately took the lock off my door. No language can express the relief that sound gave me—the sound of the clanking iron. Jean Valjean could not have felt greater relief when the lid of the coffin was lifted and he was saved from being buried alive.

“August 7. I read *Harper's Weekly*. My eyes are failing. Perhaps I use them too much. I was surprised Friday when I went into Lieut. Woodman's room, and saw in his large mirror how white my head is getting. But the decline in my eyesight is far more serious.

“August 8. A real prison sketch.

Prisoner: What pretty flowers! Let me see them.

Child (*handing them*): They are for you.

Prisoner: Ah! What is your name?

Child: Mabel Appleton.

Prisoner: Oh! It was you who brought me the flowers the other day! Those in the window—wasn't it you?

Mabel: Yes; and they are not faded yet.

“August 12. 4.20. Major Appleton called to bid me good-bye. His name is J. M. Appleton.”

F. Lauriston Bullard, chief editorial writer of the *Boston Herald*, corresponded with this little girl Mabel sixty years later, in 1925. She was then about sixty-three years of age but still remembered vividly the scene which Stephens set down on the eighth of August, 1865. After many months of tireless effort, Mr. Bullard had located her through her brother, who was then living in Cincinnati. She wrote Mr. Bullard that she would never forget the occasion when it was her happy privilege to give flowers to the Confederate Vice President.

“August 28. Saturday night. Walked out with Reagan. Saw the transport arrive at Gallops Island with the 54th Mass. Regiment of coloured Troops. They have come to be mustered out of service.

“Friday, Sept. 1. 7 p.m. Alone in the twilight. What emotions have I experienced since my last entry! Linton [his brother] came by the morning boat.

“October 12. Dr. Seaverns appeared and stated that orders had come for my release. It embraced Judge Reagan and myself.

“October 13. I rose early and now make this last entry. I expect to start by this evening's boat for my dear home. It is a long and hazardous trip for me, beset with many dangers. But, O God deliver me from all evil.”

The men left the Island on the *William Shand*, and within a fortnight Stephens was back in his beloved Georgia. Stephens later rose to high honors in his native state, becoming governor of Georgia in 1882. Just before his death, which occurred in 1883, he was visited by Alexander Corbett, now a reporter on the *Boston Globe*. Stephens told Corbett that he had lived in Boston in 1838, staying at a residence on Staniford Street in the West End. At the time of Corbett's visit the governor was suffering from rheumatism and held up his withered hands. “Look what your Fort Warren did to me,” exclaimed Stephens. The little man was quite philosophical in his manner, however, and not bitter at all.

Mr. William Risk of Winthrop, son of Corporal Thomas H. Risk who served almost the entire war at Fort Warren, has in his possession two gold cuff links given Corporal Risk by Mr. Stephens at Fort Warren. Corporal Risk was present at Fort Warren while a deserter was shot, and also participated in the engagement which might have become known as the battle of Bug Light.

One stormy night during the war, when the rain was falling

in torrents and running down into the moat like a waterfall, the report of gunfire was heard in the distance. Rumors of Confederate ships near Boston had been travelling through the companies so that soon the entire Fort was aroused and every man called to his station. They waited and waited in the pouring rain, but nothing happened. Then, suddenly, the distant booming continued. Each man stood ready. Again there was no result; orders were given to launch a small boat and try to locate the cause of the disturbance. A dory was put out from the Island and, manned by sturdy oarsmen, made its way out across the Narrows in the heavy rain while the entire garrison watched it out of sight. Half an hour later the boat returned, and the oarsmen brought news of the battle. The volleys had been from the trusty shotgun of the keeper of Bug Light while he was engaged in the ignominious but necessary task of killing rats.⁴¹ The records do not give the casualties suffered by the rodents.

Major Appleton was succeeded as commander at Fort Warren by Major Charles F. Livermore, who in turn was replaced by Major A. A. Gibson. Major Gibson remained at the Fort for four years. In the year 1869 Major Truman Seymour, a former divisional leader in the South, was in charge at Fort Warren. Major George P. Andrews of the Fifth Artillery was commander from 1872 until 1875. During the second year of Andrews' service at Fort Warren, the former commander of the 32nd Regiment visited George's Island. Francis J. Parker had not seen the Fort since he had sailed in command of the 32nd Regiment at the time of the Civil War, and he walked about the quarters thinking of the pleasant days spent with the regiment. He roamed all over the fortress where his men had trained, and the realization that many who had learned their soldiering here would never return saddened him. We shall join him in his walk about the Island.⁴²

“There were no sentinels to challenge or salute, no familiar faces in the well-remembered quarters. Even the uniforms were changed; officers seemed to be wearing sergeants' stripes on their trousers, and unknown ornaments on their shoulders. There were women about the landing, newspapers in the guardhouse(!), and a peaceful fishing pole and tackle leaned quietly against the sole survivor of all our sentry boxes. Again was paced the line of our outposts. Every step awakened old memories—every pebble seemed a friend; but there was no ice upon the glacis or the shelf at post eighteen. It would have been a sad walk but for the beauty of the summer scenes, it would have been a joyous one but for clinging memories.”

Major Mendenhall of the 1st Artillery became Post Commander in 1877 and remained two years, when he was succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel C. L. Best who spent four years at the Island. Let us make the trip from Boston to the Fort of 1881, to obtain an impression of Fort Warren under Lieutenant-Colonel Best.⁴³

We go aboard the steamer *Resolute* commanded by Captain Loring, making the seven mile trip from Central Wharf in forty-five minutes. Realizing the year is 1881, we are not surprised to see the four-wheeler on the pier with two sturdy mules hitched up to the carriage. We are taken up past the guard house where a prisoner arrested for an attempt at desertion is confined. Our carriage takes us across the old moat, through the sally port, and onto the parade ground where, the officer proudly tells us, it never really gets hot even when the temperature in Boston approaches the hundred mark. The 70 men here, we are informed, get the benefit of the cool ocean breezes which sweep in from Outer Brewster Island, the alleged home of the East Wind.

Once inside the parade ground, the carriage takes us to the

vine-clad quarters of the officers. Baskets of flowers are hanging from the porch, and a hammock is swung between the shade trees at the side of the quarters. Great piles of shells and cannon balls are placed at strategic points in various parts of the parade ground. We are quite impressed by the warlike aspect of the giant guns located inside the casemates until we see, through one of the loopholes, a cow contentedly munching the long grass growing in the ditch. Our military enthusiasm is further dampened by the sight of soldiers hoeing potatoes in the three-acre patch by the water's edge.

The daily routine in 1881 was sufficient to keep the soldiers from being bored. Reveille first call was fifteen minutes before sunrise with breakfast forty minutes later. At 5:30 the sick call was sounded, and the fatigue call for policing the garrison came at 6 o'clock. The first call for guard mount was blown at 8:45, with assembly at 9 a.m. At 9:30 came recall from fatigue, with drill at 10:00. The first sergeant's call was at 11:30, and dinner came at noon. Afternoon fatigue began at 1 p.m., recall at 5, and supper at 5:20. First call for retreat came at ten minutes before sunset, with retreat at sunset beginning as soon as the batteries came to parade rest. Tattoo was sounded at 8:55 and taps, bringing the day's activity to an end at 9:15.

Perhaps the reader may wonder what the soldier on George's Island did with his spare time in 1881. The library was a fine one, several hundred volumes offering the enlisted man almost any type of reading matter. Then there was the pier, where mackerel, perch, and pollock beckoned the military disciples of Isaak Walton, and an occasional sculpin exasperated the impatient fisherman. Hunting was also a favorite pastime, with ducks and geese frequently brought down by the soldiers. The men could go out on the flats at low tide and dig a bushel of clams in short order, and crabs were also relatively easy to obtain. As for visiting the mainland, the soldiers were allowed twelve hours leave a week, and one full day each month. But

our visit of 1881 comes to an end, and we finally arrive back in Boston, happy with the memories of this famous fortress.

There were two batteries quartered at Fort Warren in 1881. Battery I was in charge of Captain John C. White, while Captain A. M. Randall commanded Battery L. The men in the two batteries did not enjoy the long winters. (In fact, there never have been many people located at any island in Boston Harbor who have especially appreciated the glories of a New England winter.) At Fort Warren the grass turned to a dirty brown, the snow often covering everything inside the parade grounds, with the wind bitter and cold. The only diversion or relaxation left for the enlisted man of 1881 was the evening school.

The 1st Corps Cadets who had trained at Fort Warren during the Civil War met at Boston May 26, 1887, the twenty-fifth anniversary of their first trip to Fort Warren, and took the *Rose Standish* to George's Island.⁴⁴ The officer of the day, Captain G. G. Greenough, met them at the dock and escorted them around their former training grounds. The men revisited the old haunts, recalling many joyful occasions of a quarter century before. After having explored through all the passages of the old Fort, the members returned to the dock where they took the steamship *Nantasket* for a trip to Boston Light. At the dinner held that night an ode to the Fort Warren Cadets was read. Part of it is quoted here:

*Back within the grim old fortress,
Marching as in days of yore,
Youthful hearts and high ambition
Vigorous with hope once more,—
Hopes, ambitions, born to grow
Twenty-five long years ago.
Here's to jolly days remembered
Crowned within our happy thoughts
Drink to all the soldier's comrades
Faithful to the duties taught.*

We step ahead to the year 1895. Once more we are on the *Resolute*, and soon will visit the Fort on George's Island again. As we land at the dock, we notice several soldiers fishing, and one of them has a sizable pile of fish for his evening meal. Walking up the pier we notice certain changes which have occurred since our visit in 1881. Three fine buildings have been erected on the right of the walk leading up to the postern gate, and on inquiry we find they were built because of complaints of officers forced to live inside the damp casemates. A track for construction materials runs up to the eastern rampart, but the work here has been temporarily abandoned. As we walk up the wooden planking, we notice that a new entrance, not quite six feet high, has been cut into the northwestern bastion. This entrance, called the postern gate, was made by widening a cannonade embrasure. The postern gate opens into a pretty little enclosure flanked by the inside walls of the bastion, the casemates of which are occupied by the hospital and the doctor's quarters. The hospital is in the same location it was in 1864 when young McBlair dropped into the moat in his attempt to escape. The slate walks of the enclosure are bordered by pretty flowers, and shade is given by maple and horse-chestnut trees. The children of this 1895 Fort pass us on their way to school in the city, and the boat whistles impatiently for them to hurry. Squads of soldiers are drilling on the parade ground, and the sharp commands of the officers echo in the morning air.

In one of the casemates a theatre has been made, complete with the stage, drop-curtain, and scenery, where divers types of drama are presented. A typical play of the "gay nineties," *A Box of Monkeys*, was given here a few weeks before. Other quarters located near the hospital are the Post Exchange, the blacksmith shop, and the tailor shop. Out on the parade ground a group of men are constructing a new portcullis.

One hundred fifty soldiers are garrisoned at the Fort in

this year of 1895, and are commanded by Major William Sinclair of the 2nd Artillery, who came here in 1889 from Alabama. Major Sinclair was formerly a commander under General Sherman.⁴⁵

Football is enjoyed by these soldiers of three years before the Spanish War, and a roughly outlined field is marked off inside the parade grounds, the players being ably coached by the great West Point star, Lieutenant D. E. Aultman. When the game is fairly under way all rank is forgotten, and the lowly private can "take out" the captain with all the stored-up energy at his command. Baseball is the sport in the springtime, as scores of reset window panes can testify. Captain Paul Clendenin is the post surgeon, and has a fine hospital staff under him. He spent his youth on the frontier with his father, Colonel Clendenin, an officer in the Eighth Cavalry. Surgeon Clendenin came to Fort Warren from Alaska, succeeding Captain James McGreery as Post Surgeon. But our time is growing short, so after reviewing again the many interesting places at the Island, we go down to the pier and board the boat for our homeward journey. Thus ends our visit to the Fort Warren of the "eighteen-nineties."

Colonel Sinclair left the Island in September 1895, and Major Carle A. Woodruff arrived from Fort Adams to take his place, bringing Batteries M and C with him.⁴⁶

Woodruff was still in command when the Spanish War broke out, and Fort Warren again assumed an important role. Thousands still remember the dreadful feeling experienced when it was learned the Spanish fleet was hourly expected near Boston. Massachusetts was again caught unprepared, as far as coast defenses were concerned.

There were but three batteries on duty guarding the entire Massachusetts coastline, and they were all in Boston Harbor. Two were at Fort Warren and one was at Long Island Head.

In 1896, when \$10,910,250, had been recommended for the defenses of the harbor, it was agreed that 175 breech-loading rifles and mortars were to be set up within ten years. Not only was this plan not carried out, but two years later when the war came only twenty-four pieces were actually mounted. In addition there were less than 250 officers and men stationed at the Boston Harbor batteries.⁴⁷

To help the defense, the 1st Regiment of Massachusetts Artillery was ordered out on April 25, 1898, and in less than twenty-four hours was marching to Rowe's Wharf where the men embarked on the *General Lincoln* for Fort Warren. Plans had been made to quarter the men in portable barracks sent down to the Island, but when the regiment arrived it was found that the Deer Island prisoners engaged in setting up the barracks were not very far along in their work. The entire regiment took over the task, and before dark the combined efforts of soldiers and prisoners, who were soon christened the 3rd Corps Cadets, succeeded in erecting enough barracks for the night. The soldiers then had a new rhyme to put to an old song:

"They broke our backs

A-lugging shacks

In the regular army-O!"

A huge mess-tent was erected, which was very pretty to look at in good weather but sagged miserably in the rainy season which soon came. One day it collapsed into the mud, and the men were forced to seek the "Dark Arch" or the casemated gymnàsium facing Bug and Boston Lights. The officers' quarters, located on each side of the massive sally port, were soon crowded. Lieutenant-Colonel Charles B. Woodman, Surgeon Dearing, Major Dyar, Major Quinby, and Major Frye occupied one room which was lighted by three musketry loopholes and looked out on the dry moat and the northern cover-face. But according to Major Frye, the room "had an open

grate in which a coal fire was always glowing, and on the nights when the rain drove down upon the muddy parade, or when the impenetrable fog swept over the ramparts it was far from lacking in comfort." The enlisted men were quartered 15 in a shack.

On the twenty-ninth of April, 1898, the regiment changed from the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia to the United States Volunteers, with Major Carle A. Woodruff, still the commanding officer at Fort Warren, mustering the men into service.⁴⁸

Now began the period of rumors. Not only did the reports of the Spanish fleet persist in New England, but on the night of April 26 there was a public banquet in Havana to celebrate the bombardment of Boston. It was known that the Spanish flotilla had left the Cape de Verde Islands on the 29th of April for an unknown destination. A careful record of all the rumors was kept by an officer at the Fort and it is a weird collection. On one occasion, an observer watching in the gathering dusk sighted four ships in single file and believed them to be the Spanish fleet coming to destroy Boston. It turned out to be merely an innocent tug with three barges in tow!

The greatest excitement of all came shortly after midnight, May 13, when the *Tourist*, the craft employed by the United States Engineers in their mine-laying operations, rushed down to the Fort with her whistle blowing continually all the way from Boston. When she was tied up at the Fort Warren dock, a messenger from the Navy Department reported that the Spanish fleet had been sighted off Nantucket and was at that minute steaming for Boston. The fleet, however, never arrived.

The regiment was soon divided and scattered along the coast at strategic points; Major Frye's 3rd Battalion alone remained with the regulars at Fort Warren. The war was practically decided after the naval victories, and Spain soon sued for terms. The peace protocol was signed August 12, and eight days later the new guns were given a practice test. This

had been impossible until the signing of the protocol, as the ammunition had to be saved for the possible defense of Boston.

On September second the men lined the parapets and cheered the returning fleet of nine warships as it steamed into Boston Harbor.⁴⁹ The 3rd Battalion paraded as escort to the men of the fleet in Boston the next day. But the days of war activity were drawing to a close, and the final review was held September 17, 1898. Commander Woodruff saw the soldiers off at the dock, and as they boarded the *City of Philadelphia*, he complimented the battalion on its discipline and efficiency.

After the Spanish War, affairs at Fort Warren settled down to routine assignments until 1900, when barracks were constructed on the northwestern shore. Battery G of the 7th Artillery, U. S. A., moved out of the gloomy casements into the new quarters. The barracks were erected under the supervision of Capt. Edward T. Brown, the commanding officer of that time.⁵⁰

The last prisoner to be incarcerated in the demilune from which Sawyer escaped in 1863 was a buck private who was confined in 1901. This soldier set fire to his bunk when he was in a rage. After the blaze was put out he was taken to another section of the Fort.

On the twenty-sixth of May, 1905, the last vanguard of the 1st Corps Cadets visited Fort Warren, forty-three years to the day after they first arrived at George's Island.⁵¹ More than half of the original members had passed away, and only six of the survivors were able to make the journey. They were H. W. Gore, the historian of the Corps, William T. Eustis, Edward B. Richardson, Gershom C. Winsor, Nathaniel W. Bumstead, and Drummer Andrew J. Cassidy. Those who made the trip again enjoyed a walk around the Island, but were filled with regret at the passing of so many of their comrades.

During the World War the old quarters were again crowded

with troops, and scores of tents were placed all over the Island. About 1600 men were quartered at Fort Warren during the winter of 1917, mostly from the 55th Artillery. The 55th Artillery Regiment was made up of eight companies from Boston and vicinity and came into being December 1917. Many Coast Artillery units in and around Boston aided in building the 55th up to the needed regimental strength. The Boston Fusiliers, the Famous Tiger Battalion of *John Brown* fame, and the Washington Light Guards were some of the well-known units which were assimilated in filling out the 55th.⁵²

On March 8, 1918, came the first news that the men were soon to leave for the front. The notification was in the form of a scarlet fever quarantine, but the troops guessed the real significance of the quarantine—to keep them at the Island until called for the trip to France. The expected orders came March 15, and the 55th Regiment of Coast Artillery left Fort Warren for New York and the *Mauretania*.

The soldiers who later came to Fort Warren as replacements for the 55th tell the story of the attempted murder of a captain while he was stationed at Fort Warren. As far as can be ascertained the incident occurred in the spring of 1918 when replacements for the 55th were training at the Island. A private who had grown to hate his captain planned a terrible death for the officer. Every day he watched the captain come up the walk, go through the postern gate, and walk out on the parade ground. He gradually evolved the plan of dropping a fifty-pound cannon ball, a relic of the war of 1861, on the head of the officer just as the captain stepped onto the slate walk of the parade ground.

The time for the attempt at murder came, and the captain started up the walk. The private hidden on the terreplein high above the doorway had the cannon ball in readiness. The officer went through the postern gate and was about to come out into

the parade ground when the cannon ball crashed onto the slate walk at his feet. Fortunately the private miscalculated, having dropped the fifty-pound ball too soon, and instead of crushing the captain's head, cracked the slate walk into several pieces. When apprehended, the private claimed innocence; he had so timed his movements that no serious charge could ever be proved against him. The cracks in the walk can be seen today.

On the 26th of July, 1922, headquarters for the Harbor defenses were moved to Fort Banks, in Winthrop. September 2, 1924, Colonel Charles E. Kilbourne became the Commanding Officer in charge of Fort Warren. He had already won great honor for his bravery in the Spanish-American War. Colonel Kilbourne climbed a telegraph pole in the Philippines under heavy rifle fire to repair a broken wire, and for this act was given the Congressional Medal of Honor. In France his gallantry in action won him the Distinguished Service Cross and the Distinguished Service Medal. He is one of a very select group who have won all three of the major citations given by the United States Government. At the present time Brigadier-General Kilbourne is making his fourth tour of duty in the Philippine Islands.⁵³

A list of all commanders of Fort Warren and the Harbor defenses from 1861 to 1935 will be found at the end of the footnotes on this chapter. Those in command temporarily have not been included.

Modern warfare was so changed by 1928 that it was decided to reduce grand old Fort Warren to a caretaking status, and the Fort was decommissioned late in the summer of that year. The 13th Infantry, then at the Island, was sent to Fort Ethan Allen. Sergeant James F. Ward, James Moriarty of the Quartermaster Corps, with Privates Barrito and Green made up the lonely foursome which remained at Fort Warren. A short time later Ward met his death in a tragic accident. A fine like-

ness of the sergeant can be seen in one of the cellar casemates.

On the ninth of June, 1935, many patriotic and historical societies met at Fort Warren to dedicate a tablet honoring three of the Southern notables who had been imprisoned at George's Island during the era of the Civil War. The men so honored were James Murray Mason, John Slidell, and Alexander Hamilton Stephens. President-General Mrs. W. E. Massie of Hot Springs, Arkansas, spoke for the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the South. Confederate Veteran William B. Newell took the long journey from Richmond, Virginia, to represent the survivors of Lee's armies. Commander Charles L. Robinson, 93, represented the Grand Army of the Republic. Francis DeCelles, representing the Governor of Massachusetts and the North, spoke very effectively. President Mrs. Albert L. Rider of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., added much to the ceremony with her words of welcome, while Mrs. Roscoe H. Chesley, President of the Woodrow Wilson Chapter, U. D. C., gave a fine reading of *The Blue and the Gray*. The most impressive part of the ceremony, however, was when the two men, the Blue and the Gray, met and shook hands beneath the tablet. It was a very touching scene as they stood with clasped hands in the crowded casemate of Quarters Number Seven, probably the last time two representatives of the North and South will ever meet at Fort Warren.

A letter from President Franklin D. Roosevelt was read at the Fort Warren exercises. It said in part that "we have heard the last mutterings of the storm that more than seventy years ago swept over this country. The people of our land are now completely united in their devotion to the Republic."

An unexpected thrill was given the gathering which had crowded into the casemates of Quarters Number Seven when Commander Robinson told of meeting and shaking the hands of a veteran of the Battle of Bunker Hill of 1775, sometime in

the 1850's. The Bunker Hill veteran at that time was about one hundred years old, while Robinson was a very small boy. Thus the lives of these two men spanned the entire life of our nation. It was very fitting that Robinson, speaking at the Fort named after Joseph Warren, should have mentioned that he had shaken the hand of a comrade of Warren. Warren himself was killed at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

* * * * *

Every island has its legends, but perhaps the most famous of them all concerns the Lady in Black at Fort Warren.

The legend of this famous Lady in Black has been whispered at Fort Warren for many, many years, until now there are quite a few who believe in the existence of this lady of the black robes. I herewith offer the reader the legend without the slightest guarantee that any part of it is true.

During the War between the States, hundreds of prisoners were captured by Burnside at Roanoke Island. Among the group incarcerated at Fort Warren in the corridor of dungeons was a young lieutenant who had been married only a few weeks before. He succeeded in getting a message to his young wife by the underground railroad, giving complete directions as to where he was and how she could reach him. Being very much in love, she obtained passage on a small sloop, and landed in Hull a few weeks later. She quickly located the home of a Southerner in that town and was fitted out with a pistol and dressed in men's clothing.

Choosing a dark, rainy night, the lady rowed across Nantasket Road and finally landed on the beach at George's Island. Slipping noiselessly by the sentries, she reached the ditch under the Corridor of Dungeons. After giving a prearranged signal, she was hoisted up to the carronade embrasure and pulled through the opening. As soon as husband and wife had exchanged greetings, they made plans for the future. The prisoners decided to

dig their way out of the dungeon into the parade ground and immediately set to work. Unfortunately for their plans, a slight miscalculation brought their tunnel within hearing of Northern soldiers stationed on the other side of the wall. Colonel Dimmick was notified and the whole scheme was quickly exposed. The brave little woman, when cornered, attempted to fire at the Colonel, but the gun was of the old fashioned pepper box type and exploded, killing her husband.

Colonel Dimmick had no alternative but to sentence her to hang as a spy. She made one last request,—that she be hanged in women's clothing. After a search of the Fort, some robes were found which had been worn by one of the soldiers during an entertainment, and the plucky girl went to her death wearing these robes.

At various times through the years the ghost of the Lady in Black has returned to haunt the men quartered at the Fort. Two winters ago three of the soldiers were walking under the great arched sally port at the entrance to the Fort, and there before them, in the fresh snow, were five impressions of a girl's shoe leading nowhere and coming from nowhere. Only last summer a certain sergeant from Fort Banks was climbing to the top of the ladder which leads to the Corridor of Dungeons when he heard a voice warning him, saying: "Don't come in here!" Needless to say, he did not venture further.

There actually are on record court-martial cases of men who have shot at ghost-like figures while on sentry duty, and one poor man deserted his post, claiming he had been chased by the lady of the black robes.

For many years the traditional poker game was enjoyed in the old ordnance storeroom, and at ten o'clock one night a stone was rolled the entire length of the storeroom. As all the men on the Island were playing poker, no explanation could be found. When the same thing happened the next time that the

men played poker in the evening, the group at the card table decreased appreciably. By the end of the month the ordnance storeroom was deserted, and since that time, if any of the enlisted men wish to indulge in this pastime, they choose another part of the Island. The ghost of the "Lady in Black" was of course blamed for the trouble.

* * * * *

Since Fort Warren is still an integral part of Boston's Harbor Defense system, I cannot give a description of the fortifications of the present day. But the War Department has released to me some interesting data on the defenses named after Joseph Warren. The Fort has a direct fire on Broad Sound and commands both Nantasket Road and the Narrows. It bears a close resemblance to five-bastioned Fort Independence, having five fronts which vary in length from 600 to 666 feet. On the three faces exposed to a breaking fire from adjacent islands, the granite scarp is covered by a coverface and ravelin.

The coverface was formerly connected with the *enceinte* by a wooden bridge in the center of the northern front. It had fallen into ruin before 1907 and was later torn down so the timber could be used for a mule fence. In front of the main sally port there is a demilune, technically called *caponnière*, which flanks two of the coverfaces.

This *caponnière* is semi-circular and casemated, and loop-holed for musketry. At the time the deserter Sawyer escaped, there was a deep ditch going around the base of the demilune, possibly 15 or 20 feet below the musketry loophole.

In 1885 there were platforms for 248 guns. I do not believe the commanding officer at Fort Banks will object to a description of some of these guns of fifty years ago now removed from the Island. In the casemates there were two converted eight-inch rifles and 23 twenty-four-pound howitzers. Mounted *en barbette* were five fifteen-inch Rodmans, 96 ten-inch Rodmans, two eight-inch converted rifles, one two-hundred-pound Parrott,

and one one-hundred-pound rifle. Of course the Fort has been remodeled since the year 1885.⁵⁴

Colonel F. J. Parker's description of the Fort Warren of two generations ago is the best ever written on the famous five bastioned fortification, and I offer you a paragraph:⁵⁵

"To one who thoroughly explored the island there will recur vivid reminiscences of the mysterious castles of romance and history. He will find there a sally port, a postern, a draw bridge, and a portcullis. Here, too, are passages under ground and in the walls; turret staircases, huge vaulted apartments, and safe and dark dungeons, the ways to and through which may be set down upon the plans of the engineer corps, but are familiar to no living man. One can be easily bewildered among the crooks and turns, the ups and downs of the corridors, and it needs only a dark and windy night to make almost real the romantic descriptions of the Castle of Udolfo, with its clanging sounds of chains, its sweeping gusts of air, its strange moanings and howlings, and the startling noise of some sudden clang of a shutting door reverberating through the arches."

At various times down through the years the islands have been the object of extensive plans for reforestation. Desmond Fitzgerald, in 1886, had asked the Boston Memorial Association to "restore the sylvan covering to the islands." The Park Commissioners were willing to cooperate, but Mayor O'Brien vetoed the whole idea because of a misunderstanding. State Forester Alfred Akerman visited George's Island in 1905, making observations for further planting there. Four years later the Metropolitan League aroused considerable interest along the same lines, in the agitation for the beautifying of Boston Harbor's neglected islands. At this time horticulturist Warren H. Manning spoke of the ambitious plans for growing trees on the Harbor islands. His father, back in 1859, had planted the stately trees now at Fort Warren. In 1910 the report was issued that

Boston Harbor was becoming bald, and some of her charms were vanishing altogether. In the Christmas storm of 1909 one of the two famous elms at Apple Island had slipped into the sea, and much damage was also done at George's Island in the same blizzard. The Boston Society of Architects, seconded by the Appalachian Mountain Club, backed a bill before the Legislature, asking for \$25,000 to reforest the Harbor islands, and much ground was gained at this time.⁵⁶

On November 24, 1933, the Government announced that several of the islands down the Harbor would be reforested, and headquarters were to be set up at Fort Warren. Park Superintendent Richard Hayden endorsed the program, and on April 16, 1934, Warren E. Stiles of the National Park Service started the work in earnest. Forty members of the Citizen Civilian Corps landed at George's Island the same day, having been thoroughly trained at the Harold Parker State Forest in Andover. They soon were made comfortable in the casemates at the Fort, and began planning for the setting out of 100,000 small trees on the various surrounding islands in the Harbor. Thirty thousand plants arrived in the first shipment, with 70,000 more following along in the next few weeks. The varieties of trees generally used were Scotch Pine and Austrian Fir. The forty boys were kept at it, going from island to island, sometimes risking their lives in the rough seas in which they were often forced to sail. This wonderful project was finally completed by mid-summer, and the C.C.C. workers created a living memorial to their hard work which will stand for numerous years. At least 30,000 of the trees are flourishing, and the planting of 100,000 trees on the islands of Boston Harbor should go down in history as an important achievement.

If we go ashore at the deserted fortress today, we shall usually find five men on the Island.⁵⁷ They are Staff-Sergeant Joseph F. Hardiman, Sergeant John V. Carmody, Privates

Joseph H. Burns and William H. Comerford, and Engineer Franklin Pierce. Engineer Pierce, a descendant of President Franklin Pierce, probably has more affection for the fortress than any other man of this generation. Every old-fashioned mahogany staircase and white pine door is his treasure, and the century-old quarters in the casemates have an appeal to him that the newest and best of modern buildings cannot equal. "The artists who built these rooms," Pierce tells us, "were workmen proud of their craftsmanship." And as we wander about the deserted casemates we gradually come to realize the full import of his words.

So thus we reach the end of our 307-year story of George's Island. If you ever are lucky enough to obtain a pass to Fort Warren, there are eight points of interest you should visit. The Corridor of Dungeons, the passageway under the Harbor with its reverberating tunnel, the cracked sidewalk where the cannonball fell, and the great sally port with its legend *Fort Warren 1850* are four places no one should miss. The musketry embrasure where Sawyer squeezed his way to freedom, the bastion where the six naval prisoners escaped, and the dark arch are worthy of your attention. The front room of Quarters Number Seven, where Mason, Slidell, and Stephens were imprisoned can be identified by the tablet over the fireplace. This room has become a shrine for Southerners, and is the eighth and final point of interest.

And so we say farewell to Fort Warren. Hardly a handful of the thousands who were at George's Island during the Civil War are now living, but their descendants, both in the North and South, should always keep fresh the thoughts of the men who were here during that war. Fort Warren itself is a splendid memorial to them, and should be preserved, after its usefulness to the Government is over, as an everlasting tribute to those who fought in the conflict of 1861.

BOSTON LIGHT

LIGHTHOUSES and beacons have always been a fascination to the traveler and sailor, as well as a very necessary part of navigation itself. One of the earliest accounts of these important sentinels is in Homer's *Iliad*, where we read that:¹

ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἐκ πόντοιο σέλας ναύτησι φανήη
καιόμενοι πνρός· τὸ δὲ καίεται ὑψόθ' ὄρεσφιν
σταθμῶ ἐν οἰοπόλῳ·

The Pharos of Alexandria, one of the first of important lighthouses, was erected in 285 B.C., and for 1600 years mariners made out its beams from a distance of thirty miles. The Pharos of Meloria was built in 1154 by the Pisans, and a century and a half later, in 1304, the Leghorn Lighthouse was constructed. The famous Corduan, located at the mouth of the Gironde River in France, was completed in 1611—the first modern lighthouse.

An early mention of a lighthouse in American history occurs in Clough's *New England Almanack* for 1701, where the question is asked:

“Whether or no a Light-House at Alderton's point may not be of great benefit to Mariners coming on these Coasts?”

Shurtleff tells us there is no doubt that a beacon and watch house were built there in the early settlement of the colony, and in the Massachusetts Archives at the State House we read

that the Town of Hull presented a bill for work done at the beacon.² Nothing was actually done to give Boston Harbor a lighted beacon until the first Saturday in January 1713, when John George, Junior, whose father was killed aboard the *Rose*, headed a petition for the erection of a lighthouse.³

From a maritime point of view, Boston was the center of the most prosperous and important of all the American colonies in the early 18th century. Many of her merchants and ship-owners had followed the sea when younger and were willing and anxious that the port be properly protected. Just how progressive these merchants were can easily be seen when we realize that almost half a century elapsed after Boston Light was built before the citizens of New York erected a lighthouse.

In the town meeting held May 13, 1713, it was voted that "in case the Gen'll Court shall see cause to proceed to the establishment of a Light-House for the accommodation of vessels . . . the Town of Boston may have the preference before any particular persons in being concerned in the charge of erecting & maintaining the same . . ."

On November 5, 1714, the Court passed an order to the effect that "a Light-House be Erected at the Charge of this Province at the Entrance of the Harbor of Boston on the same Place & Rates proposed in Bill." The order was accepted June 9, and after the investigation of a committee, the Boston Light Bill was passed July 23, 1715, and provided for "Building and Maintaining a Light House upon the Great Brewster." The light was to be erected on the "South-ernmost part of the Great Brewster, called Beacon Island," and the sum of £1900 was granted by the Court for the construction of the light. The preamble and act included provisions for raising the money to pay for the light, and each ship was to be charged "the Duty of one penny per Tun inwards and also one penny per Tun outwards and no more for every Tun of the burthen of the said Vessel, before they load or unlade the goods therein."

On the twenty-fifth of June, 1716, the work was so far advanced that the committee, in looking for a good man to take care of the Light, believed the position worth the equivalent of five dollars a week. George Worthylake, whose father had been a resident of George's Island for many years, was now appointed the first keeper of the first lighthouse in America. His yearly salary of fifty pounds was considerably augmented by his income as one of the Boston Harbor pilots.⁴

Worthylake, keeper of Boston Light, petitioned for an increase in salary in 1717. The winter of 1716-1717 had been so stormy it had prevented him from watching his sheep at Greater Brewster. Fifty-nine of them strayed down to the end of the long bar and drowned.

The keeper with his wife and daughter was sailing off Noddle's Island in November of the next year when a gale blew up. The boat was lost, the three occupants perishing beneath the waves. This unfortunate accident caused the famous lighthouse ballad of Benjamin Franklin to be written. Thirteen years of age at the time, Franklin sold this ballad on the streets of Boston, naming his effort "The Lighthouse Tragedy." As the event had made quite an impression on the people of Boston, Franklin did a fair business with his first literary offering, but he tells us in his *Autobiography* that it was "wretched stuff." Not a single copy is now in existence. The unfortunate Worthylake family was buried at Copp's Hill, where the headstone can easily be found.

Mr. Robert Saunders, who is mentioned as a sloop captain in 1711, was now ordered to go to "Beacon Island and take care of the Lighthouse." Within a few days he also perished in the ocean, and Boston Light gained the doubtful reputation of losing its first two keepers by drowning. Although Saunders was not in service long enough to be officially appointed, we should honor his sacrifice by calling him the second "Keeper of Boston Light."

The merchants of Boston now recommended Captain John Hayes, an experienced mariner, for the position of keeper of the Light, and he was appointed by the Court November 18, 1718. The duties of the keeper were many and varied at this period in the history of Boston Harbor. He was health officer, pilot for the vessels coming in and going out of Boston Harbor, custodian of the fog gun, and keeper of the Light.

It was about this time that the celebrated Daniel Neal wrote his description of Boston Harbor. He speaks of Castle Island, and then says:

“But to prevent any possible Surprise from an Enemy, there is a Light-House built upon a Rock, appearing above Water about two long Leagues from the Town, which in Time of War makes a Signal to the Castle, and the Castle to the Town by hoisting and lowering the Union-Flag, so many Times as there are Ships approaching, which if they exceed a certain Number, the Castle fires three Guns to alarm the Town of *Boston*, and the Governour, if Need be, orders a *Beacon* to be fired, which alarms all the adjacent Country; so that unless an Enemy can be supposed to sail by so many Islands and Rocks in a Fog, the Town of *Boston* must have six or more Hours to prepare for their Reception.”⁵

John Hayes, called by the late Rufus Candage “an able-bodied and discreet person,” received at first £50 a year, but when he petitioned for an increase in salary, the Court raised his annual pay to £70. In his petition he mentions the habit of entertaining the mariners on the Island to make a little extra money for himself, but says that he “has found the same prejudicial to himself, as well as the Town of Boston, and therefore has left off giving Entertainment.”

On June 29, 1719, Hayes asked for a gallery to be built on the seaside of the lighthouse so that he could “come to the

Glass to clear off the Ice & Snow in the Winter Time, whereby the Said Light is much obscured." He also asked, "That a great Gun may be placed on the Said Island to answer Ships in a Fogg." The Court took steps to prevent ice from forming on the glass of the light, and also sent a cannon to Little Brewster Island. The gun, Fitz-Henry Smith, Jr. suggests, was probably taken from Long Island. In the picture of Boston Light drawn by Burgess around 1729, the gun is shown in practically the same position as that in which it still stands. The date 1700 is engraved on the gun.⁶

On January 13, 1720, a bad fire broke out at Boston Light, caused "by the Lamps dropping on ye wooden Benches & snuff falling off & setting fire." Captain Hayes tells us that "ye said fire was not occasioned by ye least neglect of ye Memorialist." Whether or not Memorialist Hayes was to blame, £ 221 s16 d1 was expended to repair the damage done by the fire. Hayes received his salary only after an interview with the Council as to the cause of the fire.

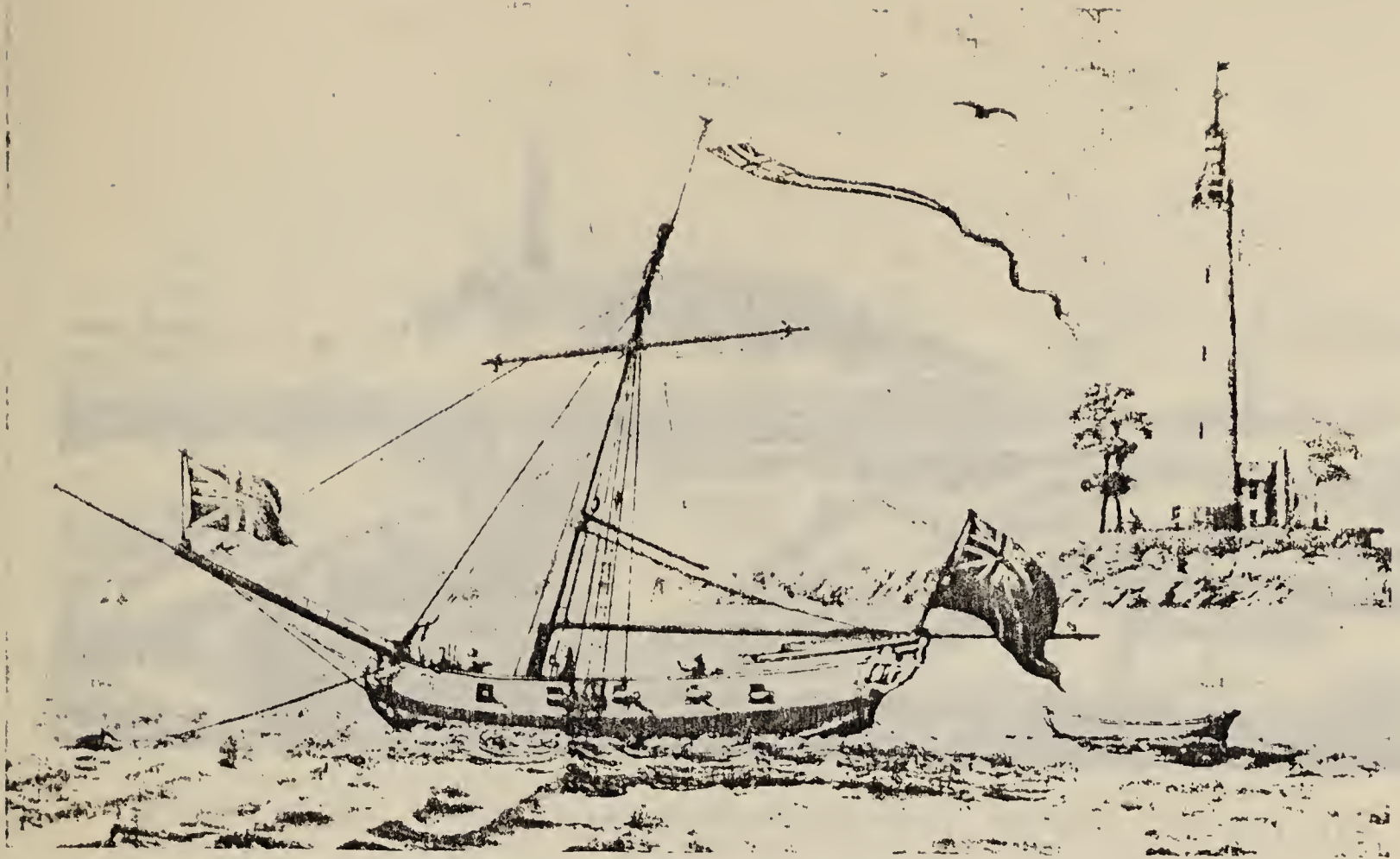
Two years later Hayes had a hard time inspecting all the ships from plague-ridden European ports, and in this manner lost many piloting jobs. The Court granted him twenty pounds to repay him for the money lost.

On the third of July, 1728, Benjamin Woodbridge was killed by Henry Phillips as the result of a duel held near the Great Elm on Boston Common. Both young men came from prominent Boston families. Peter Faneuil aided young Phillips in escaping from Boston, arranging for his passage on the *Sheerness*, a British man-o-war. The *Sheerness* had passed beyond Boston Light before Hayes received word to stop the ship, and Phillips was soon safely out of Massachusetts Bay. Stunned and grief-stricken by the tragedy, Phillips died of a broken heart in France before a year had passed. The gravestone of young Woodbridge can be seen in the Granary Burying Grounds.

The "Great Storm of 1723" did considerable damage to Boston Light. This gale, perhaps the most severe in the eighteenth century, raised a tide estimated at 16 feet. Since the Minot's Light Storm, which has the record for the nineteenth century, brought a tide of 15.74 feet, this mark of 1723 is probably the highest in the history of Boston. Captain Hayes weathered this terrible gale, but the people of Boston feared the lighthouse had suffered. On visiting the Island, a committee found that Boston Light had been damaged and the wharf ruined, but authorized expenditure of only £25 for urgent repairs. Substantial renovations were delayed, but three years later £490 was spent to put the Island in proper order.⁷

A bad gale blew up on September 15, 1727, while Captain John Bangs was bringing a sloop in past Boston Light, and the storm forced the boat ashore on Greater Brewster Spit. The next morning as the wind blew harder and the storm increased, Captains Bangs sent one of his crew to Captain Hayes at the Light with a request that Hayes come out in his boat to help the sloop off. Hayes went to the assistance of the stranded vessel, but, the storm growing worse, efforts had to be abandoned until the tide turned. Hayes was then successful in pulling the sloop off the Spit. Leaving two of Bangs' crew in his boat to follow, he piloted the craft safely into Boston. The two sailors in Hayes' craft ran onto the rocks near South Battery and damaged the vessel considerably. Hayes told the Court the boat was "old and crazy" and unfit for future service, but he was advised to get the craft repaired. The government paid all of the expenses except £15, which they charged up to Captain Bangs. Probably the next time John Bangs brought his sloop into Boston Harbor he steered amply clear of that stretch of sand and rocks on which Bug Light now stands.⁸

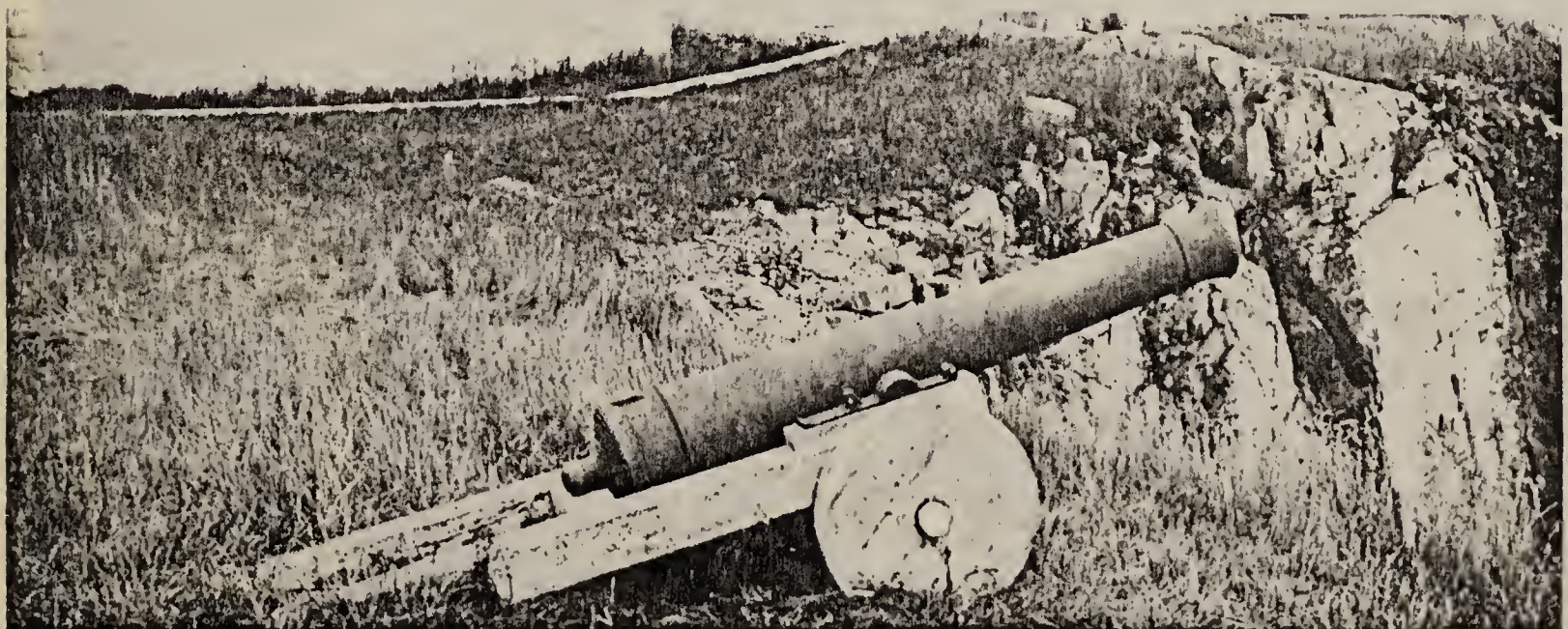
The infirmities of age finally forced Hayes to retire from active service, and on August 22, 1733, he notified the government he would leave the service when his year was up.



THE BURGIS SKETCH OF BOSTON LIGHT, DRAWN ABOUT 1729



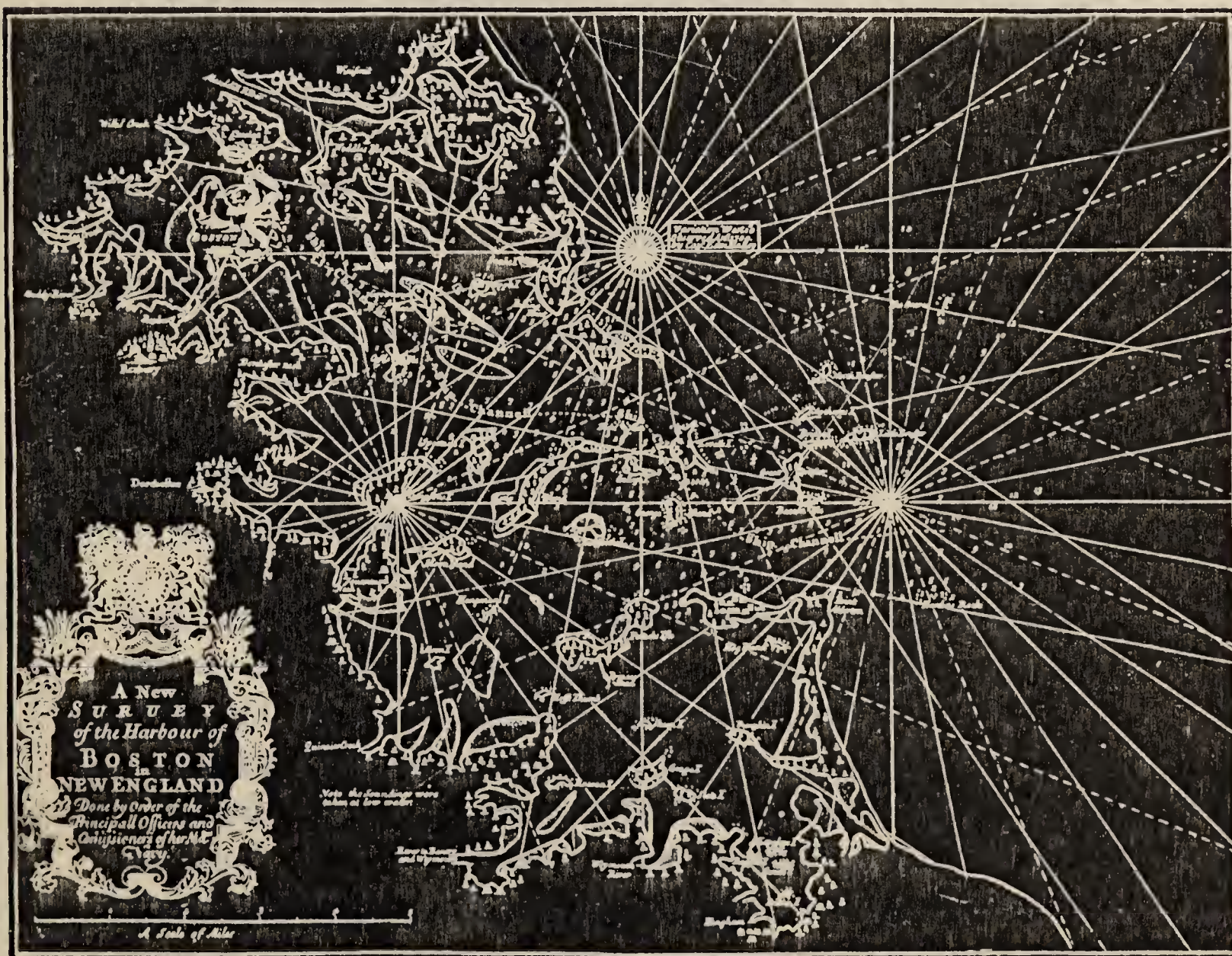
TREASURE FROM
LOVELL'S ISLAND



ANCIENT GUN AT BOSTON LIGHT, DATED 1700



BOSTON LIGHT, A FEW YEARS BEFORE THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES



British Museum

CAPTAIN EDMUND HALLEY'S CHART OF 1700

The merchants of Boston now petitioned for the appointment of Robert Ball who became the next keeper of Boston Light. Once firmly established at Little Brewster, Ball made a careful survey of the piloting business in Boston Harbor, becoming quite upset upon realizing that other sailing craft in the Harbor were taking his business away from him. He soon petitioned the General Court for the right to have preference, as the others never worked in the winter while his was a year-round task. The other pilots decoyed the masters of ships coming into the Harbor by "wearing a wide vane such as properly belongs to the province boat, and of the same color and livery." The Court gave Ball permission to be the "established pilot" of the Harbor for the next three years, and allowed him to keep two well-fitted boats, unmistakably distinguished. It further decreed that any person who painted his boat with a similar vane would be fined five pounds, the fine to be given to Ball.

Robert Ball, whose period of service is longer than that of any other keeper, never received a set sum for taking care of the Light, but petitioned every year for his salary. It seems to one perusing the records in the Massachusetts Archives that he spent most of his time petitioning the General Court!

We do not know whether Bennett, the noted traveler, ever personally visited Boston Light, but his description written during the seventh year of Ball's residence at Little Brewster is luckily preserved for us:

"About two leagues distant from the Castle on the rock, stands an exceeding fine lighthouse, at which there is a guard constantly attending to prevent surprise; from whence they make signals to the Castle when any ships come in sight, whether friend or foe."⁹

Because of the war scare of 1745, a committee went down the Harbor to take measurements for the sinking of hulks in the channel. They landed at Boston Light, and the hospitable keeper at Little Brewster Island entertained them in a man-

ner which John Hayes had long ago decided was unbecoming the keeper of Boston Light. The bill for hospitality to the committee, fifty shillings, was promptly sent up to Boston.

Three years later Ball wrote up to Boston that the lighthouse needed a fresh coat of white paint, and that the building was sadly in need of renovation. The paint was applied, but in 1751 a bad fire damaged the lighthouse, so only the walls remained. A temporary light was now shown from a spar some distance from the remains of the lighthouse. The Light was repaired at a cost of £1170, and, as the Court believed that "the Charge of such repairs should be bourne by those who receive the immediate benefit thereof," a higher duty was instituted.

Captain Ball usually had a negro servant at the Light, and a few years ago I read in the abandoned graveyard at Rainsford Island the following inscription:

HERE LIES YE BODY OF
SAMSON
LATE SERVANT OF
MR. ROBERT BALLS
WHO DIED JUNE 25TH
1762
AGED 60 YEARS

Robert Ball, in addition to his regular duties at the Light, was quite a real estate operator, owning three islands in Boston Harbor at the time of his death. Calf Island and Green Island were then given to his son John while his daughter Sarah re-

ceived the Outer Brewster. Ball petitioned the Court in February 1774 for his pay to November 19, 1773, and it is probable that his nephew, William Minns, was the actual keeper of the Light from that time until the British took over the Island in 1774. The name of the man who kept the Light while it was under English rule will, in all probability, remain a mystery.

Early in July 1775, the Provincial Congress wished to have the lamp and the oil removed, as the Harbor was then blocked up and the establishment at the Island useless. On the twentieth of July, Major Vose, leading a small detachment of American troops, visited Boston Light where the men burned the wooden parts of the lighthouse. On their way back from Little Brewster Island they were met by an armed British schooner, but they outmanoevered the English ship and reached the mainland. An eye witness, quoted by Frothingham in his *Siege of Boston*, says that he saw "the flames of the light house ascending up to Heaven, like grateful incense, and the ships wasting their powder." The Americans had already cut 1000 bushels of grain in Hull, and now returned safely through the American lines with all their spoils.

The British began at once to repair the lighthouse, and the workmen as they labored were guarded by the British marines. But the Americans were not ones to allow the rebuilding to continue, so Washington placed Major Tupper in charge of 300 men who, on July 31, started from Dorchester and Squantum for Boston Light. They were successful in landing their armed whaleboats at Little Brewster Island, and the historic Battle of Boston Light began. A writer of the period tells us that:

*"When Tupper and his men had landed there
Their enemies to fight them did prepair
But all in vain they could not them withstand
But fell as victims to our valient band."*¹⁰

The guard defeated, Tupper destroyed the work done on the lighthouse and prepared to leave the Island. The tide, however, had gone out and his whaleboats were left stranded there. In the meantime, the British had sent their own small boats to the Island, and as the Americans finally pushed their boats into deep water, they were attacked by the English troops.

The Americans were helped in this new skirmish by a field piece under the command of Major Crane at Nantasket Head. When the situation looked threatening to the Yankees trying to leave the Island, a direct shot from the American gun crashing into one of the English boats turned the tide of battle. After the British retired to their boats, it was found that only one American had been killed, while the English losses were comparatively heavy. Major Tupper brought a badly wounded British soldier to Hull where he soon died. His gravestone is still pointed out by the older inhabitants of Hull the more historical of whom will tell you that Susanna Rowson herself led the services at his funeral.

George Washington was so pleased with the work of Major Tupper that he commended the major and his men for their "gallant and soldier-like behavior in possessing themselves of the enemy's post at the lighthouse."¹¹

After the British left Boston March 17, 1776, they lingered down the Harbor menacing all the towns of the bay. Samuel Adams was quite indignant that nothing was done to make the British leave the Harbor and suggested in a letter that the various islands be fortified. Tudor tells us in his diary that eight ships, two snows, two brigs, and a schooner still remained in the Harbor. On June 13, 1776, American soldiers landed on Long Island and at Nantasket Hill; the next day they opened fire on the fleet and soon had the English ships at their mercy. The British vessels weighed anchor and sailed down the Harbor, but they sent a boat ashore at Boston Light, leaving a time charge which blew up the lighthouse, thus repaying the Ameri-

cans who had twice damaged the Light under British rule. It has been said that Boston Light was the last spot occupied by a hostile force in Boston Harbor, but the English landed at the outer islands during the War of 1812.¹²

A guard of Americans landed at Little Brewster Island shortly after the Light was blown up and recovered much useful material from the debris. The Council met in Boston on September 3, and decreed that as "the top of the old lighthouse was unfit for further use, it should be delivered to the committee to supply the cannon with ladles."

John Hancock, the Governor of Massachusetts, notified the Legislature November 8, 1780 that no light existed at the entrance to Boston Harbor, but thirty months passed without action being taken. The Boston Marine Society then addressed a message to the Senate and the House of Representatives, and pointed out that Boston was without a lighthouse to guide the shipping to its wharves, and that such a serious defect would have to be remedied before the people of Boston could expect a return of the days of good shipping. This petition had more effect than Governor Hancock's message of 1780, as the very next month the Commissary-General of Massachusetts was directed to erect a lighthouse on the site of the old structure. The sum granted by the legislature, £1,000, lasted until the lighthouse was nearly completed, when an additional £450 was appropriated to finish the job.

The new lighthouse measured 75 feet high, with the walls at the base seven and a half feet thick, tapering to two feet six inches at the top. The lantern, fifteen feet high, was of octagonal shape, and its diameter was approximately eight feet. The above information was taken from the article on the Light which appeared in the *Massachusetts Magazine* for February 1789, written by Keeper Thomas Knox, who had been appointed November 28, 1783.¹³

The famous vessel, the *United States*, made her final voyage

in 1784. The last entry in her log book, dated May 26, 1784, reads as follows: "Got Thomas Knox, a pilot, on board, just without the lighthouse, and at 3 1/2 got along Mr. Hancock's wharf at Boston. All well." An interested observer when Thomas Knox climbed aboard the *United States* was Madame Hayley, the sister of John Wilkes of "Wilkes and Liberty" fame.

Thomas Knox brought his parents out to the Light, and both his father and mother passed away in the year 1790. Back in 1761 his father had purchased Nix's Mate Island, and Thomas now became its owner. He finally sold it to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Boston Light was ceded to the United States Government on June 10, 1790, along with twelve other lighthouses in the country. Massachusetts led the other states by transferring five lighthouses to the national government. Maine, New Jersey, Delaware, Connecticut, Georgia, Rhode Island, South Carolina, and New Hampshire were the other states having a lighthouse located in their territory. There was considerable rivalry between the State and the National Governments at this time, and because Knox accepted the position as keeper of Boston Light under the Federal Government he lost his job as "branch pilot" of Boston Harbor.¹⁴

Pemberton wrote his account of the islands of Boston Harbor about this time, and he mentions Lighthouse Island as follows:

"The Lighthouse on it is sixty-five feet in height. Three branch pilots for the port of Boston attend the island. Their district is from the high lands of Marshfield on the south, to Nahant Rock on the north."

Thomas Knox continued in the service of the Lighthouse Department until 1811, when he was succeeded by Jonathan Bruce. The new keeper brought his wife Mary to live at the lighthouse. The couple witnessed the thrilling encounter be-

tween the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, June 1, 1813, the battle lasting but fifteen minutes. The well-trained crew of the English ship *Shannon* made short work of the American ship as the first six minutes practically decided the battle. Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake* was carried below, mortally wounded, and as he was lowered through the companionway he cried out to his men, "Don't give up the ship." As the deck of his boat was becoming a shambles, Lawrence's crew obeyed for only nine minutes, when they were forced to surrender the *Chesapeake* to Commander Broke of the English vessel.

Jonathan Bruce and his wife stayed on at the Light after the war ended. The importance of his position as keeper of Boston Light was somewhat dimmed by the establishment of Long Island Light in 1819. In the spring of the same year, the rambling rhymester of Boston Harbor, Frederick W. A. S. Brown, wrote the following verse in honor of Keeper Bruce:

*To Bruce, who kindles, when the night
Succeeds the lightsome day;
The slow, revolving, brilliant light,
Now muse, thy tribute pay.*

Jonathan Bruce completed twenty-two years of service at Boston Light in 1833, and then retired to live at Rainsford's Island. His wife, Mary Bruce, died at Elder Rainsford's old home in 1851, and the inscription on her gravestone, still to be seen at Rainsford's Island, is worthy of a place here:

*Bright be the place of thy soul
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er barred from its mortal control
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.*

Bruce lived until 1868, dying in Boston at the age of 76.

David Tower was the next keeper at Boston Light. The great December hurricanes of 1839, occurring on December 15, 21, and 27, threw more than a score of vessels onto the shores

around Boston Harbor, but Tower was helpless to aid the crews of the Schooner *Charlotte* and the Bark *Lloyd* driven ashore at Nantasket. Less than five years after the triple hurricanes of 1839, David Tower died in service at Boston Light.

Joshua Snow became keeper October 8, 1844. In that year many fine improvements inside the Light were made. The lighthouse was equipped with a cast iron circular stairway, having a central iron pipe and a wrought iron railing. "A cast iron deck and scuttle were put in, with iron window frames, a large outside door of iron, and an inside door with frame and large arch piece over it." The improvements of 1844 can be seen today, except where repairs have been made.

Captain Tobias Cook of Cohasset relieved Snow in the last week of December 1844. While Cook was keeper of Boston Light, James Lloyd Homer, the man who wrote as the "Shade of Alden," paid him a visit. He tells us that the Light was eighty-two feet above the sea and makes the mistake of believing the steps leading up into the light were of stone. There were two wharves on the southwestern side of the Island, according to Homer, and anyone steering his boat between the two piers would be sure of a cordial reception.¹⁵ A rather amazing development at Boston Light was the establishment about this time of a "Spanish" cigar factory, with young girls brought from Boston to work at Little Brewster Island. This business, set up to practice a fraud on the good people up in the city, was soon broken up, and the girls were sent back to Boston to work under less romantic conditions. Homer comments on the incongruous situation of a Spanish factory at Boston Light.

Tobias Cook resigned as keeper in 1849, and Captain William Long of Charlestown became the new official in charge of the Light, bringing his family, including a daughter Lucy, out to Little Brewster. Through the kindness of Mrs. Herbert L. Wilber, I have been allowed to read the diary of her grand-

mother, Lucy Maria Long, which was kept at Boston Light from October 19, 1849 until October 2, 1851. I will quote a few of the entries from this almost priceless relic of Boston Harbor life eighty-five years ago:

"Sunday, October 21, 1849. Pleasant weather in the morning. I went into the Light House for the first time, the rest of the day was spent in rambling among the rocks.

"Monday, October 29.—Pleasant weather, in the forenoon I went in the cutter's boat to carry Antoinette to the Pilot Boat *Hornet*. In the afternoon I went over to the island, on returning saw the body of a man on the bar, supposedly washed from the wreck of the vessel, lost on Minot's Ledge."

At low tide it is possible to walk across the bar from Boston Light to Greater Brewster Island, and from there well along Brewster Spit; this is the route Miss Long took many times. She tells us that a gentleman came out to the Lighthouse on November 10, 1849, to try to induce her to go to Fort Warren to teach the children of the workmen, but she did not accept the offer as she enjoyed the social life of Little Brewster Island too much to leave it. When her father went ashore Lucy lit the great light herself. Her record of one of these occasions follows:

"Mon. Dec. 31.—A snowstorm, in the morning, George came over to wind up the clock, and I cleaned the light, at night I light the Light."

Other interesting incidents are included in the following excerpts:

"Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1850.—Pleasant weather, in the morning three pilots from the boat *June* called, in the afternoon Father returned from Boston in the boat *Sylph*, I received a letter from William.

"Wed. Mar. 6.—Pleasant weather, in the morning two Pilots from the *June* came and wound up the clock, in

the forenoon Mr. Rollund and Mr. Longly came down in the Pleasure Boat *Flirt* to set some glass in the Lantern, the Steamship *America* sailed, at night I light the Lights.

"Sunday, May 19.—Pleasant weather, in the morning Mr. Dolliver went to Boston in the Boat *June*, in the forenoon William and myself walked on the spit as far as the beacon. At noon Mr. Phillips and Mr. Perry called from the Islands.

"June 27th.—Pleasant weather, the ship *Robert C. Winthrop* sailed. In the afternoon Miss Phipps, Miss Cheever, William and myself went to the Outer Brewster.

Monday, Aug. 26.—Pleasant weather, this morning Albert came down in his boat."

The above-mentioned Albert was the Albert Small of the unusual lighthouse romance which culminated in the proposal at the top of the lighthouse. This courtship between Lucy Maria Long and Pilot Albert Small went on for many months, in spite of the scores of other young pilots who made Little Brewster Island the mecca of their leisure hours. Day after day we read of as many as six pilots landing at once to enjoy a social hour or two at the Light.

One afternoon, accompanied by Sarah Godbold, a six year old chaperon, Lucy Maria Long and Albert Small went up to the top of Boston Light, presumably to admire the wonderful view from that well-known vantage point. Albert, however, had an important matter which he wished to discuss with Lucy at this time, and believing the little girl would not realize the full implications of what would occur, led Lucy a few feet away and asked her to marry him. Unfortunately for us she did not enter a detailed account of the incident in her diary, but we do know that her answer given at the top of Boston Light was "Yes."

Sarah was burdened with a very large secret for such a little girl. As soon as the three returned to the lightkeeper's

house she informed the family of all which had transpired, to the embarrassment of the happy young couple, but the parents and the other pilots were quick to come to the rescue of the blushing pair with hearty congratulations. The culmination of this lighthouse romance came on June 16, 1853, when Lucy Maria Long and Albert Small were married. A daughter of this union, Mrs. Carrie Maria Dickey, is still living in Middleboro, Massachusetts, and it was through her daughter, Mrs. Wilber, that we learned of this diary of long ago.

In 1851 Captain William Long was succeeded at Boston Light by Zebedee Small, whose pay at the Light at this time was \$400 a year. During his regime, the Lighthouse Board of the United States Government was established. Congress had been investigating the conditions in the Lighthouse Department, and in the act which established the Board it made restrictive regulations affecting those merchants furnishing supplies to lighthouses. Certain ship chandlers had been detected in giving concessions to the purchasing agents who supplied the lighthouses with food, and Congress was determined to prevent such manipulations in the future.¹⁶

A visitor to Little Brewster while Small was in charge left an account of his impressions while there:

"Boston Outer Light, with its natural standard or tiny island, seems placed by the hand of nature in the spot for the special purpose to which the hand of man appropriated it. Though greatly exposed to the storms, and facing the severe eastern gales that blow up between the capes from the oceans, it yet is perfectly safe and secure in the hardest weather. Near the base of the light there is placed a gun, which is fired at intervals in foggy weather to warn off the mariners who may have got too near the breakers. A fog bell is also at hand to be rung by the keeper of the light in thick weather. It is difficult to ex-

press in words the thrill of delight that nerves the breast of the tempest-tossed mariner of the long voyage, when Boston Light heaves into sight, and its bright steady eye beams forth over the sea. The present keeper of Boston Light is Mr. Zebedee Small, lately appointed to this post, a careful and energetic man, who, with one assistant, has charge of this important post. Mr. Small and his family reside on this tiny bit of terra firma, quite secluded from the dwellers upon the mainland, being apparently very contented and happy upon this lone spot."¹⁷

Hugh Douglass became the next keeper of Boston Light on June 2, 1853. The only important change while Douglass was at the lighthouse was in the rapidity of the light's revolution. In 1842, I. W. P. Lewis referred to the mechanism which turned the light as the "machine of rotation," and the speed of revolution at that time was three minutes. Elaborate changes were made by 1854 when the speed was increased to one minute thirty seconds. Today the light flashes white every half minute while the twelve bull's-eyes take six minutes to make a revolution. Douglass resigned the year Bug Light was built, 1856.

Douglass was succeeded by Moses Barrett, a native of Gloucester. Boston Light was provided with the Fresnal lamp in the third year of Barrett's term and at the same time the tower was raised to its present height of 98 feet. It was now listed as a second-order station, the rating being determined by the inside diameter of the lens. When the Fresnal lamp was lighted on December 20, 1859, the pilots protested that the new Light was inferior to the old one in point of brilliancy and power. On an editorial page of the *Boston Journal* in 1860 we find the following:

"No person informed on the subject would ever venture to assert that a lens apparatus of the second order was equal in quantity and power and intensity of illuminating to a reflector of the first order. . . Mr. Barrett was the

efficient keeper of Ten Pound Light, Gloucester, and appointed to this light by General Peaslee. If any man could make a second order light equal to a first order, probably Mr. Barrett could do it. No light can be too good for Boston's shipping interests, and certainly the light should be as good as those of other cities."

In the treasured collection of Mrs. J. L. Moulton of Gloucester, the granddaughter of Captain Barrett, are two clippings which recall the days when her grandfather was keeper of Boston Light. The first concerns the ship *Ewan Crerar*, whose skeleton still remains in Boston Harbor.

When the Brig *Ewan Crerar* struck on a ledge near the Graves on March 9, 1860, she came off and anchored between Shag Rocks and Outer Brewster, but filled and sank quickly in forty feet of water. The members of the crew were able to row to Boston Light in the snow-storm. It was one of the strangest wrecks in the history of the Harbor, and Mrs. Moulton's first clipping concerns this shipwreck:

MEMORANDA

"Capt. Wm. G. Crerar of the brig, *Ewan Crerar*, lately wrecked near the Graves, desires us to express his grateful sense of the kindness shown to him and his officers and crew by Mr. Moses Barrett keeper of the Boston Light House, in providing them with dry clothing and a liberal supply of food and drink. His generous and unselfish exertions in their behalf will always be gratefully remembered."

The other reminder of the days Captain Barrett spent at Boston Light was taken from a Boston newspaper of June 1861:

A CARD

"The undersigned takes this method of expressing his obligation to Capt. Dolliver and other officers of the Massachusetts School Ship, together with the crew of her barge, and Mr. Moses Barret, keeper of the Boston Light, for their generous assistance in recovering the body of the young man recently drowned in Boston Harbor, and also for their aid in raising the sunken boat and taking it to Boston Lt.

Boston, June 24, 1861

L. P. Haskell"

Barrett was at Boston Light until late in 1862, and his last two years spent there were full of adventures. When Fort Sumter was fired on, April 26, 1861, he knew that exciting times were ahead. Boatload after boatload of soldiers sailed by the Light in the first year of the Civil War; Captain Wilkes took Mason and Slidell by Lighthouse Island to Fort Warren; Belle Boyd, the Rebel spy, was brought into the Harbor a little later, and noticed the white shaft on Little Brewster Island on her way to Boston.

The incident which impressed Barrett more than all the events connected with the war occurred on Sunday morning November 3, 1861, and was the worst tragedy in the history of Boston Harbor. The square rigger *Maritana*, 991 tons, had sailed out of Liverpool on the twenty-fifth of September with Captain Williams in command. She ran into heavy seas coming into Massachusetts Bay and approached Boston in a howling southeaster with a blinding snow falling. About one o'clock in the morning she sighted Boston Light and headed for the beacon which she was never to pass.

Mr. Barrett had noticed the lights of the vessel earlier in the evening. At twelve midnight she was bearing E.N.E., when she suddenly changed her course and seemed to be running for the Light. At 12:20 she burned her torch lights, and by seeing the *Maritana's* yards, Barrett knew that she was a square rigger. The snow now came so fast that the lights of the ship disappeared, and Barrett prayed that she had slipped by safely and was then making her way into calmer waters. The gale was increasing at a fearful rate, and even at daybreak nothing could be seen beyond three hundred feet. When Barrett went down on the rocks, he found the standard of a ship and realized that something serious had happened.

As it later developed, the *Maritana* had crashed onto Shag Rocks, a short distance away, and the crew and passengers were then fighting for their lives. The sailors had cut the masts away soon after the ship had struck; many made attempts to reach the ledge but the great waves prevented anyone's reaching the shore of the little isle. The vessel now showed signs of breaking up, and the passengers and crew were ordered into the weather chains.

With the lifting of the snow, the anxious inhabitants of Lighthouse Island were able to see the ship stuck fast on Shag Rocks, but they were helpless to launch a boat in the swirling waters. Barrett then attempted to signal across to Hull, but the wind blew with such force that the signal flag was blown to shreds.

About 8:30 the great ship broke in two, and Captain Williams, standing on the quarter-deck at the time, was crushed to death. Seven people floated to Shag Rocks on the top of the pilot house, while five others were successful in swimming to the same ledge. After the hull of the ship had broken in two, fragments of the wreckage started to come ashore on both sides of the Island, and the watchers on Lighthouse Island saw a body

in the surf. By afternoon the sea and the storm had quieted appreciably, and Captain Barrett's signal to Hull was acknowledged. The bodies of the unfortunates now started to wash up on the beach, and that of Captain Williams was among the first. At two o'clock Pilot Boat No. 2, the *William Starkey*, sent a dory ashore at Shag Rocks and rescued the survivors of the tragedy. The boat was manned by Captain Samuel James of Hull, a member of the famous lifesaving family.

The next morning the cutter came down to the scene of the disaster, and Captain Barrett assisted in recovering the nude and battered body of a woman at the end of the Spit. Watching this gruesome event from the ramparts of Fort Warren were some Confederate soldiers, who later reported the incident to diarist Lawrence Sangston, the Baltimore prisoner on George's Island.¹⁸

It was not until the following March that the last member of the crew was found and buried at Little Brewster Island. In the spring of 1862 the wife of Captain Williams came down to the Island to receive her husband's watch and other keepsakes which the keeper had been saving for her, and sat with her children on the rocks under the lighthouse. She spent hours looking out at Shag Rocks, the ledge which had broken her family apart forever.

Charles E. Blair became keeper of Boston Light November 20, 1862, and saw the captured crews of the Confederate ships *Tacony* and *Atlanta* on their way to Fort Warren. Six of these prisoners escaped on the night of August 19, 1863, and two of them sailed by the Island on their way down to Maine where they were captured. Blair returned to the mainland July 18, 1864, and was replaced by the celebrated Thomas Bates.

Captain Bates was honored many times for his heroism while in the employ of the Lighthouse Department, and many men still living have told me of his sterling bravery. Wesley Pingree, former keeper at Deer Island Light, related to me the

story of the day at Minot's Lighthouse when two men were drowning near the ledge. Bates, alone at the Light, took the dangerous risk of letting himself down in his dory from the top of the light. He reached the men and saved both of them from the raging storm. Bates took charge of another rescue January 31, 1882, at the time the *Fanny Pike* went ashore on Shag Rocks. She went to pieces quickly, but Captain Bates rowed out to the little ledge and took the crew off safely. Assistant Keeper Bailey and Charles Pochaska, a young fisherman who lived on Middle Brewster Island, helped him make the rescue.

Bates spent many pleasant nights at the lighthouse, and Assistant Keeper Edward Gorham, with his accordion, helped along the musical program which they all enjoyed on Sunday evenings. Bates, admonishing the others to sing louder, would tell Gorham to "bear down" on his accordion as they sang *When the Roll is Called up Yonder* and *Crossing the Bar*, every sailor's favorite. After almost thirty years of service Thomas Bates died on the Island, April 6, 1893.¹⁹

Alfred Williams assumed charge until the official appointment was made May 3, 1893, when Albert M. Horte was made keeper of Boston Light. His young sister Josephine played about the Island at this time and still remembers when she used to turn cartwheels over the old fog gun which had been brought to the Island in 1719. Horte was keeper less than a year, relinquishing his post to Henry L. Pingree, whose son, Wesley, became interested in Albert M. Horte's sister Josephine. Wesley Pingree and Josephine Horte were later married, spending their honeymoon at Deer Island Light.

The first bad storm while Pingree was custodian of the Light occurred December 16, 1896, when the schooner *Ulrica* went ashore on Nantasket Beach. All of the crew were rescued by the lifesavers of Hull.²⁰

About this time the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

was experimenting on various types of foghorns in their endeavor to develop one which would be able to penetrate the tricky "Ghost Walk," located about six or seven miles east of Boston Light. Twenty or thirty boys were sent to live on the Island, to try out various devices.

Early one morning in 1897, as Pingree's son Wesley was walking down to start the fire for the fog signal, he was amazed to see the boat from Portland, Maine, in between Shag Rocks and the Outer Brewster. She backed out without striking, but a glance at the map will give the reader an idea of the craft's precarious situation.

The terrible storm on November 27, 1898 will probably always be remembered as the "Portland storm," as the Steamship *Portland* then left Boston for the last time. Another ship, the *Calvin F. Baker*, pushed up on Lighthouse Island, so close to the buildings there that when the ship rolled, the people on the Island felt as if they could almost reach out to save the sailors. But the crew of the ship was frozen fast to the rigging, and cried out for help all during the next night. The keeper was unable to aid the men until morning, when the survivors were landed. Three sailors were lost from the ship. The terrible screams of the helpless men freezing in the rigging so affected Keeper Pingree's wife that she died shortly afterwards.

Henry Pingree's son was made an assistant at Boston Light, and one day he and the other assistant took the lighthouse dory to Fort Warren where they boarded the *Resolute* to go to Boston to get a forty-pound reed for the fog signal. While in town, a terrible storm blew up, and when Pingree and the other assistant returned to Fort Warren they were warned not to attempt to reach Boston Light that afternoon. Believing that the fog signal should be repaired, they started from the dock at Fort Warren in the dory. As the little boat came out from the lee of George's Island, the full force of the

gale hit them, and they could not make any progress toward the Light. A mud digger was anchored a few hundred yards away, and the men fought their way to her, tying the dory in the lee of the craft. The captain told them he wouldn't take them to Boston Light that night for a million dollars, so they spent the evening with him. Later that night the dory was washed away, and the reed went with it.

The next morning, during a lull in the storm, the captain of the mud digger had them landed at Bug Light, and at low tide they successfully walked along Greater Brewster Spit and Lighthouse Bar until they reached Boston Light. The soldiers at George's Island had watched and waited for the dory to pass out through the Narrows the previous afternoon, and when it failed to come in sight the men believed the keepers had drowned. When the overturned dory washed up on the beach the next morning, their fears seemingly were confirmed. The Lighthouse Department was notified, and the *Geranium* started for the outer islands. She reached Boston Light, but the storm had so increased by this time that she could do nothing but steam up and down Lighthouse Channel, unable to send a boat ashore. In order to notify the *Geranium's* captain that all were safe, every man at the Light came outside and joined hands in front of the lighthouse. The captain counted the men, and with a quick whistle of farewell turned his ship around for the trip back to Boston.

Keeper Henry Pingree left Boston Light November 1, 1909. His successor, Levi B. Clark, witnessed the terrible gale on Christmas Day, 1909, when the five-masted schooner *Davis Palmer* hit on Finn's Ledge and went down with all hands. She was heavily loaded with coal, and the captain, Leroy M. Kowen, had hoped to dock before noon. His wife, living in Malden, had Christmas dinner cooking when she heard the ter-

rible news. Part of the wreckage of the vessel washed ashore at Boston Light.²¹

During the week of September 3, 1910, the Squantum Air Meet took place, and Claude Graham-White made his memorable flight to Boston Light from Squantum. Assistant Keeper Jennings waved down to the flyer as the airplane roared by just below the top of the Light. An eye-witness of the event, Dr. William M. Flynn of Dorchester, tells us that there was a line of motor boats and naval launches stretched all the way from Squantum out to the Light, as many thought that Graham-White would surely drop into the water at some point in his trip. The Bostonian Society has a fine collection of pictures taken at the time, one of which shows Keeper Clark and his family watching the flyer approach the lighthouse.²²

Keeper Levi B. Clark left the Island in 1911, and for a few months George Kezar was Keeper of Boston Light. Kezar, who had been at Duxbury Pier in Plymouth, finally retired from the service in June 1935. He had passed many years of activity serving at several of the well-known lights along the coast.

Mills Gunderson became the next man in charge of Little Brewster Island. It was during his regime that the Boston Light Swim gained nation-wide prominence. This gruelling endurance test from Charlestown to Boston Light has attracted hundreds of boys and men since its inauguration. Sam Richards is perhaps the best known of all the contestants who successfully negotiated the distance.

Charles H. Jennings was appointed to take charge of the beacon on Little Brewster Island, May 1, 1916, and served during the hectic war days when the U Boat scares alarmed the coast. Before the war began, the two hundredth anniversary of the lighting of the beacon on Little Brewster Island was observed, September 25, 1916.

A group of prominent dignitaries made the trip to Light-

house Island that September day, including Secretary of Commerce William C. Redfield, Lighthouse Commissioner George R. Putnam, and Worthington C. Ford of the Massachusetts Historical Society. After Mr. Ford outlined the early history of Boston Harbor, Secretary Redfield unveiled a tablet. At the conclusion of the exercises, Captain Jennings and his assistant, Charles A. Lyman, escorted the group up to the top of the lighthouse where the mechanism of the Light was explained. After a short tour of the Island itself the gathering returned to Boston on the *Mayflower*.

June 26, 1917 a flag and flagpole were dedicated at Lighthouse Island. At the ceremonies it was declared that there had never been a flag at the Island before, and after the flag was raised to the top of the fifty-five foot pole, President Harriman of the Boston Chamber of Commerce gave a brief history of the Island.

Perhaps the most thrilling experience in which Jennings participated was the rescue of the men on the *U.S.S. Alacrity* which was wrecked on the ice-covered ledges off Lighthouse Island, February 3, 1918 at 3:45 in the morning. Captain Jennings, awakened by the sound of gunfire, aroused the assistant keepers, Lelan Hart and Charles Lyman, who rushed down to the shore. They saw the doomed ship and endeavored to reach it by firing the gun of the Massachusetts Humane Society. Four attempts were made, but each time the rope parted as the shells used were very old. Jennings now brought the dory down to the shore, and, assisted by sailors Hero and Harvey of the Naval Reserves, pushed the dory over the ice and into the surf.

Twenty-four men were clinging to the wreck of the *Alacrity* and their position was precarious. If they fell in between the ice cakes, they could not keep afloat and, if they stayed on the boat, she might soon slip off the ledge and sink. Jennings and his two assistants finally reached the wreck after

a perilous trip, flung a line aboard, and began the rescue of the half-frozen sailors. Four times the men ran the gauntlet of ice, rocks, and raging surf until they finally succeeded in saving all twenty-four of the men. For this heroic deed Jennings later received a letter of commendation from William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce.

In 1919 Jennings was given the position as keeper of the range lights on Lovell's Island, and he is still in charge of the lighthouse station there. J. Lelan Hart succeeded Jennings as Keeper of Boston Light. Hart's first knowledge of the islands of Boston Harbor was obtained during the shipwreck of his boat loaded with lime at Outer Brewster Island. The vessel was a line coaster, *A. Heaton*, owned by A. C. Gay of Rockland, Maine. As the vapor whistle at Boston Light had been out of order, the ship had crashed onto the rocks in the dense fog. The lime caught fire, and Captain Hart's ship burned to the water's edge. Fortunately the captain and members of the crew escaped to safety by rowing to Boston Light in the life boats.

Keeper Hart's mother, who had accompanied him to the Little Brewster Island, died while at the Light in August 1920. Hart rescued a score of people from a wreck at Middle Brewster Island in 1925. The next year he became keeper of the range lights at Spectacle Island, and we again visit him in our chapter including that island.

Maurice Babcock, the present keeper at Boston Light, succeeded Lelan Hart in 1926. Babcock and his wife and family have spent the succeeding years at the Light, and his record while keeper there is a fine one.

Captain Babcock says that he knew what he was getting into when he joined the service, and such matters as rescues, storms, hardships, and countless dangers were all taken into consideration before he signed up. He never talks about the scores of boats he has saved from the bar, and says there are

only two things of primary importance: one is the Light itself, and the other the fog signal. If he is sure that both are in good working order, he is at peace with the world and a happy man. Maurice Alendo Babcock and his wife, Mrs. Mary Babcock, have had five children, Helen, John, Grace, Hazel, and Maurice Junior. Helen, who would be 22, was the oldest, but passed away a few years ago. First Assistant Keeper Bickford Haskins has five children, and Second Assistant Keeper Ralph Norwood has eight children. It is believed that Georgia Faith Norwood was the only child ever born at Boston Light during its 219 years of activity. The event took place at 10:35 on the morning of April 11, 1932.²³

On the second day of December 1934, a memorial list of the twenty-five keepers of Boston Light was unveiled in the lighthouse itself by Fitz-Henry Smith, Jr. The Coastguard boat *Pueblos*, which took the party out to Lighthouse Island, had previously stopped at Spectacle Island to pick up Keeper Lelan Hart, and had put in at Lovell's Island to allow Keeper Charles Jennings to join the group. A brisk westerly gale had sprung up, and the landing at the Light was completed under difficulty, with many of the party getting a wetting.

Among the speakers was Professor Robert E. Moody of Boston University, who stressed the sterling characters of the twenty-five keepers and their matter-of-fact regard for the dangers of their occupation. Former Keeper Jennings told the gathering he would "let the others make the speeches"; former Keeper Hart said that he was "glad to be here"; and Keeper Maurice Babcock said he "wasn't much of an orator, but enjoyed keeping the light burning for the ships coming in, and the fog signal sounding."

The tablet was unveiled by Mr. Smith, who briefly sketched the history of the Light. The newspaper men photographed the group, and it was the first time in the history of the

Light that a keeper and his two predecessors had ever been pictured together. After a short trip around the Island the group went back to the *Pueblos*, and finally reached Boston after taking the two former keepers back to their respective islands.

I can do no better in closing this chapter on Boston Light than to quote from the gifted pen of Fitz-Henry Smith, Jr.²⁴ "Boston Light is still a commanding object at the entrance of the Harbor, though it is not so prominent a feature of the landscape as it once was, for its pre-eminence is now disputed by the new and more powerful light on the Graves. Its importance to mariners has been lessened by the opening of the new channel in Broad Sound; but its distinction as the oldest light in the country, and its history, are possessions that can never be taken away."



Photo by E. T. Ramsdell, Capt. Wincapaw, Pilot

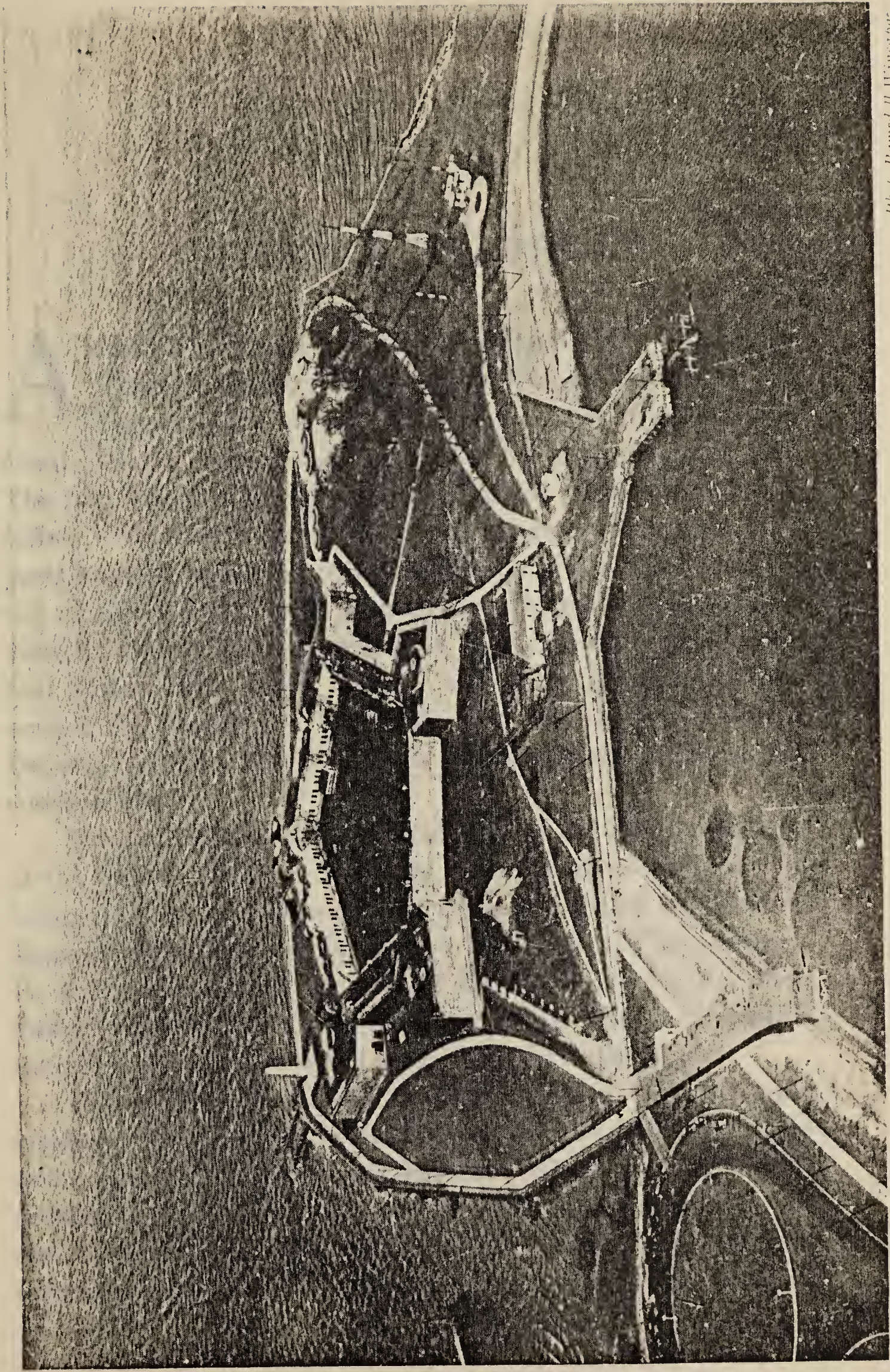
BOSTON LIGHT FROM THE AIR, SHOWING LANDING DOCK IN FOREGROUND



FORMER KEEPER
MOSES BARRETT



FORMER KEEPER HART, FORMER KEEPER JENNINGS,
KEEPER BABCOCK, AND FITZ-HENRY SMITH, JR., UNVEIL-
ING MEMORIAL LIST OF KEEPERS



CASTLE ISLAND FROM THE AIR, MARCH 22, 1935

Photo Ramsdell-Winca

CASTLE ISLAND

A HOPEFUL band of twenty Puritans led by Governor Thomas Dudley sailed across Boston Harbor on the twenty-ninth of July, 1634 and landed at what is now Castle Island, looking for a good site for their proposed fort. The first attempt to plan defenses for the area had ended in failure, and these twenty men were determined to agree on a good location before returning to Boston. They climbed to the top of the cliff and were so impressed with the commanding view its twenty acres offered that they decided Castle Island best suited their needs. Dudley and each man present subscribed five pounds for the fortification, and the group elected Deputy-Governor Roger Ludlow to take charge of the actual construction.¹

None of the first three commanders of the fort stayed long at the Castle. Nicholas Simpkins, who was given the honor of being the first to command the defense, became involved in financial difficulties within the year, and resigned his position. He was succeeded by Lieutenant Edward Gibbons of Pullen Point,² whose many enterprises forced him also to relinquish the office. Richard Morris became the next commander.

It was while Morris was at the Castle that the first tragic incident took place. In the summer of the year 1637 three ships sailed into the Harbor from Ipswich. When the Castle boat ordered the vessels to stop, two of them dropped anchor, but the third sailed by. The gunner at the Castle sent a warning shot across her bow, but the wet powder delayed the firing of

the gun just long enough to kill a passenger in the rigging of the vessel. The next day the coroner and a magistrate, after boarding the ship and viewing the dead body, rendered the verdict that the poor man "came to his death by the Providence of God."³ Probably this decision eased the minds of the good Puritan villagers, but it was of no use to the unfortunate victim.

Richard Morris believed in the doctrines of Ann Hutchinson, and for this reason lost command of the Castle. He was banished from Boston in September 1638, and Captain Robert Sedgwick took his place on the Island. The Court told Sedgwick to hire a gunner and an assistant, giving them for pay three hundred bushels of corn a year.⁴

Keeping warm at the Castle during the winter months was one of the major problems. The General Court in 1639 decreed that the soldiers should be given all wooded islands not leased at that time.⁵ This ruling provided the fort with enough wood to last for many years, and it is not until the period just before the Revolution that we read of a request made by Governor Francis Bernard for chaldrons of coal to keep him warm.⁶

Affairs in New England were so quiet in 1642 that the General Court decided the Castle was no longer needed for protection, and in May 1643, gave orders to abandon the Island.⁷ These instructions had hardly been carried out when the colorful La Tour, fresh from his struggles with D'Aulnay, sailed into Boston Harbor. His ship, the *Clement*, carrying 140 people, fired a friendly greeting as it neared the Island; but there was no answering gun from the deserted fort. A short distance away La Tour saw a small boat, piloted by a woman. Mrs. Gibbons, wife of the former commander at the Castle, was taking her children down to their farm at Pullen Point. La Tour had a boat lowered and started to overtake them, but she became frightened and made for Governor's Island, where John Winthrop was then living. Governor Winthrop, hearing

the cannon shot, had come down to the beach to find out the cause of the disturbance. Mrs. Gibbons was able to land on the shore before La Tour caught up with her. When the Frenchman reached the beach, he explained that it had merely been his intention to ask Mrs. Gibbons a few questions about the settlement at Boston. Meanwhile, the Harbor was filling with boats of all descriptions, manned by loyal colonists who feared their governor was in danger. The citizens were soon reassured by Winthrop and returned to their homes. But Winthrop, writing in his journal, believed that "if La Tour had been ill-minded towards us . . . he might have gone and spoiled Boston."⁸

After this incident the good people of Boston Bay realized that the Castle would have to be refortified. The General Court arranged with the towns to have the fort rebuilt, agreeing to pay one hundred pounds for maintenance.⁹ With the new fortress completely equipped, the work of choosing an official began. Although another had been suggested,¹⁰ Richard Davenport was commissioned commanding officer in July 1645. His troubles began three years later when it was found that the towns were so far behind in their payments that the garrison would have to be reduced.¹¹

During the civil war in England there were many engagements in America between the Royalists and those in favor of a parliamentary government. Boston Harbor was the scene of a fierce struggle between two ships manned by these opposing factions, in which the Royalist vessel was forced to surrender. This battle right under the guns of the Castle was too much for Captain Davenport, and he soon forced the victorious ship to surrender its prize. The Court now ordered him to exercise caution in Boston Harbor, advising him to stamp out fighting between ships whenever possible.

Davenport was constantly troubled by money matters, especially in 1654, when the towns were asked to send men and

supplies to the Castle to help out with expenses. Boston did what it could by giving the Castle a great bell, and later sent a substantial supply of gun powder.

This bell has an unusual history. One of the few actual treasures from John Winthrop's period, it was probably captured by Spanish pirates from a Scandinavian ship in the early part of the 17th century. A little later Captain Thomas Cromwell, commissioned by the Earl of Warwick to go after the pirates, captured at least four of these Spanish ships. Having become a rich man, he settled at Boston in 1646. The Suffolk Records contain his will mentioning six bells which he gave to Boston. The bells were distributed for various purposes, but the one in which we are interested was sent over to Castle Island in 1655 for the use of Captain Davenport. We know that this bell was in continuous service at the Island until 1831, but fifty years ago it was turned over to the Bostonian Society by Major Raymond of the Engineering Corps. It may now be seen on a window ledge at the Old State House, the lettering telling us that it originally belonged to the ship *Patrioten*.¹²

The troubles of Captain Davenport were soon to be ended. One hot day in July 1665, deciding to forget for a time the cares of office, he lay down on his cot beside the powder magazine. A thunderstorm came up, and a bolt of lightning struck the room, killing Davenport and injuring several of his men. It was a miracle that the Castle was not blown to pieces, since the magazine was only a few feet away.

Two important events are connected with the term of office of the next commander, Roger Clap. His account of the great scare of 1665, preserved in his memoirs, tells of the gigantic fleet which was sailing on Boston under De Ruyter, the Dutchman.¹³ Fortunately, contrary winds forced the Dutch commander to Newfoundland, where he bombarded the coast and inflicted terrible damage. Clap also tells of the disastrous

fire of March 1673, which destroyed practically all the buildings on the Island. Governor Bellingham had just died, and due to the confused state of his will the shrewd colonists voted to use his money for the erection of a new fort, sixty feet square. There were only six men in all at the Island to man the thirty guns eventually installed there.¹⁴ Clap, who landed at Nantasket from the *Mary and John* in 1630, had fourteen children growing up at the Castle. The names he gave them sound unusual in this generation. Experience, Wait, Hopestill, Waitstill, Preserved, Thanks, Desire, Unite, and Supply were some of the titles he bestowed. Supply, the favorite son, rose to be a lieutenant under his father at the fort. He was killed by the accidental explosion of a cannon and was buried on the Island. Commander Clap was constantly getting into trouble with the General Court, and if it had not been for his private income, would have been forced to leave the fort.¹⁵ But when James II sent Sir Edmund Andros to be governor of what was termed the Dominion of New England, Clap took his family and moved off the Island. He resigned his position rather than serve under this hated baronet.

When Clap died at the age of 82, he was buried in King's Chapel Burying Ground. Some years ago an ambitious superintendent in charge of burials decided to arrange the gravestones in accordance with the new scheme of pathways he planned for the cemetery. Unmindful that this would destroy the connection between the stones and the actual graves, he rearranged many of the headstones so that they were finally placed far from their original locations.¹⁶ Roger Clap's headstone suffered in this respect, and, although we may go into the Chapel Burying Grounds today and view his tombstone, we must realize it is not over his grave. The inscription reads as follows:

HERE LYETH BURIED
YE BODY OF CAPT.
R O G E R C L A P
A G E D 82 Y E A R S
D E C E A S E D Y E 2 O F
F E B R U A R Y 169 $\frac{0}{1}$

During the period between the first and second charters there were two commanders at Castle Island. Captain John Pippon was in charge when John Nelson of Long Island received word that the Prince of Orange had landed in England. Nelson at once headed a group of citizens who overthrew the Andros government and imprisoned the unfortunate governor at the Castle.¹⁷ Andros had almost escaped in Boston by dressing in women's clothing, but the guard detected the military boots showing under his skirts. Extremely indignant, Andros tried various means of escape, and at one time reached the shores of Rhode Island before being captured and brought back to Castle Island. After eight months of confinement he was finally released and left these inhospitable shores forever.¹⁸ During the imprisonment of Andros, Pippon turned over the keys at Castle Island to the new commander, John Fairweather.

In 1691, the new charter decreed that the Lieutenant or Deputy-Governor of the colony should automatically become the commander at Castle Island. Lieutenant-Governor William Stoughton therefore became the new official at the Island. Stoughton Hall, at Harvard College from which he graduated in 1650, was named for him. He was the most prominent citizen Dorchester had produced. A distinguished preacher, he was asked to take the place of Rev. Richard Mather when this

good man died, but declined. He was chief justice in the court which tried the witchcraft cases, Samuel Sewall being his colleague.

Stoughton noticed the Castle was in a wretched condition, partly due to a disastrous fire twenty years before, and reported it to his superior in England. Nothing was done to repair the crumbling fortress until the turn of the century, with the arrival of Colonel Wolfgang William Romer. This chief military engineer of all the British forces in North America surveyed the situation carefully. He decided the old Castle was beyond repair and ordered it torn down. In 1701 the actual construction of what was to be known as Castle William began. Commander Stoughton was not to see the completion of this edifice, since he died the same year Romer started his work.¹⁹ Colonel Elisha Hutchinson was in charge for a brief time, with Lieutenant-Governor Thomas Povey succeeding him in 1702.

Samuel Sewall began to hear rumors concerning the vocabulary of this famous builder of North American forts, and rowed over to the Island to obtain first hand knowledge. He landed at the Castle and walked up to the fortifications. Sewall noticed the fine construction with pleasure, but on hearing Romer admonishing his workmen he was worried. His loyal Puritanism could not countenance this builder who swore, but he realized the man was a great engineer. After thinking the situation over carefully for a few days, he advised the men to turn a deaf ear to the cursings of Romer, but to listen attentively when he spoke concerning the actual construction of the fort.²⁰ Under the doubtful advantage of Sewall's conscience-satisfying plan, the new fortress was pushed to completion. Romer²¹ now placed a commemorative tablet over the main sallyport with the inscription in Latin. The translation²² is as follows:

IN THE THIRTEENTH YEAR OF THE REIGN OF WILLIAM THE THIRD, MOST INVINCIBLE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE AND IRELAND, THIS FORTIFICATION (CALLED CASTLE WILLIAM, FROM HIS NAME) WAS UNDERTAKEN. IT WAS FINISHED IN THE SECOND YEAR OF THE REIGN OF THE MOST SERENE ANNE, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE AND IRELAND, AND IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1703. Built By Colonel Wolfgang William Romer, Chief Military Engineer to their Royal Majesties in North America.

Although no official record remains, Commander Povey probably arranged for elaborate dedicatory exercises for the tablet. The four bastions were named Crown, Rose, Royal and Elizabeth.

With the completion of the fort a most unusual law was passed by the colony. If a man fell in debt, he must stand the risk of serving as a soldier at Castle Island until the amount of the indebtedness had been worked out. If the fort already had a full garrison of soldiers, one man must be discharged to make room for the delinquent citizen.²³

The European situation had become so alarming by 1708 that it was decided to recruit the Castle to its full strength of eighty soldiers. The treaty of Utrecht was five years away, and Louis XIV was still the most feared monarch in Europe. To help recruiting, the Colony offered a bonus of three pounds to any man who would join the forces at this time.²⁴

Three years later the entire Harbor was aroused by news flashed up from Hull that a vast armada was sailing on Boston. By the time the fleet reached the Road, every able-bodied man was armed, and the Castle was alive with excitement. It was an English fleet, fortunately, and Sir Hovendon Walker's squadron

of sixty-one ships with five regiments from Marlborough's army soon anchored off the Castle. It was the largest fleet that had ever floated on the waters of Boston Harbor. Walker's squadron remained here²⁵ a few weeks and then sailed for the disastrous expedition into Canada. The sketching of this grand fleet as it bade adieu to the harbor islands would have made a wonderful subject for some contemporary artist.

William Tailer, who had succeeded Povey, noticed a change in the soldiers at the Castle. Probably inspired by the battle-ships in the Harbor, they had developed a new interest in warfare. Many Sunday afternoons the rattle of musketfire could be heard by the good folk of Boston, possibly trying to sit through the second hour of one of Cotton Mather's sermons. Because of the disturbance from the fort, a law was passed forbidding the shooting of guns at the Island on the Lord's Day.²⁶ It is indeed fortunate that some irreligious invader, taking advantage of the Sunday edict, did not sail by the silent fort and capture the town single-handed.

Since their Sunday shooting had been banned, the soldiers visited Boston in their spare time. Soon the commander at the Castle heard that his soldiers were head over heels in debt, even bartering their good uniforms in exchange for life in the village. Thus the inhabitants of our present capital city were in another quandary, as the spectacle of the Castle soldiers dressed in rags wandering around the streets was not impressive. Therefore, another law was passed forbidding the soldiers to barter their clothing or to contract for more debts than they could pay. The penalty was twelve hours in the bilboes.²⁷

We should pity the poor soldier of this period at the Island. Never paid on time, his privileges gradually restricted, life was quite drab and colorless. So evidently thought one Christopher Bagley, a soldier at the fort. Bagley deserted his commander and his wife by turning sailor, leaving Boston as a common able-

bodied seaman. His wife Mary waited a while and then asked for the back pay due her husband. She was granted the amount in full, seven pounds, eleven shillings, and four pence.²⁸

October 19, 1716, Lieutenant-Governor William Dummer assumed control at Castle Island, which was now recognized as the most important fort in British North America. John Larabee, being senior officer, really was more in charge than Dummer, who spent much of his time at his Newbury farm. When the colonial legislature discovered that Dummer had been using three soldiers²⁹ from the fort to work on his farm at Newbury, and was asking the government to pay for their board, there were many arguments between the executive and legislative branches of Massachusetts. The most famous of these controversies is recorded as the *Case of the Muster Rolls*, but, although Dummer's accounts were finally accepted, the legislature believed that the circumstances were quite unusual.

The year 1728 brought over William Burnet, son of the Bishop of Salisbury, as the new governor of Massachusetts. Mather Byles thought the occasion was great enough to compose a complimentary poem in Burnet's honor.³⁰ William Burnet never became friendly with the colonial legislature, which tried to embarrass him at every opportunity. The victualling bill for Castle William mentions a certain George Burnet, registered as a quarter-gunner. It was discovered that he had been employed as personal attendant to Governor Burnet, and therefore, according to the legislature, could not be included in the victualling account.³¹ This particular victualling bill was not accepted by the legislature. The governor later met a tragic end when he was thrown to his death from a carriage in Boston. The strong feeling which had existed between the executive and legislative branches of the colonial government did not interfere with an appropriation of one thousand pounds for his funeral.³²

When a committee of inspection visited Castle Island in 1736, they found everything but the brickwork in good condition. A new battery was voted, and was erected fifty yards away from the fort. In 1740 the guns were carefully mounted. Five years later some of these guns were borrowed and taken by the Massachusetts naval fleet to Louisburg where they aided in the capture of that famous stronghold.

With the fall of Louisburg, France sent a great squadron against Boston, and one hundred and eleven ships were soon crossing the Atlantic to destroy Massachusetts. Great storms again came to Boston's rescue as the fleet was blown far off its course, and as Longfellow tells us:

*Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line,
They were carried away as a smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine.*

*O Lord! before Thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,
When Thou didst walk in wrath
With thine horses through the sea!*³³

The Castle was used as a refuge for Governor Shirley when a rioting group of men threatened him, November 18, 1747. Some of the inhabitants of Boston had been detained aboard Admiral Knowles' ship, then in Boston Harbor. The relatives of the impressed men were quite indignant, and blamed Governor Shirley for the trouble. A mob descended on his house, and he fled over to the Castle. A special town meeting was called two days later, which assured the Governor of the citizens' support, whereupon he returned to Boston.³⁴

In 1753 splendid new barracks three hundred sixty feet long were erected at the Island for the troops of Shirley and Pepperell. The regular garrison, of course, was kept in the citadel itself. William Pepperell, the hero of Louisburg, became

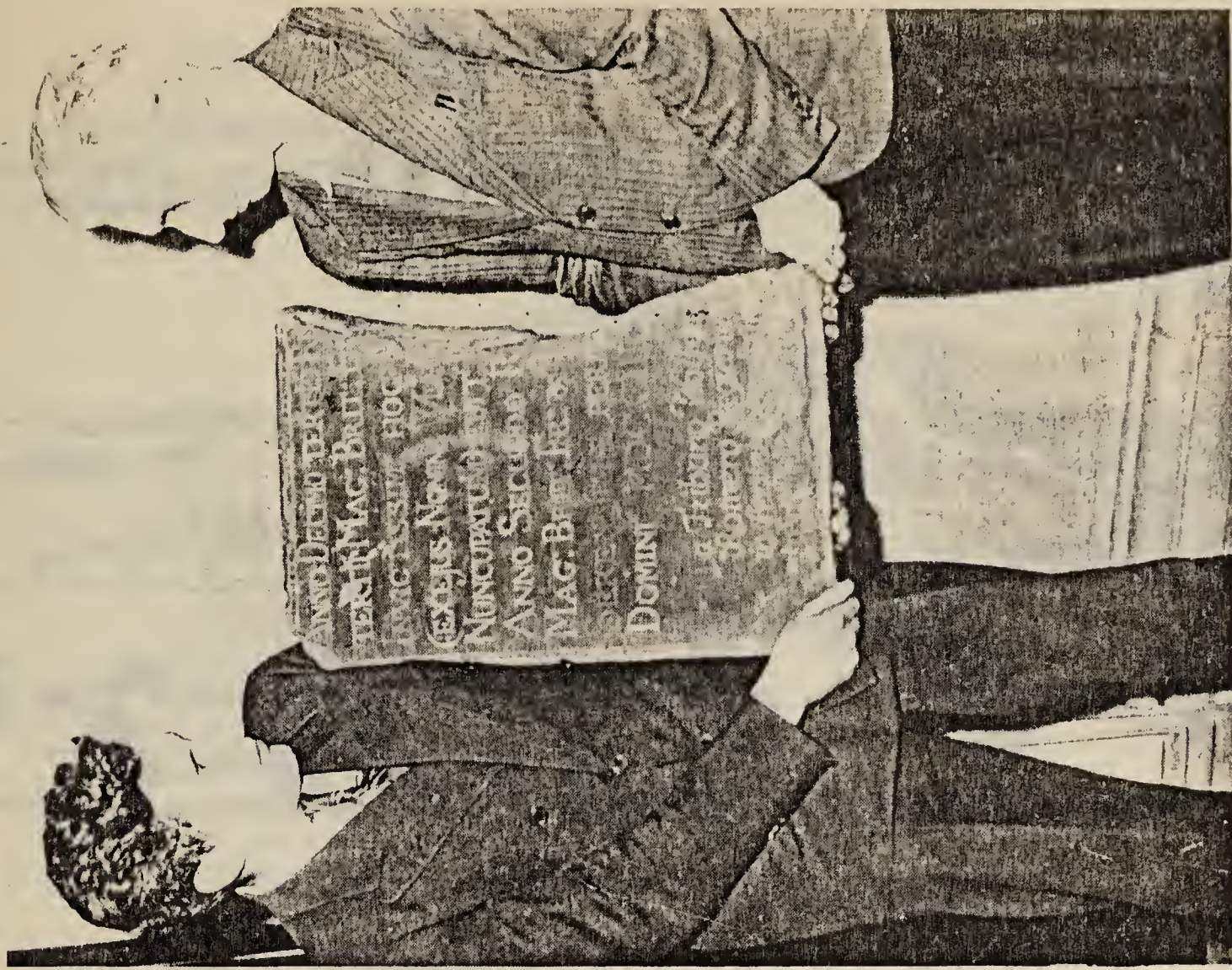
commander of Castle William in 1757. He was succeeded the same year by Governor Pownall, whose fine sketch of the Castle of that period still exists.³⁵

In 1761 Governor Pownall was appointed to South Carolina, Governor Francis Bernard of New Jersey succeeding him in Massachusetts. Bernard was blamed for most of the pre-revolutionary trouble in the period of his governorship and surely was confused time after time in deciding his problems.³⁶ With the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765, however, he was clever enough to have the offensive packages of stamps landed at Castle Island. Of course the vigorous American opposition to the Stamp Act soon caused the law's repeal, with the return of all the stamps to England in the course of the following summer.

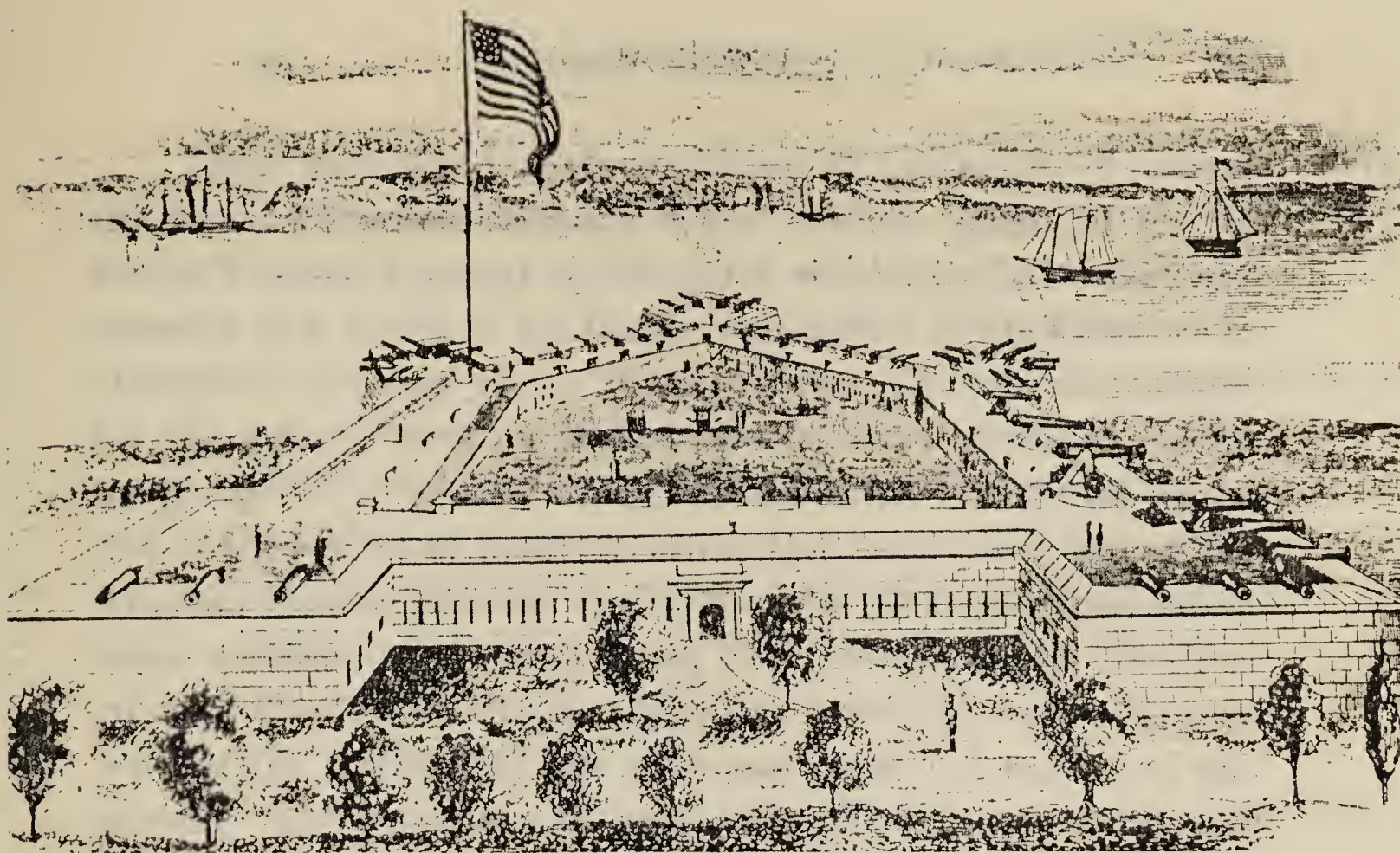
In this struggle between England and America, Massachusetts stood foremost, Boston the center of attack and resistance, and Castle William "a key to be grasped by the strongest hand."³⁷ With the public mind still upset by the misunderstandings between Governor Bernard and his legislature, affairs were further complicated when a vessel belonging to John Hancock was seized by the officers of the custom house. The revenue commissioners responsible were insulted and threatened. They fled aboard the *Romney*, British Man-of-War, which landed them at the Castle. Although receiving assurance from Boston that they were in no immediate danger, the commissioners determined to stay on at the Castle, ordering a cordon of men-of-war thrown about the Island for protection. When their complaints reached England, four regiments of regulars were sent to Boston. The 65th was quartered at Castle Island, and from this period we may date the British reliance on force. The Castle Island Records say that "these warlike movements augmented the evils which they were intended to remedy: and the discontent of the country rose in proportion to the coercion of the government."



Boston Athenaeum
C. F. ADAMS AND J. Q. ADAMS, FORT INDEPENDENCE, 1861



E. R. SNOW AND W. G. WHEELER OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY WITH THE ROMER FRAGMENT



CASTLE ISLAND IN 1850, FROM *BALLOU'S PICTORIAL*



ROBERTSON'S CONTEMPORARY SKETCH OF BURNING OF CASTLE ISLAND,
MARCH 20, 1776

There were four burials of interest at Castle Island during the period Governor Bernard was at Boston. While the Castle Island Records say that his daughter was buried here, the only account of a death in his family mentioned in the *Bernards of Abington*³⁸ is that of young Shute Bernard. This boy was named for the former governor of the colony. Shute Bernard passed away April 5, 1767. This child of Sir Francis was buried under one of the arches of masonry in the fort with the body of Sir Thomas Adams, who had died aboard the *Romney*. Years later, when workmen were remodelling Fort Independence, they uncovered the two skeletons. There had been elaborate plates on both of the coffins, but the workmen could not make out the names.³⁹ The remains were carried to the southern point and buried in the common cemetery there. In 1892 they were again moved, this time to Governor's Island. The third burial, was of Captain Larrabe, who died February 11, 1762, and was buried on the Island. He had risen from the ranks while at the Castle, where he had been stationed fifty years.

When Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff visited the Island in 1861, he found that the earliest gravestone on the Island was that of Edward Pursley, an unknown citizen who died while Governor Bernard was living on the Island. His inscription read as follows:

Here lyes the Body of
Mr Edward Pursley.
He departed this life
Aug. 31st 1768
Aged 60 years
and 4 months

Evidently the tablet was lost between the time Shurtleff saw the inscription and 1908, when the United States Engineers moved the remains to Deer Island. The grave was given a modern tombstone, having a plain inscription.

In 1764 a terrible smallpox epidemic raged over Boston, with hundreds of the unfortunates quartered at the Castle. Nathaniel Hawthorne writes of the smallpox plague, mentioning a fictitious lady living at the Province House, which was actually occupied by Governor Bernard's family. Probably his inspiration was one of Bernard's daughters.⁴⁰ Boston had more smallpox than the other ports because the Harbor saw a far greater number of ships.

The poor refugees immortalized by Longfellow in his *Evangeline* arrived in Boston Harbor while Bernard was at the Castle. After a hasty consultation it was decided that the ships should leave the Harbor without landing. But hundreds of these poor folk had already been distributed around the Bay, and they stayed here for several years. According to the correspondence of Governor Bernard they grew quite contented with their new homes, and were heartbroken when forced to leave Massachusetts.⁴¹

When Governor Bernard left Boston Harbor in 1769, a short period of calm was enjoyed, but it was only the lull before the storm. Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson was now the commander of the Castle. The Castle was in need of repairs, and although the changes were of a superficial nature, the equivalent of fifty thousand dollars was expended to bring the fortress to its best possible condition. Colonel John Montrésor of His Majesty's Engineers in North America put the two hundred ten guns at the Island in fine condition, but we read that the Bostonians were reluctant to help him. Perhaps they felt that the guns might at some time in the near future be used against them, as did turn out to be the case.

On the second day of March, 1770, a dispute between a soldier and a citizen started a feud which ended in bloodshed three days later. On the night of March 5, the main guard under Captain Preston was insulted and challenged, a mob pelting them with sticks, snowballs, and stones. A soldier who had been struck fired into the crowd; six of his companions followed suit, and the world reads of the Boston Massacre. Three citizens had been killed outright and five others dangerously wounded.⁴² The 14th and 29th regiments were forced to leave Boston as a result of this tragic event. The enraged citizens had become so hostile that the men were removed to the Castle to avoid further trouble. While at the Island, one of the soldiers composed the following prophetic ditty:

Our fleet and our army will soon arrive

Then to a bleak island you shall not us drive.

In every house you shall have three or four

And if that does not please you, you shall have half a score.

The removal of British troops to Castle Island was of course embarrassing to the English Parliament, whereas assumption of full British control at Castle William was equally offensive to the Province of Massachusetts. There was no solution. On the tenth of September, 1770, Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson withdrew the company of provincial soldiers and delivered the command of Castle Island to Colonel Dalrymple. The 64th regiment of Colonel Leslie from Halifax relieved Dalrymple, who sailed from Boston with the troops on July 22, 1772.⁴³

When the Tea Act was passed in 1773, the Bostonians resolved not to have the East India Company's tea at any price. Hutchinson, now governor of Massachusetts, determined that the tea should be landed, so the ships were docked at Griffin's Wharf. On December 16, 1773, a band of Bostonians dressed as Mohawk Indians boarded the ships and threw all the tea overboard into the Harbor.

Many prominent Bostonians were allowed to live at the Castle during these troublesome days before the war actually started. They were loyal to the King, and for this were in danger. James Patrick and John McMaster, according to their own statement, were "many times in danger of their lives" and went to the Castle for protection. Because he had been ordered to raise sixty men to defend the fort, Colonel Richard Saltonstall's life was threatened. Daniel Chamier had tried to carry out his duties as deputy surveyor of the Customs at Boston, but the people had forced him to flee to the Castle. Isaac Winslow Clarke and his brother Jonathan had been two of the consignees of the East India Company's tea. Richard Clarke, Benjamin Fanueil, Jr. and Elisha Hutchinson were appointed in 1773 as agents for the tea company. In the face of violence all of these individuals fled to the Castle. The feeling was so high in Boston that they dared not return to their families until the next spring, and passed a very hard winter in the damp and cold casemates.⁴⁴

Greatly humiliated, Parliament now closed Boston Harbor and sent General Gage to take charge of Massachusetts. When Gage fortified the town of Boston, he enraged the inhabitants of Massachusetts, and the fighting at Concord and Lexington soon prevented any further hope of reconciliation.⁴⁵ As far as can be determined the regiment at the Castle did not participate in any of the early fighting. Colonel Leslie had started for Salem to seize powder and military stores, but had been forcibly detained at the ferries by the militia, so he returned to the Castle. He was later sent to destroy the American posts in Roxbury, but the best he could do was to burn five houses in Dorchester.

Although it is claimed that the Castle never participated in an actual engagement, it was under fire in the month of March, 1776. On the fifth of the month, Lord Percy planned to attack the Americans at Dorchester Heights, but a terrible gale came up which drove his transport ships far ashore at Gover-

nor's Island.⁴⁶ In the Battle of Dorchester Heights the Castle batteries directed a withering fire against the various American emplacements on the mainland, but the Continentals answered shot for shot. This engagement was the only serious battle in which the fort ever participated. Strangely enough, the guns were directed against the very Massachusetts people they were constructed to protect.

With the Americans firmly entrenched at Dorchester Heights, the British knew they would have to leave Boston, and Admiral Shuldam took charge of the departure. As they were passing down the Harbor, they stopped at Castle Island and started the task of destroying the fort. Dr. Warren tells us that they left the Island ablaze on March 20, as they sailed for the outer Harbor.⁴⁷ After many skirmishes on the other islands, the fleet left Boston, blowing up Boston Light as a final gesture.⁴⁸

We are fortunate in having the actual account of the destruction of Castle Island, as written down in the diary of Archibald Robertson, a young officer in the Royal Engineers. A few paragraphs from his important account follow:

"March 17, 1776.—Got to Castle William about 10 and in an hour saw the Rebels on the heights of Charles Town.

[March] 18. In the Morning went to Castle William.

19. Went to the Castle; found the mines all loaded but 12, which were again unloaded as the General wanted them not to be ready for some days.

20th. Waited all the morning at Nantasket for want of a Boat. Got my Baggage taken out of the *Glen*. Between one and two found the Rebels had begun a new Work on Dorchester Point opposite Castle William. We fired at them from the Castle and by a Gun bursting had 7 men wounded. About two we observed about 21 Whale Boats set out from Dorchester Neck and row across to Thompson's Island, where they landed a small Cannon and pull'd

it to the point and fired on our working Partys on Spectacle Island. At 3 o'clock Colonel Leslie came to the Castle from the General with orders to load the mines. We began immediately and had 63 done by 7 o'clock. As the night had the Appearance of Rain and the wind fair it was thought proper for the 64th to Embark, likewise to prevent any accident from the Rebels bringing a Gun and setting fire to any of the port fires, which might have been of bad Consequence. Accordingly at 8 o'clock 6 Companies Embarked and the Boats lay off untill the mines were fired. The Barracks and other houses were then set on fire and at 9 the Rear Guard consisting of 3 Companies, the Artillery, etc., Embarke'd and we got all safe on board the Transports. We got under way about 11 and went down near the Admiral in King Road."

Washington now sent a company of men across to the Castle to start refortifying the Island. That ace of versatility, Paul Revere, spent some time in charge at the Castle and was successful in repairing most of the damage done. He replaced the broken and battered cascabels so that the pieces were soon fit for service. Castle Island, however, never again saw action.

Richard Gridley, the hero of Louisburg, supervised the erection of the new fortress in 1778 and added to the defense many guns taken from the wrecked British frigate *Somerset*.⁴⁹ John Hancock assumed control of the Castle in 1779. The citizens of Boston helped to erect the battery, each working at least a day. In this period the following 105 men composed a company at the Island:⁵⁰

1 Captain	6 Gunner's Quarter-Mates
1 Captain Lieutenant	3 Sergeants
1 First Lieutenant	3 Corporals
1 Gunner	88 Matrosses
1 Gunner's Half-Mate	

Hancock relinquished the title of commander at the fort in 1781 to Lieutenant-Governor Cushing. It was under Cushing that John Howard's famous prison reform system was tried in Massachusetts, with Castle Island as the location for this experiment.⁵¹ A small group of prisoners was sent from the mainland to what was to be the first state prison in Massachusetts. They were not the first prisoners at the Castle, however, for in the earlier days Indian prisoners had helped build the Castle, and King Philip had complained of it. Indian hostages confined at the Castle in 1721 had escaped from the Island, causing an uproar in Boston before being caught. Edmund Andros had been able to get away for a brief time; but the man whose escapades became famous was Stephen Burroughs, a former Dartmouth College student.⁵² Robert Treat Paine had prosecuted him and Burroughs had been imprisoned in western Massachusetts. Very successful in escaping from the jails on the mainland, Burroughs considered the Island a logical challenge to his ability. Once at the Castle, of which he gives a very thorough description in his memoirs, he began to plan for an early release. The chimney wall offered the more practical escape as the walls of the prison itself were five feet thick. Securing an old rusty nail, he scraped away night after night. When he had made a hole large enough for escape, he waited for the next stormy evening, whereupon he and seven companions climbed out of the opening into the pouring rain. They made their way down to the dock, where they overcame the sentry and started with him in the Castle boat for the Dorchester shore. The others wanted to drown the poor soldier, but Burroughs persuaded them to take the man along and leave him tied up on the beach.

Landing at Dorchester Point they reached a barn and hid under the hay. They were captured the next morning and brought back to the Castle. As the fort was still a military re-

servation, the men were subjected to the regular court-martial. They were sentenced at evening parade, stripped, and given one hundred lashes. Burroughs tells us that the lashes were laid very lightly on his back because he had saved the life of the sentry. Three of the others were punished very severely, "the flesh flying off at every stroke."

When the ranks of the convicts were increased to forty-five, Burroughs was not long in devising another plan for leaving the Castle. This new scheme was surely one involving great courage; but Burroughs was the one man of his time who could carry it out. He believed that the garrison could be overcome if the other prisoners cooperated. With the garrison in the hands of the convicts, he planned to turn the guns of the Castle on Boston, seize the best ship in the Harbor, and sail for the West Indies. Believing that thirty-five of the prisoners could be trusted, he selected ten of them to rush the guard under his leadership, while the remaining prisoners were to overcome the men in the barracks.

When the time for the attack came, Burroughs led his small band to the guard house. He disarmed the two guardsmen single-handed by jerking the bayonets out of their hands, and was about to pass the extra gun to the man directly behind him. Turning his head he found that every one of the ten men had fled back to the quarters, panic-stricken. The other prisoners had also lost their nerve. Deserted by his fellow convicts, he was quickly captured and taken to the dungeon room, where he was shackled to the wall. He received such a thrashing for this exploit that he was confined to the hospital for the next three months. This last experience seemed to change Burroughs, for early in 1788 the authorities believed he had repented and released him. He had been brought to the Castle in 1785. His exploits while at the Castle were told as legends for generations.

Governor Hancock kept control of the Castle until 1793 when Lieutenant-Governor Samuel Adams assumed the leadership. Adams became governor and held command of the fort until 1797, when Governor Sumner became commander-in-chief.⁵³

The United States and France were drifting apart, in spite of the alliance of 1778, and war seemed reasonably certain between these former friends. Due to this condition Massachusetts decided to "sacrifice partial advantages to general welfare," and offered the cession of the Castle to the national Government.⁵⁴ Major Daniel Jackson arrived at the Castle on the second of October 1798, and formally accepted Castle William on behalf of the United States of America. At that time, according to the Government survey, there were twenty buildings on the Island, worth approximately \$35,000.

Many events served to make the summer of 1799 one to be remembered by the soldiers at the Castle. The first was the controversy between the officers and the food contractors about the meat given the soldiers. The contractors were finally forced to serve the Castle soldiers fresh meat five days out of the week, with salt meat on the bill of fare the other two days. The execution of Joseph Perkins, ordered by the President, attracted considerable attention. His crimes were desertion and aiding the escape of prisoners. The third and most important occurrence in the year 1799 was the changing of the old name to Fort Independence. President John Adams participated in the ceremony held in August 1799. George Washington died December 14, 1799, and the officers at the Fort wore crape on their left arms for the next six months.

During the short war with France prisoners were landed at Fort Independence, the first allotment of French sailors arriving in July 1799. They did not cause as much trouble as our own Massachusetts convicts. At one time 248 of these un-

fortunate Frenchmen were imprisoned at Castle Island. The last of these sailors left our shores in March 1801.

The work of rebuilding Fort Independence was now started, the first stone of the new structure being put into place May 7, 1801. Before many months had passed a fine five-bastioned fortress was nearing completion. Lieutenant-Colonel Tousard was the constructing engineer. When the Fort was completed, Nehemiah Freeman, the commander, named each of the five bastions. He called the east bastion, Winthrop; the southern bastion, Shirley; the north bastion, Dearborn; the northwest bastion, Adams; the western bastion, Hancock.⁵⁵

Bostonians did not relinquish the century old title of "Castle," and it is still known to the older residents and most of the sailors by that name. In 1805 Freeman remarked that the title "Fort Independence" would never be popular here at Boston, and time has surely proved his statement.

Back in 1798 Congress had passed a bill taxing every sailor twenty cents a month to provide hospital accommodations ashore. Therefore, in 1799 a marine hospital, the first in New England, was started at Castle Island. Doctor Thomas Welsh contracted to treat the sick sailors at the building on Hospital Point. He was a charter member of the Massachusetts Medical Society. The Marine Hospital was moved to Charlestown in 1804, and from there to Chelsea in 1827. The present Marine Hospital was occupied in 1860.

Three incidents worthy of mention occurred in the next few years. On the 23rd of November 1805, John Fordice stabbed his wife in a quarrel, and she was thought to be dying. At the court martial Fordice claimed another man had alienated the affections of his wife. Fortunately, the lady recovered, and Fordice was let off with one hundred lashes. A year later, Benjamin Tarbell leaped into a well ninety feet deep to rescue a child who had fallen into the water. For this act of bravery, he

was awarded ten dollars by the Massachusetts Humane Society. In the winter of 1809, two of the Castle soldiers started to walk across the ice from South Boston but a blinding snow-storm came up, and they fell through the ice. They were rescued by Messrs. White, More, and Gurney, who were also rewarded by the Society.⁵⁶

The British had planned to attack Boston as part of their campaign in the War of 1812. Learning of the formidable defense works on Castle Island, they changed their plans. Subsequently they captured and burned the city of Washington.

The Castle Island Records contain the list of officers subscribing to the Articles of War. Two signatures give us an interesting case of brotherly love. Abel B. Chase, who signed the list in June 1812, made quite a flourish under his name which occupied the line below as well as that containing his signature. In very small writing, inside of one of the flourishes, is the following:

mon frère
Geo. E. Chase
1829

The complete story of the two brothers is, of course, lost forever.

The Castle saw much activity during the second war with England, but actual warfare was a thing of the past. The distant booming of cannon during the fight between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* on June 1, 1813, was the nearest the soldiers came to active combat.⁵⁷ A year later many returned prisoners of war, including those captured from the *Chesapeake*, came from Halifax. On the Fourth of July 1814, salutes were exchanged between Fort Independence and Fort Warren, which was then located across the Harbor on Governor's Island.

Castle Island has had its share of duels. At one time the soldiers witnessed an encounter between Rand and Miller on

the shores of City Point. Fort Independence sent a boat over to stop the affair, but Rand had already been killed. Another duel occurred at Fort Independence on Christmas Day many years ago. Possibly due to a quarrel at the Christmas Eve celebration, two of the officers in the Light Artillery fought a fatal duel at daybreak, December 25, 1817. The duel ended with the death of Lieutenant Robert F. Massie. His comrades decided that he should be buried on the site of the encounter. After the funeral they subscribed for a handsome marble tombstone to be placed over his grave, and for years the inscriptions on this monument drew many visitors to Castle Island. Many good old South Boston and Dorchester folk remember the gravestone on the glacis near the western battery, but it has been gone for years. The monument which formerly stood on the glacis had the following inscription on the western panel:

The officers of the U. S.
Regiment of Lt. Art'y
erected this monument
as a testimony of their
respect & friendship for
a n a m i a b l e m a n
& G a l l a n t o f f i c e r .

The eastern panel contained the famous lines from Collin's ode:

*Here honour comes, a Pilgrim gray,
To deck the turf, that wraps his clay.*

On the northern side was the following:

Beneath this stone are
deposited the remains of
Lieut. ROBERT F. MASSIE,
of the
U. S. Regt. of Light Artillery.

The fourth panel, formerly facing the south, read:

Near this spot on the
25th, Decr, 1817, fell
Lieut. Robert F. Massie,
A g e d 21 y e a r s .

The monument was moved from Fort Independence, along with Massie's skeleton, in 1892, and taken across the Harbor to Governor's Island. We may look in vain, however, for the monument on Governor's Island today.⁵⁸ It was again moved with the skeleton, in 1908, and taken down to Deer Island where it stands in the loneliest part of Resthaven Cemetery.

A few years after the duel, a striking figure came to the Castle. Private Rochford, who had been a soldier under Wolfe at Quebec and a British soldier at Bunker Hill, now settled in Boston and asked permission to live on the Island. He became the minstrel of the post and made many evenings pleasant by the entertaining songs and stories of his earlier adventures.

Every island has its unusual stories, but Castle Island has two that are quite remarkable. In 1818 a sea serpent came swimming past the two sentries stationed on the shore. The astonished men notified their superior, Colonel Harris, who verified the fact that it was this well known but never caught denizen of the deep. Exactly one hundred and fifty years before this strange occurrence, John Evered was drowned while fishing off the Castle. He had caught a "whale." In some manner the line became entangled about his waist, and he was pulled to his death beneath the waters of Boston Harbor.⁵⁹ With whales and sea serpents cavorting in the waters near the Castle, the yachtsmen of the Harbor should perhaps be a trifle more circumspect in venturing out into Boston Bay.

On the 26th of May 1827, a rather discouraged young man of eighteen enlisted in Battery H of the First Artillery. The records state he had gray eyes and brown hair. The name he signed on the enrollment sheet was Edgar A. Perry. The boy was sent to Castle Island, where he served five months at Fort Independence. He was then transferred to Fort Moultrie, and Castle Island saw the last of Edgar Allan Poe, soon to surprise the country with his literary achievements. Without question Poe acquired at Fort Independence some of the atmosphere used in his writings.⁶⁰

In 1834 Richard Henry Dana sailed as a common seaman from Boston. He waved goodbye to Castle Island from the deck of the *Pilgrim* bound for California via Cape Horn. Two years later he returned from California, fresh from his struggles on the west coast. In *Two Years Before the Mast* he tells us of his return to Boston Harbor: "I took my place at the fore, and loosed and furled the royal five times between Rainsford Island and the Castle." Dana became a famous maritime lawyer in Boston, and his opinion in the Mason and Slidell case was discussed all over the country.

On the 23rd of May 1808, Lieutenant Sylvanus Thayer, fresh from Dartmouth College, was sent over from Castle Island to erect water batteries on the shore of Governor's Island. After the completion of the shore defense, he was put in charge of building the enclosed redoubt at the top of the hill. This young lieutenant did work of such promise at Governor's Island that his superiors sent him to France to study under the great experts of that country. After many years away from home, he returned to take charge of the Military Academy at West Point. His achievements there can best be summarized by the inscription on his statue at the school—"Father of the Military Academy." Thayer left West Point in 1833, coming to Boston Harbor, where he began simultaneous operations at George's Island, Governor's Island, and Fort Independence.⁶¹

Thayer was many years at his task. While he did good work at Castle Island, there was already so much of the Tousard fortress to be remodelled that he had little chance to show his own ability. However, Sylvanus Thayer is more responsible than any other man for the defenses of Boston Harbor. We should pay respect to perhaps the greatest fortification expert America has ever known. Army officers who have visited the best forts in the country admit that his masterpiece, Fort Warren, shows the best granite work in the United States. Thayer gave \$300,000 for an academy⁶² at Braintree which now bears his name. He died in 1872 at the age of 87.

The great casements at Fort Independence were each divided by board partitions into two sections. The first section of each casemate, the squad room, was used for barracks, and the other division comprised the gun chamber, and faced the glacis. The squad room looked in on the parade grounds.

The new commander was Brevet-Major George H. Thomas, who took over the Fort in 1851. A Mexican War veteran, he afterwards distinguished himself in the Civil War. The

second year of his service was one to be remembered by the sailors in the Harbor. Three fine ships were involved in serious accidents off the shores of the Castle. The first vessel to suffer was the schooner *Star*, which turned turtle and sank while on the way out of the Harbor. All hands were lost. A short time later the *Philadelphia* and the *Lizzie Williams* collided off the Island, the latter craft sinking with the loss of several of her crew. Scores of accidents have taken place in this channel in the last hundred years.

In 1857 an unknown writer visited Castle Island, and left the following description of that period:⁶³

“We wave our handkerchief and attract a boat over from Castle Island where we soon land and find ourselves literally trampling on the dust of centuries. In order to enjoy the full tide of beauty, we must ascend to the ramparts. Behold the Charles River winding as it were out of the clouds, and pouring through forests of masts with Boston looking down from its triumvir throne; the State House—how beautifully it sets, lending a coronal finish to the scene! The heights of East Boston on the right, and the misty Blue Hills in the distance. Then at the mouth of the harbor, see the splendid lighthouse; glance at the long, low, straight and emphatic line of Fort Warren; now the Long Island Head Light and Hotel; again the Back Channel with the water gleaming in between the island on your right and the seawall below; the Farm School on Thompson’s Island. Deer Island Hospital, the grandest building of them all, with its windows illuminated by the setting sun, and you will have accomplished the circuit of prominent points in Boston Harbor.”

Henry Lawrence Eustis was born at Castle Island in 1819. The son of General Abraham Eustis, he attended Harvard College, graduating with the class of 1838 which included such

renowned men as James Russell Lowell and Charles Devens. Eustis followed the military traditions of the family by attending West Point, where he was a classmate of Ulysses S. Grant. Eustis graduated from the military academy at the head of his class. In 1843 he was placed in charge of construction work at Lovell's and George's Islands, leaving to join the faculty of Harvard College. In 1849 he started the task of building up the scientific school of that university, but when the war bugles sounded in 1861, he left Harvard to become a colonel in the Tenth Massachusetts Infantry. Gaining fame for his heroism at Salem Heights, he fought valiantly until sickness forced him to return north. With the end of the war he went back to Harvard as an instructor and died a few years later.

At the start of the Civil War, Colonel Lee inspected the three forts of the Harbor and found conditions very unfavorable. Major-General Arnold, in command at Fort Independence, reported very few serviceable guns at the Castle, and the other islands were similarly depleted. Although Governor Andrew now tried to obtain cannon from England, many months passed before Boston was adequately fortified.⁶⁴

The Fourth Massachusetts Battalion was quartered for some time at the Castle, and among its honored members were Charles Francis Adams and William Francis Bartlett. In his *Autobiography*⁶⁵ Adams describes his life as a soldier at Castle Island. He did garrison duty at Fort Independence as a member of the Fourth, starting April 24, 1861. He tells us:

“A pleasanter or more useful five weeks, in the educational way, I do not think I ever passed than those during which I played soldier at Fort Independence in April and May, 1861. The first night down I was in the guard detail. The guard room,—long unused and very damp,—was awful.”

He goes on to quote directly from his diary:

“The surroundings were picturesque; on one side, beyond the parapet, the bay was gently rippling in the moonlight, which flooded the islands and shipping at anchor in the roadstead; while on the other were the walls around the parade-ground of the fort, white in the beams. In front of the guard-room a little knot of the relief were smoking and chatting, and, now and again, a cold gleam of light was reflected from the bayonet of the sentry patrolling the opposite rampart. . . . I had never known two hours which passed more rapidly than did those of my first two on guard. Later, I saw the sun rise, and at six I was relieved.”

William Francis Bartlett enlisted on April 17, 1861. As a child he had roamed the shores of Winthrop with the great Garibaldi, and later visited the famous soldier in Italy. He left the Junior Class at Harvard to train at Castle Island, staying at Fort Independence from May 25 until June 25. Bartlett was very happy during his month at the Castle, declaring it “the pleasantest and most fruitful that I remember.” He was given a captain’s commission in the Twentieth Regiment. A month later in the thick of the war, while watching the enemy with his field glasses, a bullet shattered his left knee so badly that the leg had to be amputated.

Sent north, Bartlett was able to return to the battlefield less than a year later, this time distinguishing himself at Port Hudson. Because of the loss of his leg, the colonel rode into battle on horseback. The only mounted officer, he was an easy target for the Southern marksmen. The Confederate officers cried to their troops not to shoot such a gallant man, but the enemy finally brought him down. Recovering from his wounds, he joined the army in time to be captured at Petersburg and taken to the prison camp. He never fully recovered from sickness contracted in the Confederate prison.

Bartlett spoke at the dedication of Harvard's Memorial Hall, June 24, 1874, and gladdened the hearts of the Southerners by his plea for reconciliation. He warned the North, saying, "Take care, then, lest you repel by injustice or suspicion, or even by indifference, the returning love of men who now speak with pride of that flag as 'our flag'."⁶⁶ Though in declining health he spoke at Lexington's 100th Anniversary of the famous battle, and again asked the Northerners to be friendly. The year 1876 brought him to the end of his career. John Greenleaf Whittier honors this brave youth in verse:

*As Galahad pure, as Merlin sage,
What worthier knight was found
To grace in Arthur's golden age
The fabled table round?*

William Francis Bartlett did more to unite the two sections of our country after the Civil War than is commonly realized. In addition, he was the most conspicuous soldier New England sent to the Civil War.

Major Stephenson, the commander of the Fourth Massachusetts, was also to lose his life as a result of the War between the States. As General Stephenson, he rode to his death in the Battle of the Wilderness.

The Fourth Battalion became the Thirteenth Massachusetts Infantry, and when Stonewall Jackson threw the entire North into panic the regiment was rushed down to the scene of war. During the draft riots of 1863, the garrison from Castle Island was hurried to Boston.⁶⁷ The old Thirteenth held many joyous reunions at Castle Island, choosing the spot where they began their army life to celebrate their annual meetings.

In the year 1879, Fort Independence was given up as an active commissioned defense, in order that the garrisons might be concentrated at Fort Warren; and Ordnance-Sergeant Maguire was left in charge of the Island. A few years before the Fort was decommissioned, his son Joseph was born at the Castle.

Joseph Maguire began at a very early age to show ability as an oarsman. He had plenty of practice rowing back and forth from the Castle to school. When he grew older he was so outstanding that John Wray took an interest in him, and under Wray's tutelage he rose to great heights. He won the championship of the United States in 1894 at Saratoga, defeating among others John Jury, Thompson of Canada, and Tattes of Tennessee. This Castle Island prodigy repeated his national conquest in 1897 at Philadelphia, and in 1901 journeyed to Halifax to add to his list of triumphs. Maguire may still be seen, on warm Sunday afternoons, rowing out past his former home.

After the army relinquished its claim to Fort Independence, the city of Boston made tentative plans to place the Island in the hands of the Park Department. The plans included a causeway from City Point to the Island, but the United States frowned on the idea. In 1888 Congressman Collins passed a resolution through the legislature allowing the city to extend a causeway around the Island, but President Grover Cleveland vetoed the idea, claiming he was "advised by the Secretary of War, the chief of engineers, and the lieutenant-general of the army, in quite positive terms, that the resolution under consideration should not, for reasons fully stated by them, become operative." Three years later the Government reversed its decision and a bridge was built from Marine Park to the Island, the Castle thus becoming identified with the mainland and South Boston.

All Boston celebrated June 29, 1896, as Farragut Day. Thousands crowded the streets of South Boston, and hundreds of children walked out on the pier to Castle Island. Many of the boys and girls wore Farragut Day buttons, which read as follows: "South Boston Historical Society, Farragut Day, June 29, '96." This badge entitled the children to a free ride on the two little boats, the *Ella* and the *Pearl*, which ran

from the Island to the City Point Landing. Arrangements had been made with Captain Walker of Station 12 to have a squad of policemen at the Island at three o'clock.⁶⁸

So many children had gathered at the float by two p. m. that the first boat trip was started at that time. This proved a fatal mistake, as the police had not reached the Island. Officer Pickham of the Park squad was at the Castle, but was unable to handle so many children. At 2:30 the *Ella* left City Point Landing for the Island, loaded with children. As it neared the Castle, the boys and girls at the landing started a rush for the float, and Officer Pickham was swept aside. The children ran down to the raft and crowded the runway. Suddenly the float turned turtle, with the runway collapsing, throwing the boys and girls into the water. Several heroic rescues were made. John Haley, a one-legged man, leaped into the water; Kate Ward joined in the rescue; Officer Pickham threw off his outer clothing and plunged in; Ordnance-Sergeant McGrath rushed to the scene. All but four children were saved through the combined efforts of these people. The dead were all boys: Lawrence McDowell, 12; James F. Cole, 11; James S. Washburn, 9; John A. O'Leary, 11. Two young girls were trampled upon and required hospital treatment. The accident was due to the poor construction of the float, and to the lack of adequate protection at the landing.

When the Spanish War broke out in 1898, the United States took the Fort away from the city, and made it into a mine and torpedo station. On April 6th of that year, Sergeant John P. Hart from Willett's Point, New York, took charge of the tremendous task of preparing 252 of these engines of death; 231 were loaded with 100 pounds of dynamite each, and the remaining mines with 250 pounds of dynamite having 90% nitroglycerine. The mines were safely set out in groups of twelve each, ready to be discharged at short notice. While there were many war scares involving Boston and the Spanish fleet, the mines were never discharged in the defense of Boston.

On July 22, 1898, five hundred engineers and friends gathered at Castle Island to see two of the mines blown up. Colonel Mansfield had invited them to Fort Independence to witness the unusual sight. The mines were anchored one thousand feet from the easterly side of the Island and were marked with red flags. The cable had been connected with the switch ashore, and all was in readiness. While thousands cheered from the City Point Pier, Sergeant Hart moved the switch, and a two hundred foot column of water shot into the air. A moment passed before the sound of the explosion reached the Island. Everyone present came away from the exhibition firmly convinced that mines were something to be handled very carefully.

Just how delicate the mines were was demonstrated in a tragic manner not quite five months later. On December 6 of that year, the engineers were moving the mines to the southeastern side of the Island. Suddenly, without warning, a great explosion rocked the city. When the smoke and dust had cleared there was a gaping hole in the seawall. A minute or two before three men had been unloading a wagon on the spot. They were Engineer Hiram Vaughn; Peter Brennan, the driver of the wagon; and a civilian, James Ryan. Not only were these three men blown to pieces, but Ordnance-Sergeant Maurice McGrath, three hundred feet away, was killed. Sergeant Hart, who had been standing behind the powder magazine, escaped injury.⁶⁹

The explosion was probably due to one of the mines rolling against the seawall. The decomposed state of the mine caused it to be set off when it hit the wall. Colonel C. R. Sutter was president of the board which reported on the accident January 16, 1899.⁷⁰

With the Spanish War now over, the Island was turned back to the city, and once more the residents of Boston enjoyed their precious view from the ramparts of Fort Independence.

It has been conservatively estimated that as many as seventy thousand people have visited this grand old fortress on a Sunday afternoon. Hundreds of visitors walk across the bridge and soon settle themselves on the glacis for a pleasant day at the Fort. They watch the ships and tugs entering and leaving the Harbor, and eat their basket lunches in the shade of the trees.

In 1899 Sergeant John Gorham took charge at the Fort, and his young son, Arthur J. Gorham spent much of his time exploring there. Early one morning in the spring of 1900, Arthur was walking around the eastern battery outside the Fort itself when he noticed that the door near the powder magazine could be pushed open. As he had never been here before, he went inside and felt his way around in the darkness. There was a strong odor which he could not understand, so he lighted a match. He saw three planks, a small bottle of pills, a .22 calibre revolver, and the body of a dead man. The police were called, but no satisfactory explanation of the body has ever been discovered. It was deemed impossible for the man to have arranged bottle and pills in the manner found. Murder was suspected, but nothing further was ever done.

Arthur Gorham had another fright late one night when crossing the old bridge which leads to the Fort. Approaching the covered part of this bridge, he was amazed to see what appeared to be two outstretched arms waiting for him. The lights on the bridge had been turned out, but he walked bravely forward, prepared for the worst. He was greatly relieved on coming closer to find that it was merely the life-preserver hanging on the hook. In some manner it had turned sideways, and thus presented the queer sight.

One day Arthur astonished his mother by paddling across the mainship channel on an icecake, but he returned safely to the Castle Island shore. This was only one of his many exploits.

Later he joined the army, serving for some time at Fort Warren, where he distinguished himself in track and football.

Bostonians were again disturbed in 1902, when the United States Government announced its decision to take over Castle Island for the Lighthouse Department. The trouble began when the War Department decided to take over Lovell's Island which borders the outer Harbor. The Lighthouse Department had been occupying John Lovell's old island continuously since 1874 and were now looking for a new home. It was the intention of the department to move to Castle Island, but Superintendent Pettigrew of the Boston Park Department objected, and Major Collins wrote President Theodore Roosevelt in an effort to save the Island. The final outcome of this controversy was a happy one for the Bostonians, and the Lighthouse Department was forced to make other plans. On the 9th of October, the same year, they took over the brick building formerly used by the commanders of the Fort, and equipped it as a fog-signal station. The newspapers of the period give the reader an idea of the intensity of the struggle to retain Castle Island for Boston.

In the summer of 1907, the War Department asked for bids on a few guns which had been lying about on the glacis of the Fort ever since the Civil War. A local junk dealer purchased these veterans of a former day, and taking the fourteen thousand pound monsters off into deep water, used dynamite to break the guns into smaller pieces. There are many of them, however, still on the island.⁷¹

The United States Government, in spite of its two failures, tried in 1909 to make an immigration station of the Castle. The renewed efforts ended in defeat. The national Government eventually found that any attempt to take the beloved Island from the people of Boston was doomed. Councilman Casey of South Boston now suggested his plan for turning the

interior of Fort Independence into a fine skating rink. Nothing of a permanent nature was ever done, however.

In the spring of 1911 Miss May Kinnear, a clairvoyant of Campello, dreamed of a treasure on a Boston Harbor island. In her dream, bearded, fiery-eyed men were burying gold by the light of a huge fire. Accompanied by her brother, George Kinnear, she spent some time touring the Harbor, and decided Castle Island was the isle of her dream. Mr. Kinnear purchased picks and shovels, and with the assistance of his friend, Fred Harrington, dug for many weeks. The location they chose was near the old life-preserver on the glacis. After many days of unsuccessful labor, they abandoned their work and left the Island.

The Government at Washington again wanted the entire Island for the Lighthouse Department in 1911. Strenuous objections from Mayor Fitzgerald and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge induced Senator Frye to change the location in his bill to Governor's Island. The same year saw the summer school started at the Island. The sick children from four schools in South Boston marched two by two over the long planked bridge leading to Castle Island, and attended classes inside the Fort. The school was continued for several years.⁷² March 27, 1918, the Boston Fire Department made a record trip across the bridge to put out a fire raging in the casemates. The loss was estimated at \$1500.

Needy children, guests of the Randage Fund Association, have been coming to the Island for many years. Formerly they visited Long and Rainsford's Island, but of late years they have enjoyed their outing at Castle Island.⁷³ Captain Randage's gift of \$50,000 is a great blessing to the poor children of Boston.

In March 1932, Mayor Curley gave permission to the Pan-American Airways to use Castle Island for the seaplanes, but other arrangements were made by the company. The bridge leading to the Island was changed to a fine strandway in

1925, and in May 1932, an automobile roadway was opened to the public. There are now accommodations for 2,000 cars at Castle Island,⁷⁴ according to the estimate of the Park Department.

For many years the inhabitants of Boston have argued over the chain which did or did not stretch across the Harbor for war-time protection. I would like to settle the "ghost" of the chain for all time. Caleb Snow, Nathaniel Shurtleff, and Jerome V. C. Smith did not mention the chain in their respective surveys of Boston Harbor, and James Stark and Melvin Sweetser are also silent about this connection between Governor's and Castle Island. John Winthrop, John Josselyn, and Samuel Sewall have made no reference to it. *The Boston Post* printed in a Sunday edition in 1933 a sketch of the chain stretching between the two islands, and a small pamphlet on the islands in 1932 mentions the chain, stating that the winch was still to be seen at Governor's Island.⁷⁵

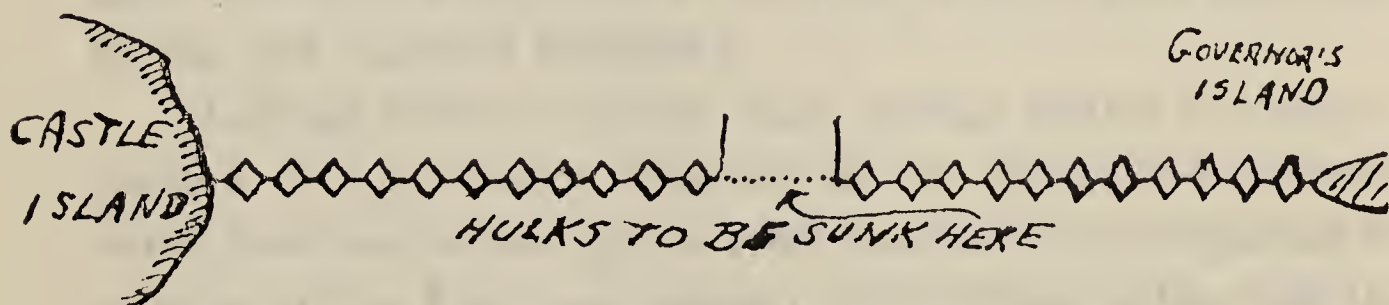
I have been at Governor's Island over two hundred times, and I have interviewed a well-known resident of Winthrop who thirty years ago lived on the Island for five years. Neither of us has seen anything resembling this winch. I do not claim there never was a chain going from Governor's to Castle Island, but believe all the evidence points away from it. It is not reasonable to assume that all the great Harbor authorities have forgotten to mention a chain if it had existed. The only evidence we have that such a chain existed has been written within the last three years, and in no case is a source mentioned.

In my correspondence with the War Department it has been definitely settled that no chain has existed since the Revolutionary War. A sentence from a letter of September 8, 1934 should suffice:

"An examination of such records thought likely to afford the desired information has resulted in failure to

find any record of the chain having been stretched across Boston Harbor."

There are two probable sources for the various rumors which are now in existence. The first is in the Boston Town Records of 1741. The town was worried in that year about adequate fortifications to protect Boston, and in March 1741, a committee visited the area between Governor's and Castle Islands, made a survey of the situation, and reported back to the selectmen that a series of piers could be placed across the Harbor for an estimated cost of 18,200 pounds. The selectmen decided to petition the General Court for the consideration of this scheme. Quoting from the Massachusetts Archives, we learn that "from the middle century box in the lower battery of the Castle N. E. by N. to Governor's Island point is 1457 feet Now, build 22 pears, 30 ft. square of timeber and fill with stone, sink them cornerwise, eleven on each side of the channel, and leave twelve feet between each pier. . . . Thus 203 feet is open in the middle to traffic, and in case of necessity, two hulks could be sunk in the space, blocking the channel." The General Court referred the scheme to a committee, but nothing was done about it. The sketch presented with the petition is copied herewith.⁷⁶



The same idea, with variations, was proposed down through the years, but nothing was ever done. In the Civil War a suggestion was made that the channel be guarded with a chain, but in the *Life of John A. Andrew* we read that this remained merely

a suggestion.⁷⁷ Thus we see that, judging from original records, there is little possibility that a chain ever stretched across the Harbor.

According to an old legend, there is a curse on all who dare to visit Castle Island.⁷⁸ Regardless of its authenticity, it is interesting. Some time before the Revolution, as the story goes, an English gentleman lived on the Island with his charming young daughter. She was in love with a young American boy. Her father, however, had other plans and determined that she should marry a British officer, also in love with the girl. The two suitors agreed to fight a duel for the young lady, and the American was killed. The girl, determined to join her lover, committed suicide. The British officer, heartbroken, rushed down to the dock and plunged into the channel, crying as he went that he would put a curse on all who ever came near the Island. Some sailors still believe that the many shipwrecks near the Castle are to be blamed on this curse.⁷⁹ There have been many other suicides on the Island in the last few decades. In 1903 a man jumped from the wharf into the ocean, and his body was never recovered.⁸⁰ About fifteen years ago a Somerville man was found in one of the casemates with a bullet in his head. Regardless of the story's romantic appeal, there is very little historical foundation to the tale. It may have been spun by the old minstrel Rochford.

Talking with an elderly man at the Island last year, I learned of a gruesome discovery in an abandoned casemate which had been sealed up. In 1905 workmen were repairing the interior of the Fort, and opened up a section of the wall that had been closed for many years. They were horrified to find a skeleton dressed in an old military costume. After some time spent in efforts to learn the man's identity, they gave up in despair and buried his remains in the graveyard.⁸¹

Castle Island may easily be said to bridge the gap between

modern Boston and the past. We can now motor out to the Island from the city in ten minutes, and by visiting the parade grounds of the old fortress pass into a different world. The parapets invite the visitor. The port of the Puritans stands before us. While still on the ramparts, we make a short survey of the Island. Nathaniel Shurtleff tells us that in shape it resembles "a shoulder of pork, with the shank southward,"⁸² but he wrote in a period before the Island was connected to the mainland. It now suggests the head of some prehistoric monster, the causeway serving as the neck.

Very few of the many buildings formerly on the Island are still in existence. The five bastions of the Fort itself, McKay's monument, (to be mentioned presently), the batteries on the glacis, the radio station, and the commander's old house comprise all that is there. Of course, most of the old trees still remain, and landscape architect Warren H. Manning has ambitious plans for further beautifying the Island.⁸³ Perhaps we shall see, due to Manning's perseverance, an Island of lilacs, sumacs, rambling roses, and Japanese barberry, with Castle Island called the Flowering Ramparts of Boston Harbor.

In the spring of 1933, a commanding monument fifty-two feet high was erected in front of the fortress to commemorate the life of Donald McKay, the famous East Boston ship builder.⁸⁴ Standing proudly on the esplanade, this graceful shaft built of Maine granite greets the various ships coming up the Harbor. The profile of McKay is set in relief on the northeastern panel, and as the inscription states, his genius "produced ships of a beauty and speed before unknown which swept the seven seas."⁸⁵ These graceful ships will never be replaced in the memory of the true sailors of America by the modern steel giants. The expense of the monument to Donald McKay was borne privately, President Franklin D. Roosevelt being among those who subscribed to the memorial. Designed by Aldrich, the

monument was given to the people of Boston without ceremony, as the committee in charge believed the ship builder would not have wished a dedication.

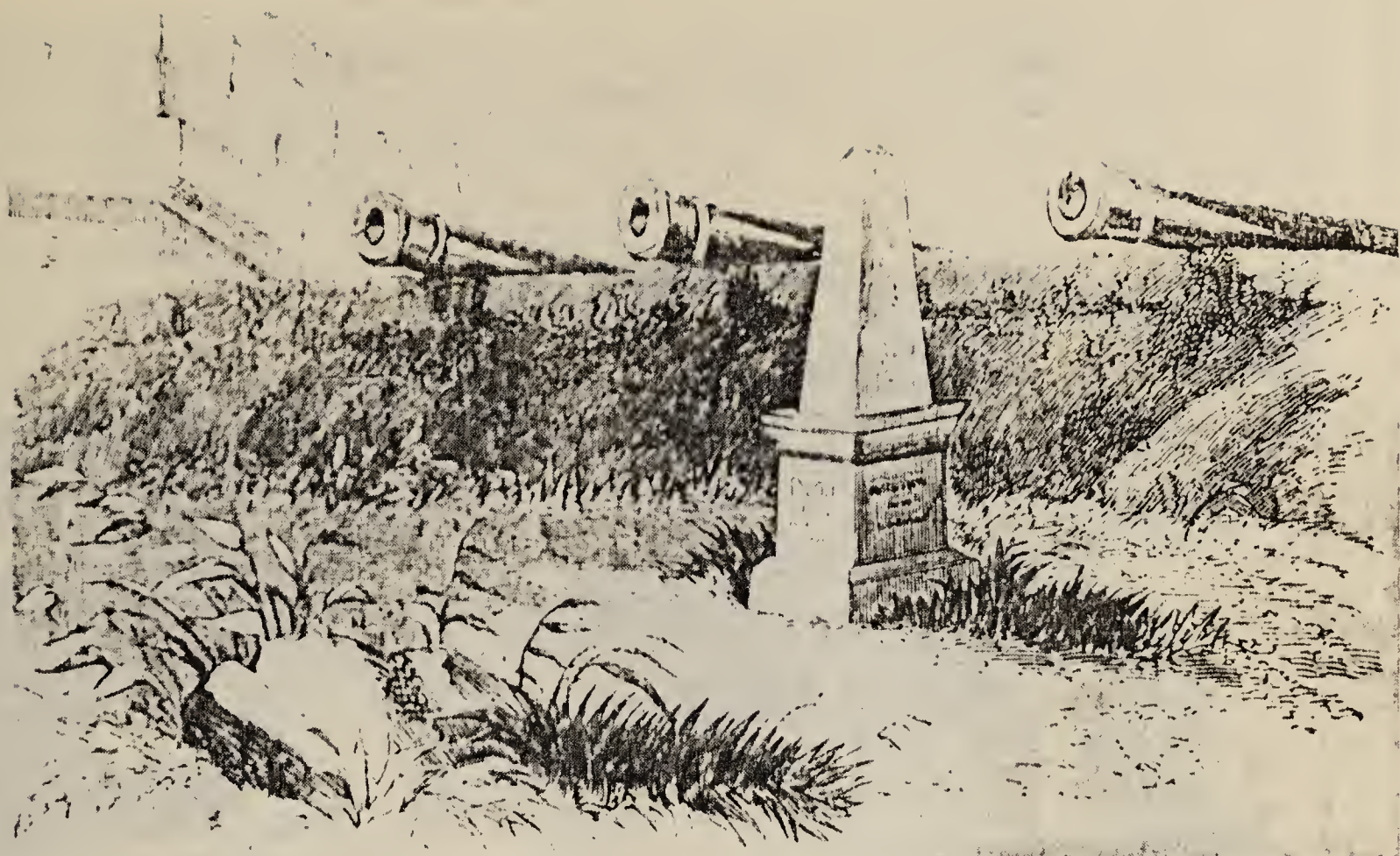
We shall now visit the only family living on the Island. In the old commander's house on the western side live the Lindberg family. Bernita Lindberg, now Mrs. Stockman, greets us at the door. She keeps house with her mother while her father is busy far out at sea on the lightship *Nantucket*. It is their duty to tend the fog signal which guards the ledge off the Island. Residents of Winthrop and Orient Heights are quite familiar with the Castle Island fog signal, for Mrs. Stockman tells us she receives many complaints from that vicinity. Mrs. Lindberg is technically listed as "lamp lighter." The old residence in which they are now living has a very large cellar containing an old dungeon, possibly used when the soldiers were on the Island.

Another important event took place on August 12, 1919 when Lieutenant Albert Hegenberger married Louise Lindberg at the Castle Island residence. Hegenberger, in 1927, together with Lieutenant Lester Maitland, completed the first non-stop flight from America to Hawaii. In 1935 he was awarded the Collier Trophy for the greatest achievement of the year in aviation, the perfecting of his blind flying apparatus. This national figure still calls the little house at Castle Island his home, and often returns to the Lindberg residence.

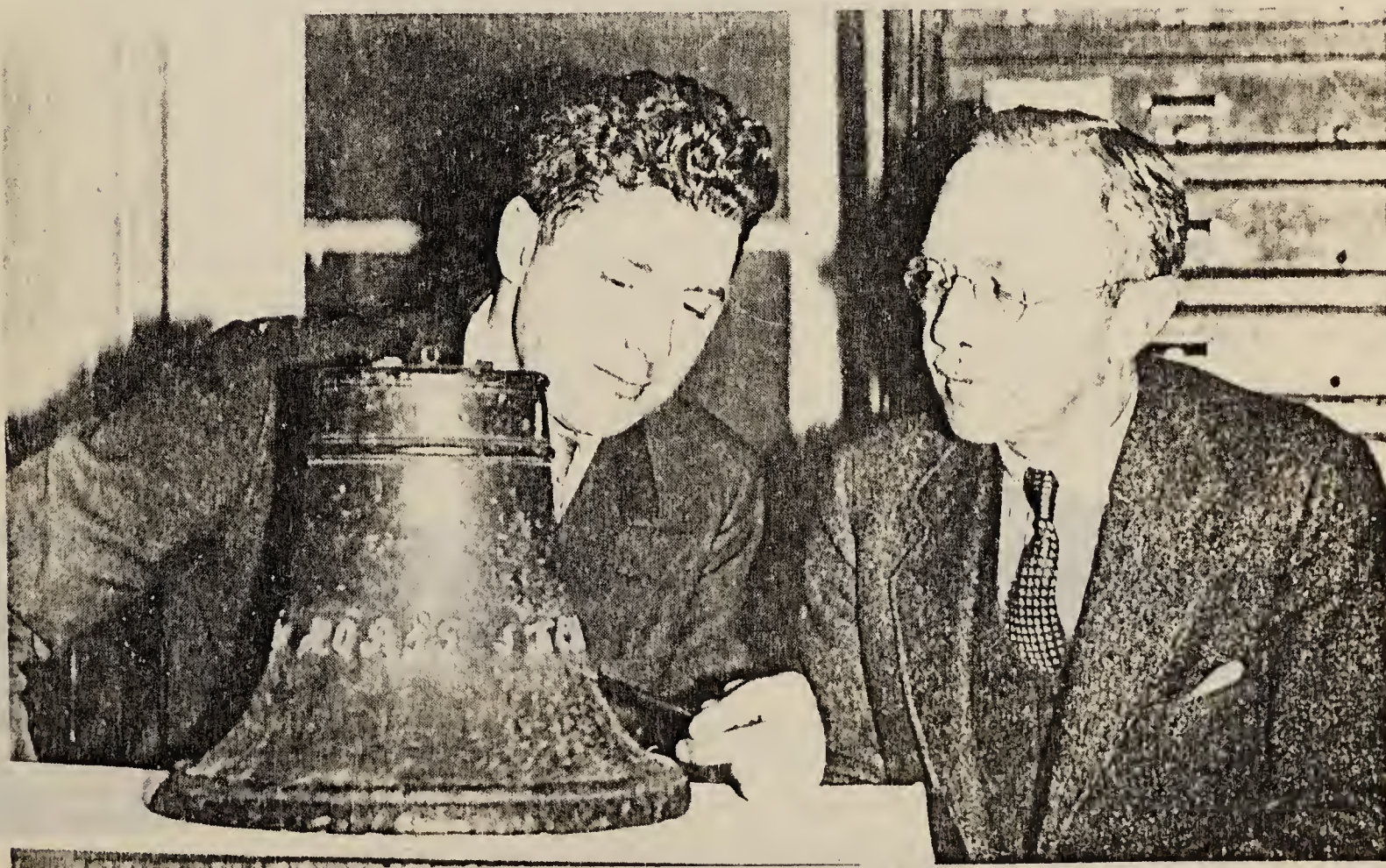
As I write these lines, I have just returned from a final visit to the Castle. By permission of William P. Long, the courteous head of the Park Department, I was allowed to roam at will around the old fortress. My thoughts, of course, were of the many outstanding characters of history and romance who had lived there: the Puritan Dudley; the financially incompetent Simpkins; the unfortunate Davenport; astute-minded Clap; Romer, the blasphemer; impatient Edmund Andros; Massie,

the duellist; engineer Thayer; and gallant Bartlett. All had trod the ground where I was standing. As I walked around the Island I pictured the scenes enacted there during the three centuries of activity which the Fort has enjoyed.

So we leave the venerable Island, trusting that for countless generations it will be cherished by the people of Boston. Castle Island should remain a treasured possession of all New Englanders.



DUELLIST MASSIE'S GRAVESTONE, CASTLE ISLAND, 1852



E. R. SNOW AND GEORGE R. MARVIN OF THE BOSTONIAN SOCIETY, EXAMINING CASTLE ISLAND BELL



AIR VIEW OF THOMPSON'S ISLAND



HAYING TIME ON THE ISLAND-FARM

THOMPSON'S ISLAND

AFTER a short journey across the deep waters of Dorchester Bay, we approach the landing at Thompson's Island. The Farm and Trades School occupies the entire 157 acres of David Thompson's old home, and the well-trained boys of the organization help us moor our boat at the float. We jump down on the landing raft, walk along the pier, and reach the Island itself. It is a beautiful spot, with gardens, shrubbery, and hundreds of fine trees offering a pleasing background to the splendid buildings of the school. As we stand before the Bulfinch-designed administration building, let us think back three centuries to the day in September 1621, when Myles Standish landed here on a trip from Plymouth.

Captain Standish had left the Pilgrim settlement in an open sailboat to explore the coast line of Massachusetts Bay, as well as to make trading arrangements with the Indians of this region. His party of thirteen had expected to reach Boston Harbor the same day they left Plymouth, but it was not until the following night that they anchored off Thompson's Island. Standish and the others, including William Trevore, went ashore the next morning. Back in London, David Thompson had asked Trevore to pick out a likely island that Thompson could use for a trading post, so Trevore took possession of the Island for his London friend.¹

Myles Standish believed, and Shurtleff contended, that the Indians never made their home at this Island, but a well-stocked museum at the school proves that they were mistaken.

Mortars, pestles, axes, plummets, spear-heads, and arrow-heads which were dug on the Island are in the collection, and all point to long-established homes of the red men at Thompson's Island. The Indian residents were probably all killed in the pestilence which swept the Massachusetts area a few years before the white man arrived. Morton of Merrymount speaks of this terrible plague.

Thus we see that Standish explored and Trevore claimed Thompson's Island nine years before the Puritans arrived in Boston Bay. There were six distinct settlements in the same area by 1626: Wessagussett, Mount Wollaston, Mishawum, Shawmut, Winnisimmet, and Hull. They had possibly fifty people at this time.

Shortly after Gorges' colony of 1622 had settled at Wessagussett, another party landed at Little Harbor, New Hampshire, on the west side of the Piscataqua River. Among them was David Thompson for whom Trevore had claimed Thompson's Island. Thompson is mentioned in the Council of New England Records, being linked with another early settler whose name is perpetuated by a Boston Harbor island: "Mr. Thompson is ordered to pay unto Leo. Peddock £10 towards his paynes for his last Employments to New England." While working for the Council in London, Thompson had naturally become quite interested in America, and his name disappears from the records after December 3, 1622, when he "propoundeth" for the transportation of ten persons to New England. As Thompson was not wealthy enough to assume the responsibility for all the expenses of the undertaking, he mortgaged one-fourth of his new lands to three other men. The Massachusetts Historical Society published the indenture in 1875. I quote from the records:

"Imprimis, whereas the Councell haue granted vnto thaboue named David Thompson . . . one Iland & being in

& vpon the coaste of New England . . . At the end of five years the iland is to be divided into 4 parts whereof Thompson is to have three and others one."²

Thompson's settlement became firmly established on the Piscataqua River, near the mouth of the westerly branch. The ruins of the first house in what is now New Hampshire are on the peninsula there, and were described by Samuel Maverick when he visited the location in 1660. David Thompson, in spite of his pleasant situation on the Piscataqua, was anxious to come down to his Island, and, after spending three years at what is now known as Odiorne's Point, moved to Boston Harbor in 1626. Thompson built a substantial home near the eastern shore, just south of the centre of the Island bearing his name. Part of this building was discovered in 1889 by students digging on the bank. The old cellar floor was almost intact, but the eastern and southern walls had fallen over the cliff years before. Bowls and stems of long Dutch pipes were unearthed in the ruins. This building was probably the first house in Boston Harbor, for we can find no evidence of the erection of any earlier edifice. Thompson died before 1630, as the tax paid by the Thompson family for their share in the eviction of Morton of Merrymount was charged to Mrs. Thompson, which would not have been the case had her husband been alive.

Thompson's wife, at different times called Amias, Ems, and Aimes, was the daughter of William Cole of Plymouth, England. She married Samuel Maverick of Noddle's Island some time before 1632. For a while they lived in a house located where the Marine Hospital now stands in Chelsea, then moved to Noddle's Island. In 1635, she wrote to Robert Trelawny from "Nottell's Island." As soon as she and her son John had left Thompson's Island, the Massachusetts Bay Colony took possession. In 1634 the Court granted the Island to Dorchester.³

John Thompson, the first white child born in what is now New Hampshire, was then a boy of nine living with his mother and step-father at Noddle's Island. For fourteen years Dorchester collected taxes from residents on Thompson's Island, and in 1639 the yearly tax was set at twenty pounds. According to Orcutt, the Dorchester historian, this money helped pay for the first free public school in America supported by a direct tax on the people. He claims that the first schools in other towns, Boston included, were either private or were not supported by public taxes. Thomas Waterhouse was the first school master of Dorchester.

John Thompson bought a house in Charlestown in 1648, giving as security Thompson's Island. This started a controversy with Dorchester which was not settled for two years. John Thompson at that time produced affidavits from three prominent residents of the colonies, Myles Standish, William Blaxton, and the Sagamore of Agawam, whose testimony definitely settled the disposition of the Island. Dorchester, in turning the Island back to Thompson, was to receive in exchange 1000 acres elsewhere. But Thompson soon lost control of his property. In 1650 he was in debt to two Bristol merchants to the sum of £163. The note which he gave was never taken up, so the Island passed out of the Thompson family forever.

For the next century and three quarters Thompson's Island had many owners. Joseph Jackson and Hugh Brown, who had seized the property in 1652, sold it to Francis Norton and Nicholas Davidson. In 1658, William Paine bought it as a wedding gift for his son John, who married Sarah Parker of Boston. John Paine was able to keep a free title to the Island for four years, but then mortgaged it to Simon Lynde, a wealthy and popular resident of Tremont Hill, who soon owned it outright. A few years later Lynde presented it to his young son Benjamin, confirming the gift in his will.

Benjamin Lynde grew up to be one of the best educated lawyers in America, and was a classical scholar of note. Let us read from his poem on Thompson's Island, probably written in imitation of *Echoes from the Sabine Farm*, by Horace, the Roman poet who lived just before the birth of Christ:

*To save these queries about our isle,
Kind heaven which placed it well does on it smile;
In form triangular, its gradual sides
Rise from the arms of Neptune's gentle tides.
Southwest of Royal William's Citadel
On Castle Isle, by Romer finish'd well
Heart of the Province, and its piercing eye,
With bulwarks strong, and bright artillery,
Guarding all parts that near adjacent lye.
Two rural neighbor towns ly west of it,
Close, on the south, a Cliff lifts up its brow,
High, prominent o'er the parting stream below;
From whence the Native's fate-predicting squaw
Their ruin, and the Briton's Rise foresaw;
That Heaven's swift plagues shall quickly sweep away
The Indians 'round the Massachusetts Bay.
But she (while they her rage prophetic mock)
Flings headlong down from the steep craggy rock;
Mu-Squantum! from her dying murmers fell,
And thence call'd Squantum Neck, (as ancients tell).
A narrow gut, deep, swift, and curling tide,
This spacious neck from Thompson's Isle divide.
Thus having given of Thompson's Isle the site,
Which to review is anybody's right
"Of special love," said he (my father) "this gift receive,
And here at pleasure may you happy live."
With grateful heart his Blessing I received
For here with joy and dutiful regard
In all my rural comforts he had shared.*

Lynde leased half of the Island to his cousin Enoch Wiswell, realizing \$1500 a year in this manner. This Thompson Island poet passed away in 1745, and Benjamin Lynde, Junior, became the owner. He gave the Island to his two daughters, Mary and Lydia. Mary became the wife of the Honorable Andrew Oliver, while Lydia married the Reverend William Walter, pastor of Christ Church on Salem Street.

The trying days of the American Revolution were now at hand. After the British established themselves in Boston the Colonists raided all the islands in the Harbor. American troops landed on Thompson's Island and burned all the buildings, orchards, and crops, the blaze lighting up the entire section as darkness fell. When the British were finally forced to leave the Harbor in March 1776, Colonel Tupper cannonaded them from the East Head at Thompson's Island. Following the Revolution it cost two thousand pounds to replace the ruined buildings and orchards which had been destroyed to prevent their falling into British hands.

Rev. William Walter was a Loyalist, and his petition of complaint to the English Government can still be seen in the Public Record Office in London. He sold his share in the Island for £2000.

George Minot, during the Revolution, often came from Dorchester to Boston on horseback, his panniers bulging with market produce, and on selling the vegetables to British soldiers in Boston would purchase some much-needed saltpetre, loading it into the empty panniers. He then slipped back through the British lines to the American soldiers. George Minot made many dangerous trips with the valuable material, doing much to help the American forces with this vital supply. His father, John Minot, had supplied the original money for the saltpetre, and after the war he bought Walter's share of the Island with the funds with which the Government reimbursed him for the saltpetre furnished during the British occupation of Boston.

Peter Oliver, the son of Andrew Oliver and Mary Lynde Oliver, sold his share of the Island in 1814. From this time on Thompson's Island is so subdivided that a discussion of the many tenants would be tedious. The family names of Baxter, Fenno, Sargent, and Beale, however, are well-represented. George W. Beale was the last individual owner of the Island, selling it in 1832 to the trustees of the Boston Farm School Society for \$6,000.

We shall now consider the original organization of the Farm and Trades School. The Boston Asylum for Indigent Boys had been incorporated in 1814, with William Phillips and James Lloyd among those whose names appear in the act of incorporation. The trustees bought as a home Sir William Phips' former residence, located on the corner of Salem and Charter Streets. In 1832 John D. Williams headed an organization which became "The Boston Farm School Society." After purchasing Thompson's Island, the group sent the Reverend E. M. P. Wells down the Harbor to begin construction work. He started operations Easter Monday, April 8, 1833, and the boys who accompanied him began farming the same morning. Wells, a veteran of the War of 1812, continued working at the Island for the next six months. Wells was the first to make a distinction between the worthy and the delinquent boys. The Wells Memorial for Workingmen is a splendid commemorative organization in Boston honoring this far-seeing minister whom Phillips Brooks called a "remarkable man."

Captain Daniel Chandler, active in the War of 1812, assumed office on October 26, 1833, as the second superintendent of the School. In 1834 the State transferred the Island from Norfolk County to Suffolk County, and it was now under the jurisdiction of Boston. In 1835 an act of the Massachusetts Legislature united the Boston Asylum for Indigent Boys with the Farm School. Chandler left the Island in 1839 to become

superintendent of the House of Industry in South Boston, which position he filled until his death in 1847.

When Chandler left the Island, a period of crisis was at hand for the school. The great panic of 1837 had left its mark on Thompson's Island; building construction was at a standstill. Edwin J. Mills was in charge for three months, Payson Williams stayed on twice that length of time, and James Locke served over a year before being asked to resign.

The members of the Board of Directors were now desperate and realized that a strong man was needed to put the school on a sound footing. At this time the Board asked Cornelius Conway Felton, a professor at Harvard College, to become superintendent. Allowed to retain his professorship at the college, Felton would lend the needed dignity to the school on Thompson's Island. Cornelius Felton accepted the offer, and from that time much progress was made. Although Felton was not long in active charge, his influence lasted for years, and he took an interest in the school even after he was elected President of Harvard College in 1860.

Theodore Lyman was made president of the Board of Directors in 1841. His first act was to obtain Robert Morrison as superintendent, and during his term of office the main buildings were completed, and the enrollment, which had dropped off to 41, soon became normal. President Lyman, who had always been an admirer of the efforts of Eleazer Wells to distinguish between worthy and delinquent boys, asked the Massachusetts Legislature to take steps for their segregation. As a result of Lyman's hard work, the first state school for boys in the world was opened at Westboro, Massachusetts.

Gradually the islanders became accustomed to the marine aspect of their location. In 1842 the boys made their first cruise to Boston, thus inaugurating a custom which lasted for half a century. When their boat reached Boston, the boys formed in

line and marched up to City Hall where they listened to an address by the Mayor. After visiting many of the historical points in the city, they assembled on Boston Common where the afternoon was spent with their relatives and friends. As the sun began to set, they started for the steamboat landing and finally crossed the bay on the school boats, the *Vision*, the *Annie*, and the *Polka*.

On April 29 of the same year, a large party of boys accompanied by their instructor was returning from the outer Harbor in the *Polka* when the boat capsized and 25 of the passengers lost their lives. It was the worst tragedy in the history of the school. Only the day before, relatives and directors had visited the Island and had given 27 boys permission to go on a fishing trip down the Harbor as a reward for their fine work. Mr. Oakes, an experienced sailor, and Mr. Peabody, a teacher, had charge of the trip which the boys greatly enjoyed. At the close of the day the party was returning to the school against a headwind, passing so close to the eastern head of the Island that they were given a cheer by their schoolmates who did not make the trip. Having stood for Spectacle Island, the boat was in the act of tacking for the purpose of making the landing dock when suddenly over she went, sinking instantly. The wooden box which held the bait floated free, and four of the boys clung to it, but the other 23 and the two men were drowned. The four boys were brought into Boston by boats which had rushed to the scene. This tragedy left only half of the students to continue at school and to work on the farm.

When Nathaniel Hawthorne was active on the Boston waterfront, he visited Thompson's Island many times, and on one of his visits he took an extensive walk around the Island, examining with interest the products of the farm. He saw the "wheat in sheaves on the stubble-field; oats somewhat blighted and spoiled; great pumpkins elsewhere; pastures; mowing

grounds,—all cultivated by the boys.” Hawthorne comments on the residence, a “great brick building, painted green, and standing on the summit of a rising ground, exposed to the winds of the bay.” Let us read a few lines from this master writer:

“Vessels flitting past; great ships with intricacy of rigging and various sails; schooners, sloops, with their one or two broad sheets of canvas; going on different tacks, so that the spectator might think that there was a different wind for each vessel, or that they scudded across the sea spontaneously, whither their own wills led them. The farm boys remain insulated looking at the passing show within sight of the city, yet having nothing to do with it; beholding their fellow creatures skimming by them in winged machines, and steamboats snorting and puffing through the waves. Methinks an island would be the most desirable of all landed property, for it seems like a little world by itself; and the water may answer for the atmosphere that surrounds the planets. The boys were swinging, two together, standing up and almost causing the ropes and their bodies to stretch out horizontally. On our departure they ranged themselves on the rails of the fence, and, being dressed in blue, looked not unlike a flock of pigeons.”

Another visitor in 1845, greatly impressed by the Island, was reminded of the story of Latona, who had an island created in the sea as a refuge for her children. He also tells of the excitement at the Island when the relatives and friends visit the boys.

This writer, John R. Dix, noticed one little boy who had no caller. The child sat in the reception room, his blue eyes filled with tears as he realized that there was no one to greet him.

“Poor little fellow, how I pitied him! I declare that I never longed for molasses candy, or something of that kind before; and I made a mental resolution that in the future I would never visit such places without a provision for a similar contingency. . . .

"Sure am I, that with so kind a lady superintendent, the little fellows must be happy—and as for Mr. Morrison, one of the lads assured us, that 'the Master was as good as father to them.'

"To the martial music of a drum the boys assembled on the greensward and paraded for some time backward and forward, in true military style, and a friend whispered in our ear, 'Why, they are the happiest lads in the world,' and we really believed him. There they were, reclaimed from the streets and lanes of the city, far away from evil influences, and safely folded on this beautiful spot, with education provided and employment afforded."⁴

Leaving the Island in the winter has always been a difficult problem, but in 1856 the boys were able to walk over the ice, across the Harbor itself, to see the East Boston Ferry frozen in the ice between Boston and Samuel Maverick's old home. In this year the ship channel was frozen over to a point half a mile below the Castle. Horses and sleighs went as far as Spectacle Island, and one of the managers of the school rode in a sleigh from City Point right up to the door of the main building!

The same year, Morrison left Thompson's Island, returning to his home in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The next three years he was Mayor of Portsmouth, and his picture hangs in the city hall there. His place at Thompson's Island was taken by William A. Morse, who had come there in 1850 as supervisor of the farm.

Morse remained at the Island during the trying days of the Civil War, when over 150 undergraduates, graduates, and teachers of the school on Thompson's Island enlisted. Thomas J. Evans, who died in 1934, was among those who joined the army at this time. William Alcott, librarian of the *Boston Globe*, has listed for us the various duties Morse performed, and his versatility approached that of the man who was sent to put Castle Island in order during the Revolution, Paul Revere.

Morse was active in over twelve different positions in this trying period, including the following: purchasing agent, accountant, secretary, headmaster, nurse, captain of the boat, head of the graduate employment agency, blacksmith, agricultural expert, head slaughterer, minister, and organist! Under his leadership the new barn was erected, the first steamer was purchased, the first boys' band in America was organized, and printing was introduced.

While Morse was superintendent of the Farm and Trades School, Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff made a trip to the Island. The future Mayor of Boston gives the following description of the Thompson's Island of 1870:

"On the southwest side [of the island] is a salt water pond of several acres, into which once flowed a creek that in ancient times was dignified by the name of river. Thompson's Island Bar, which projects toward Squantum, has long been a noted locality for its delicious clams. The form of the island as shown on the charts is very much like that of a young unfledged chicken, looking toward the east. Deep water lies to the north and west, shoal water to the east and south."⁵

Years ago the pond mentioned by Shurtleff was drained by a dike and converted into grass land.

After a long and happy period of office at the Farm School, William Appleton Morse resigned as superintendent in 1888 and was succeeded by Charles Henry Bradley, author of an unpublished history of the school. It was in Bradley's first year that the "Cottage Row" plan of government and recreation was started in rather an unusual way. While baseball, swimming and football came and went, the one interest which never flagged was that of Cottage Row, the miniature city which the boys have built, cared for, and governed. Its innovation should interest the reader.

In the summer of 1888 the boys were given some cast-off bedticking. This they made over into tents, which they soon arranged in rows at the northern end of the playground. When the autumn weather arrived, some of the boys reinforced their tents with boards, but the cold winter soon forced them inside. With the coming of spring, some of the boys believed that a wooden cottage could be built to take the place of the tents. With the help of Superintendent Bradley, they planned and erected a small cottage, the manual training department being utilized in this rather novel venture.

Cottage after cottage was built, until in 1891 Superintendent Bradley decided to limit the number of buildings to twelve, and to divide each cottage into twelve shares. Certificates of ownership were given for these shares, transferable through the Farm School Bank, which is another feature of this enterprising little community. The whole idea worked so well that in 1893 the superintendent of the school issued a proclamation officially naming the playground settlement "Cottage Row" and announcing the various officers to be elected. After the election, a city hall, six by ten feet, was erected, soon followed by Audubon Hall, a building used as a home for the pets of the boys. Any visitor to the school who has witnessed an election at this little Island-city government never forgets the orderly example of how politics should be run.

A disaster took place a few years after the Cottage Row plan was begun, almost fifty years to the day since the 1842 tragedy. On Sunday afternoon, April 10, 1892, Instructor A. F. Nordberg had been attending church in South Boston, and ten picked boys left Thompson's Island by boat to bring him back to the school. Soon after seven p.m., with the instructor safely on board, they began the return trip. At a point between Spectacle Island and Thompson's Island, evidently quite near the spot where the *Polka* had gone down half a century before,

the sailboat struck a sudden squall and capsized. The 11 people clung to the bottom of the craft and waited for help. A tug steamed by; they shouted for assistance; but the night was getting dark and they were not noticed.

Back on the Island, terribly worried by the prolonged absence of the boys, Superintendent Bradley was walking along the beach with his lantern. Some of the survivors told him afterwards that they saw his figure, but he could not see them. He did notice a fire on an island far in the distance, and tried to pick up the silhouette of the boat against the background of the fire as he walked up and down, but his efforts were in vain. The water was cold, and as the night wore on the more exhausted boys, one by one, slipped into the water. By 11 o'clock there were only two boys left, O. W. Clement and C. A. Limb—a few minutes later the boat touched the beach at Spectacle Island. The tragic news was soon told; a boat was secured and rushed to Thompson's Island where Superintendent Bradley, already prepared for the worst, received the word that Nordberg and eight of the boys had drowned.

Another disaster of 1892 was witnessed by the boys at the school when the great balloon of Professor Rogers plunged into the water just off the Island. Professor A. A. Rogers, Assistant Thomas Fenton, erstwhile employee of Austin & Stone's Museum, and Delos E. Goldsmith, a reporter, had taken off from Boston Common on the afternoon of July 4. A hundred thousand people were on the Common, and a million others were watching the event from nearby vantage points. It was Rogers' 118th ascension, and he was full of confidence as the huge balloon rose into the air and out over the Harbor. As the gas bag passed over Castle Island, Rogers saw that he would soon be swept out to sea so pulled at the safety valve. The valve would not open. As he struggled with all his strength, the fabric above the valve began to rip. It widened to a foot, then a yard, and the escaping gas almost

overcame the three men. The balloon dropped like a rock as the gas escaped. Boats from all over the Harbor headed for the spot it must hit. Just before the ship struck the water, Goldsmith released two carrier pigeons from their cage. When the great bag crashed into the ocean he was drawn under the sea. Rogers and Goldsmith struck out for Thompson's Island from which the school boat had already started to go to the rescue. Goldsmith was saved by the Farm School boys, but Rogers had sunk beneath the waves before the boat reached him. Fenton, entangled in the meshes of the net, was picked up in an unconscious condition and died before he could be taken to the hospital. Goldsmith recovered and was able to write the story of the accident, while his brother Wallace illustrated the tale with some vivid sketches.

In the terrible storm of 1898, Thompson's Island suffered damage amounting to \$10,000. Four large schooners drifted ashore against the Island, smashing one another and crushing the school's trim little steam launch. The landing floats were carried away, the dike which protects the low land was severely damaged, and three of the Island's smaller boats were ruined beyond repair. Because of generosity of friends, the steamer and the other boats were replaced.

Charles Henry Bradley died in office January 30, 1922. Before he became sick, he had appointed Paul Francis Swasey as supervisor of the school, and this young Massachusetts Institute of Technology graduate now became acting superintendent. The appointment became permanent February 18, 1923. He increased the number of classes from four to six, thus making it possible for the boys graduating from the Farm and Trades School to enter the second or third year of high school. Mr. Swasey resigned on November 30, 1926.

William Maxfield Meacham, his successor, was installed in office under the first formal ceremony of its kind in the history of the school. It is of interest to note that the place of his birth,

Hyde Park, Vermont, is within twenty miles of the birthplaces of his predecessors, Bradley and Swasey. Mr. Meacham was graduated from Middlebury College in 1921, engaged in teaching, was principal of Barton Academy in 1924-26, and went from Barton Academy to the Farm and Trades School as superintendent. In 1921 he married Miss Rena Mack, and there are now three children, William, Linwood, and Joyce.

While it is not possible to review the career of an incumbent until the end of his period of office, I shall mention a few of Mr. Meacham's accomplishments. Under his supervision a modern dieting system has been introduced, and a fine herd of registered Guernsey cattle has considerably improved the farm. Mr. Meacham is also carrying out an extensive poultry and orchard improvement plan, with a four-year course in theoretical agriculture included in the curriculum.

There have been three unusual bequests in the history of the school. The first was made by a Jewish philanthropist, Judah Touro, who had contributed to the fund used in building Bunker Hill Monument. His \$5,000 donation was gratefully accepted. On his gravestone he ordered placed the information that he was the last "of my race."⁶

Another gift to the school was that of John D. Williams, with the proviso that each year when the building was painted, pea-green paint, mixed by special formula, should be applied. The formula has been carefully preserved and every time the building was painted some pea-green paint was mixed in, and one of the Board of Managers took oath to the fact.

James Longley, one of the leading Boston bankers of his day, was not particularly interested in the Farm and Trades School until one day when he happened to see a student from the school. He was so impressed with the bearing of the boy that from that time on he became an ardent supporter of the institution, leaving the sum of \$150,000 to the school in his will.

The students of Thompson's Island school who have achieved notable success have been many, but naturally I can include only a few of the outstanding graduates in various lines of life. The year 1934 saw the death of two well-known figures associated with Thompson's Island history; the first we shall mention is Thomas John Evans, a graduate of 1864.

Evans was the last survivor of those connected with Thompson's Island who fought in the Civil War. He entered the Farm and Trades School in 1859 and enlisted at the age of 16, five years later. Evans became a member of the 4th Massachusetts Cavalry, serving in Virginia. After the War he became a shoe operator and later was secretary of the Brockton Shoe Manufacturers' Association. He always kept an active interest in the school which had given him his start.⁷ He was the first alumnus to become a member of the Board of Managers and also served as President of the Alumni Association. Thomas J. Evans died March 9, 1934, in East Weymouth, at the age of 85.

The other death in the same year was that of LeRoy S. Kenfield, nationally known musician, who was a member of the Class of 1882. He had worked his way up as a musician until in 1899 he joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He remained with this organization until his death, and a career of a third of a century with this great orchestra places LeRoy Kenfield on a pedestal by himself. Mr. Kenfield died October 5, 1934.⁸

There are four distinguished graduates of the school whom I have been fortunate enough to interview.

The first is William Alcott, of the Class of 1884, who is at present the librarian of the *Boston Globe*. He began working for this paper in 1888, and served as district reporter until 1891 when he became a member of the city staff. He was appointed city editor in 1906, holding this position for sixteen years. He has served as president of the Special Libraries Association and

also of the Boston Chapter of the association, and as chairman of the Newspaper Group. He is a trustee of the New England Home for Deaf Mutes and a director of the American Congregational Association. He has served as historian (and also as president) of the alumni association of the school, and in 1935 was elected a member of the school's Board of Managers.

Henry A. Fox, '79, is the chief of the Boston Fire Department, having attained this distinction in 1930. After leaving the Farm and Trades School in 1879, he worked for a time at John C. Gilbert's grocery store, then entered the Boston Fire Department in 1886. Fox was made Lieutenant-Captain in 1900, District Chief in 1906, and Deputy Chief on July 12, 1920. He became Assistant-Chief in December 1924, and Chief in 1930. When he was eight years old he entered the school at Thompson's Island for a period of four years. One of his happiest recollections is marching up State Street in uniform as a member of the school band.

Clarence DeMar is perhaps the best-known marathon runner in the world. He has won the Boston Marathon many times and has triumphed in many other parts of the country while performing his specialty. We cannot say whether or not he acquired his prowess while running around the rim of Thompson's Island, but we do know that the farm work and the fine air did their part in making him the greatest long distance runner America has produced. DeMar graduated from the Farm and Trades School in 1904, and is now a printing instructor at the State Normal School at Keene, New Hampshire.

R. Claire Emery, '12, the radio announcer, formed the Big Brother Club of New Englanders, and his programs were eagerly followed. The recent changes over the air have placed Mr. Emery on another city's station, but his fine entertainment and cooperation in the early days of the radio will always be

remembered. He is known over the air as "Big Brother Bob Emery."

Other noted graduates include the following: John F. Peterson, superintendent of Mt. Auburn Cemetery; Alden B. Hefler, chemist and manufacturer; Walter B. Foster, surveyor and banker; Clarence W. Loud, engaged in real estate and trusteeships; James H. Graham, building superintendent; Will Frank Davis, president of a directory publishing company; Merton P. Ellis, contractor, and secretary of the alumni association for 30 years; Alfred C. Malm, trustee, and assistant treasurer of the school, all of whom have served as president of the alumni association; Charles Evans, bibliographer and librarian; Rev. George W. Russell, teacher and clergyman; Harold E. Brenton, former member of Boston Music Commission and treasurer of the National Musicians' Relief Association; Silas Snow, trustee and town official; Lieut. Franklin P. Miller, U.S.A. a graduate of West Point; Prof. Robert H. Bogue, director of Research of the Portland Cement Association Fellowship at the National Bureau of Standards; Cyrus W. Durgin, assistant dramatic editor of the *Boston Globe*; and Leslie Jones, *Boston Herald* photographer. Messrs. Hefler and Foster have been members of the Board of Managers since 1918.

Some people seem to have the idea that the Farm and Trades School is sort of a reform school. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth, for it is perhaps one of the most exacting boys' schools in New England. Of over 150 boys who are recommended for the school yearly, only 20 are finally admitted, and even after admission the pupil must be very orderly to be permitted to stay.

Let us skip through an average day with an average student at the school. Up at 6:15, he has breakfast promptly at seven o'clock. He goes to the class room or wherever his work is at 7:30, and is busy until 11:45. Dinner is served at 12:00,

with the afternoon program beginning at 1:15 and lasting until 5:00 p.m. Supper is served at 6:00, and the boys retire from 7:30 to 9:00 p.m.

The farm itself fills a very important place in the Island's activity. The boys work on the farm half a day for about two years. Over 100 of the Island's 157 acres are available for grazing or farming purposes. A herd of pure-bred Guernsey cows keeps the boys supplied with fresh milk. A flock of 600 Rhode Island Red hens provides an abundance of fresh eggs. Turkeys, pigs, hens, and cattle produce part of the meat supply. The pupils also grow all their own potatoes, beets, and other vegetables. About 100 tons of hay are harvested annually. There is a large flower garden, in which each boy has his individual plot. A fine library of 1000 volumes is in use at the school and the boys spend many hours of their free periods here.

Ever since the 1850's the Farm School Band has been in existence. The history of this band is unusual. Back in 1858 the first concert in America ever played by a school band was given by the boys of the Farm School. John Ripley Morse, brother of the superintendent, was their director, and his name goes down in history as the organizer of the first school band in America. Mr. Alonzo Draper of South Boston was engaged to assist Morse in the musical instruction, and soon all Massachusetts was proud of its island band. At the great Peace Jubilee of 1869, Gilmore honored the band by inviting it to play in the 1,000 piece band in the Coliseum. The boys on this occasion rubbed elbows with the musicians of five countries and played side by side with some of the most famous bands of the world.⁹

Under the superintendency of Mr. Meacham, the band has risen to great heights. New instruments were purchased during the first years of Mr. Meacham's service, and in May 1929, Director Frank L. Warren led the boys to first prize in the New England Band contest. Several first and second prizes have

been won in subsequent competitions among State and New England bands.

Many of the courses offered at the school qualify the student for life work. The sloyd course is the basis of the mechanical teaching at the school, as it is the natural stepping stone to all trades and vocational training. Besides carpentry, cabinet work, and wood turning, sloyd offers instruction in mechanical drawing. Printing covers a large field, including work in type setting, headings, business cards, and display work. The *Beacon*, printed at the school, is an example of the fine workmanship the students turn out. It is published monthly and carries many stories written by the boys. The forging course gives instruction in hand forging in wrought iron and steel. Meteorology is carefully taught and learned, the ideal location of the school giving added zest to the work. Local forecasts are made each morning, and the temperature, humidity and dew point, rainfall, barometric pressure, wind velocity and direction are duly recorded. Besides these regular courses, the students have the practical experience of caring for and running the *Pilgrim III*, the new school boat of which all the boys are so proud.

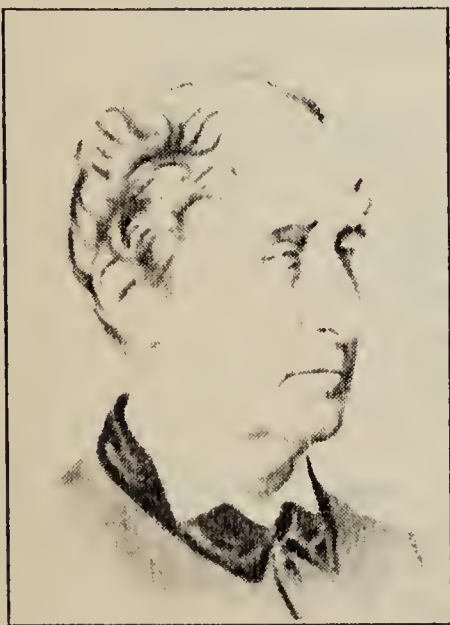
Without question the groves of trees on Thompson's Island are not surpassed anywhere in Boston Harbor, and everyone connected with the school is justly proud of them. In 1846 Theodore Lyman imported 4,000 larches and 2,000 English oaks which he presented to the institution. They were set out on the southeastern side of the Island and formed what is now known as Lyman Grove. In 1854, Superintendent Morrison did some extensive transplanting; again in 1896, 1898, 1900, 1901, and 1903 new additions were made. It is now the custom for the boys at the school to plant a few new trees every year. An airplane view of the Island gives the flyer a feeling of gratitude for the restoration of thousands of trees which have given a "sylvan covering" to at least one island in the Harbor.

We visited this Island several times in the winter and spring of 1935 and were conducted through all the various establishments. Under the able leadership of Mr. Meacham wonderful work is being done there. If the proud parent who raises one son to manhood is said to have done the community and his country a worthy service, think what we owe to this society, which has supplied fatherly interest and guidance to two thousand times this number. The Farm and Trades School at Thompson's Island is a splendid example of what can be done for the needy boy of today.

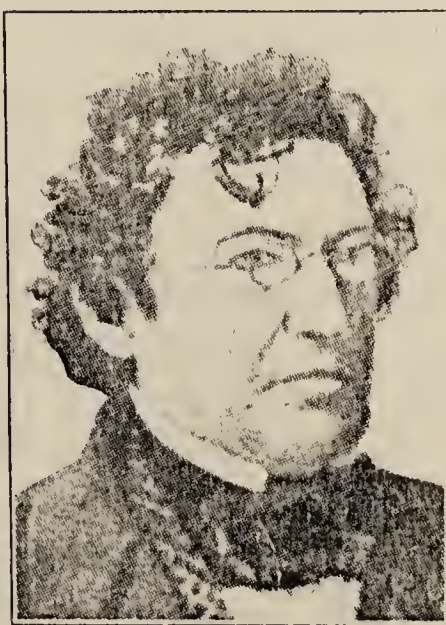


AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR TO THOMPSON'S ISLAND

THREE FARM AND TRADES SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS



E. M. P. WELLS



CORNELIUS FELTON



WILLIAM M. MEACHAM

ISLANDS ALONG THE BACK CHANNEL

WE now shall consider the seven Back Channel Islands, two of which, Cat and Half-Moon, have disappeared from the Harbor. The other islands to be observed are Spectacle, Moon, Hangman's, Thimble, and Nut.

SPECTACLE ISLAND

Lying between Castle and Long Islands, the two cliffs of Spectacle Island occupy a commanding location in Boston Harbor. The earliest mention of this *pince-nez* Island is in 1635, when it was included with Deer, Hog, and Long Islands for a total yearly rent of four shillings. The first known excitement took place three years later when 30 woodsmen were marooned here by the cold weather. Twelve of the men were later able to reach Governor's Island, but seven of them were carried on the ice out to the Brewster Islands where they remained for two days without food or fire. One woodcutter died, and many of the men had their arms and legs frozen.¹

In 1649 the town of Boston granted the Island to planters for the small yearly rate of sixpence an acre, but the plan did not work out very well. Presently Thomas Bill, a lighterman, began to buy up the rights of the owners of Spectacle Island, and by January 25, 1681 had acquired 35 acres. Samuel Bill, his son, now bought his father's acres and together with what he purchased from other people, believed he owned the whole of the Island. Samuel was a butcher by trade.

His claim was disputed by Josiah, the son of Wampatuck, but Bill straightway satisfied Josiah with "coin of the realm." Samuel Bill died on August 18, 1705, leaving the Island to his widow with the provision that if she married she would lose $\frac{2}{3}$ of it. Less than a year later she married Eleazer Phillips, thus forfeiting most of the Island to her son Samuel Bill, the younger. He acquired the rest of the land at her death.²

After the inhabitants of Dorchester had protested against locating the proposed quarantine hospital at Squantum Neck, Spectacle Island was chosen as the site. On July 30, 1717, Samuel Bill and his wife Sarah sold a part of the Island for £100, and a suitable house was soon erected to receive the sick from incoming ships.

Since ships coming from Ireland in 1729 carried smallpox, all Irish vessels arriving in Boston Harbor were required to discharge their passengers and crew at Spectacle Island Quarantine. A letter from William Beard to the selectmen of Boston, dated November 17, 1729, gives the reader some insight into the trials of the sea captain of that period. Beard, commander of the ship *Ann*, told the selectmen that he had brought his ship down to Spectacle Island from Ireland a month before and that "the Men and Passengers have thoroughly aired themselves so that now there is no danger of any infection being spread therefrom." He saw winter approaching and was anxious to start repairs so that the ship might again sail the high seas. His request was duly granted.³

Wild animals have at various times lived on the islands in the Harbor, but very few have actually come to live there while they were occupied by white people. In 1725, however, so many bears were being killed around Boston that some of the beasts took to the ocean for refuge, several of them swimming across to Spectacle Island. Two were killed as they tried to escape, but only after a desperate struggle.

Samuel Bill, Junior, died September 24, 1733, at his home on the Island. Shortly afterwards the selectmen of Boston believed another location was necessary for the Quarantine Station. On December 2, 1736, a committee reported that Rainsford's Island was available for this purpose. It seemed an ideal part of the Harbor, with deep waterways on each side of the Island. A hospital was planned and commenced at Rainsford's, and by the end of 1737 it was ready for occupation. Spectacle Island, no longer needed by the city, was sold to Richard Bill in 1739.

In 1798 Joshua Henshaw was the only occupant of Spectacle Island, according to the census made that year. At this time the value of the buildings on the property was \$200.

Two summer hotels were established at Spectacle Island, one run by a Mr. Woodroffe and the other by a Mr. Reed. A thriving business was enjoyed, but the existence of certain games not allowed by the city of Boston brought police raiders in the year 1857, and from that time on the hotel business failed to prosper. The same year Nahum Ward paid \$15,000 for the property, including two houses and two brick powder magazines similar to those at Governor's Island.⁴ One of these powder magazines is still to be seen near the bridge of the nose on the low land. The history of these powder storerooms is unknown, as no one knows when they were built. The first house on the Island was brought down on lighters by Mr. Ward from Boston.

Nahum Ward had a prosperous business of rendering dead horses and cattle. His son, Francis J. Ward, in 1882 said his work at Spectacle Island prevented many a plague in Boston, for if the dead animals had been allowed to stay in the city as long as three days, serious results might have followed.

In 1886 Joseph Marion moved to Spectacle from Long Island and built a cabin on the southern side of the cliff. Marion

died in 1892, and his wife later married José Safarino, who had come to live at Spectacle Island in 1888. He had one son, José, aged 18, who made frequent visits over to Quarantine Rocks where he called on the jovial Grisiano Rio, otherwise known as Joe the Rock and Portuguese Joe.

The year 1898 had much excitement in store for the Safarino family. On April 24, during a severe blow, a cat-boat capsized right over Sculpin Ledge, half a mile from shore. José and his son rowed out in the gale and rescued the four men in the boat. One man was unconscious when picked up and died shortly afterwards. That November brought the dreadful *Portland* Storm and the great four masted steamship *Ohio* of the Wilson line went ashore close to their home. It was later pulled off.

Frank L. Murphy, who is at the present time in charge of Boston's Sidewalk License Bureau, was born at Spectacle Island around 1890. He well remembers when the Reverend Mr. Hughes of Saint Mary's was rescued from drowning off the rocks of Spectacle Island by his father. The Reverend Mr. Hughes was so grateful that he consecrated a chapel which Mr. Murphy constructed at the Island, and for many years was a frequent visitor at the Murphy residence.

In 1892 the garbage reclaiming plant was located at Moon Island. Twenty years later, on April 12, 1912, the establishment was moved over to Spectacle Island and became known as the Boston Development and Sanitary Company, with Mr. Cranford in charge. In 1922 the contract was given to the Coleman Disposal Company and ten years later it was again awarded to this firm. The refining business of the Ward Plant gradually dropped off, and not for many years have dead horses and cows been brought to this plant, being now sent to Billerica instead. Ward, however, still owns the northern bluff of the Island, except for the acre of land occupied by the Lighthouse Department.

Just after the turn of the century four range lights were erected, but with the widening and straightening of the main channel, two of the lights were found unnecessary and demolished. Mr. Creed was keeper at this time, remaining at the lights for over twenty years. He was succeeded by Captain Lelan Hart who came from Boston Light in 1926. Two years ago Hart's family moved ashore to Medfield, but Hart is still the keeper of Spectacle Island Range Lights.

A little red school house, now deserted, was for many years the center of activity for the children of the Island. Miss Ann MacWilliams was the last teacher in this building, coming to the Island in 1916. Her final class was held in September 1933. At that time the pupils were Marion Timmons, Neal Haskins, and Helen Lescovitz. Garbage from Boston has now added five acres to the size of the Island, and is being piled almost up to the door of the old school house.

A real old-fashioned stable stands high on the northern cliff of the Island. Almost every map and chart of Boston Harbor shows a barn at the same location, and this building may be a hundred years old. Farther down the hill is the old reservoir where the residents enjoy good skating in the winter time. A great number of spiders inhabit the northern side of the Island, and their webs are spun everywhere, especially about the deserted houses.

We visited the Island on Sunday, August 9, 1934, and spent the entire day rambling about the farm, lighthouses, and the two refineries. Walking toward José Safarino's cottage on the southern cliff, we reached the hut just as night was coming on. Safarino invited us in, and we sat down at his table. Lighting his lantern, he spun story after story of his childhood in the Harbor, telling how he played around the guns at Long Island Head as a child. He also spoke of his service aboard the Lighthouse Tender *Mayflower*, and of the rescue in 1898 which earned him the Massachusetts Humane Society's medal.

As the evening wore on, the time came to go back to our boat, so we bade farewell to this island fisherman. He warned us against the dangers of the garbage dump, where the rats grew as large as cats. We were lucky, however, to encounter the night watchman of the Island, George Lowther, who guided us along the road, keeping the great rodents away with his flashlight. We reached our boat without further incident.

Robert Lyons is superintendent of the disposal plant, and Benjamin A. Wiatt the master mechanic. A great fire in 1934 destroyed many of the buildings on the northern bluff. Fruit and vegetables grow on the dump in the summer time, with squash, watermelons, honeydews, and tomatoes all coming up of their own accord. Incidentally, the garbage dump has completely changed the contour of the Island so that it no longer resembles a pair of spectacles.

Unfortunately for those people who live nearby, the odors wafted by the breeze are quite obnoxious. "Whichever way the wind doth blow," some section of the surrounding shore line receives a strong hint that the garbage incinerators are functioning.

THIMBLE, CAT, AND HALF-MOON ISLANDS

Between Thompson's Island and the mainland there is a small ledge the size of a house-lot which the government chart honors by calling Thimble Island. It is a very appropriate name as it is a diminutive island.

Two other islands, formerly much larger than the area the Government Chart indicates for Thimble Island, have disappeared from the waters of the Harbor. Cat Island, located in Town River Bay is only mentioned twice in history. It was the home of one John Bond, a native of Boston, who gave a mortgage for it sometime before 1700. Some years later, Joseph

Palmer sold it to James Brackett, and since it has now been dug up and taken away as filling material, it is quite probable there will be no occasion for further historical research.

Half-Moon Island, however, has figured a little more in the history of the period. It was formerly a fishing and hunting center for nearby residents. On April 7, 1806, at a town meeting in Quincy, it was voted to abandon the restriction respecting fishing and fowling on this Island.⁵

Colonel John Quincy once lived at Wollaston where he often entertained his friends, and traditions have come down to the present time of his famous strawberry parties given at Half Moon Island before the top of "that now submerged gravel ridge" had been wholly washed away. When the Moon Island sewer was put in, much of the earth needed to construct the strandway out to the Head was taken from Half-Moon Island.

HANGMAN'S ISLAND

Hangman's Island is the next subject of our tour. It was often used in Colonial days as a source of slate material, Mrs. Olive Smallpiece owning the slate rights in the last part of the seventeenth century. One day Aaron Ingraham and Joseph Rayner went to the Island to get a load of slate which Mrs. Smallpiece claimed was already cut. When they arrived and found that there was no cut stone, the men were forced to go over to Squantum to hire the services of William Green, a stone-splitter, before going to Hough's Neck to take in the slate.⁶

For some unknown reason, the town of Quincy never claimed Hangman's Island, and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts took it over years ago. The regulations under which it may be leased prevented construction of a house or shack of any sort, but many fishermen disregarded the rules and built small

service sheds in which they lived and stored their traps and seines. Matthew Powell on the ninth of January 1878, asked permission to occupy the Island, and ten years later Charles D. Daggett leased the acre of land for \$50.00 a year. About this time the dredging companies dumped mud dug from the channel into the area near Hangman's Island, so that there are now flats about the Island.

On January 1, 1896, William J. Greenfield leased the Island, continuing to occupy it until the World War. After the war Stewart C. Woodworth lived here for three years. G. R. Maertins leased the Island for a gunning stand in 1929, but his permit expired in 1930 and was not renewed. At present there is no occupant there. While canoeing last December we were marooned here for several hours when the wind reached gale force. In the lull which occurred about five o'clock that afternoon we headed for Long Island, where we were rescued by Captain Wilbur Bryant in the *Hilda E.*

MOON ISLAND

Moon Island, now connected to the mainland by the earth and gravel brought here from Half-Moon Island, was formerly called Manning's Moone, and in 1656 was valued at 28 pounds.⁷ John Holland owned the Island around 1665, and when he died the estate was sold to Henry Ashhurst. The great sewer to Moon Island was begun in 1878, and for many years has been emptying into Boston Harbor on the outgoing tides. The present foreman in charge of the Moon Island Pumping Station, Thomas McMorrow, was appointed August 1, 1935. The only recorded excitement here was during the Revolution, when a Continental soldier was killed on the Head during one of the Harbor skirmishes.

NUT ISLAND

The first mention we can find of Nut Island is on August 5, 1680, when Obediah Walker sold two-thirds of the Island to Richard Harris. At this time the Island was also called Hoffs Thumb, because it was off the shore from Hoffs Neck, now known as Hough's Neck.

In 1793 a drift-way for cattle was constructed between Nut Island and the mainland at Hough's Neck, and it was off this same drift-way 72 years later that Marcus Cram met his death. The cattle run was covered at high tide by about seven feet of water. Cram and his family had driven over to Nut Island at low tide when the bar was bare. When they started to go back to the mainland he believed it was not too deep for his horse, but the animal, becoming confused in the current, ran the buggy off the drift-way into deep water, and the family was soon struggling in the Bay. William H. Mears saw the accident from shore and saved all the occupants except Cram, who had gone down before Mears reached the scene.⁸

A few years later the Federal Government started a testing ground for the heavy ordnance which was built at the Alger Foundry in South Boston. An epocal event of the period took place in October 1876, when a projectile weighing over five hundred pounds hit the Prince's Head target almost a mile away so hard that it penetrated completely through the twelve-inch plates of solid wrought iron. Another test a little later might have ended disastrously had not the shell cleared Prince's Head target by several hundred feet and buried itself in the graveyard at Hull.

The road connecting Nut Island and Hough's Neck is now well above the high-water mark, permitting automobiles to drive out and around the Island. At present the Southern Metropolitan District empties its sewerage into the Harbor from the Pumping Station at Nut Island.

A little incident which Morton of Merrymount tells concerning his servant Bubbles and Nut Island will close our survey of what was once known as Hoffs Thumb:⁹

“Bubbles and hee goes in the Canow to Nut-Island for Brants, and there his host makes a shotte and breakes the winges of many. Bubbles in hast and single handed, paddels out lik a Cow in cage; his host calls back to rowe two handed like to a pare of oares, and before this could be performed, the fowles had time to swimme to other flockes, and so to escape; the best part of the pray being lost, mayd his host to mutter at him, and so to parte for that time discontented.”

GOVERNOR'S, APPLE AND SNAKE ISLANDS

AS the visitor to Boston sails up the main ship channel and passes Deer Island Light on his way to the pier, he notices three islands, each in turn larger than the other, on the starboard side of the boat. They are Snake, Apple, and Governor's Islands, long connected with the history of our Bay. Snake Island has scarcely three acres, Apple Island can claim nine, while Governor's Island still has 70 acres intact from the ravages of the sea.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND

Governor's Island has had without question more unofficial visitors than any other Boston island in the past generation, as hundreds of boats from South Boston, Charlestown, East Boston, and Winthrop call here every year. As far as casual visitors are concerned, it is safe to say it is the best known island in all New England.

In scarcely five minutes as we make our way up the Harbor, we are close to the green, hilly shores of the Isle, and its beauty holds our attention. As we round the southern point, we notice the demilune battery on the shore, and drop anchor near the ruined granite wharf. Then we row ashore, land on the sandy beach, and walk up to the old well. We are now near the site of the home of John Winthrop, the first Puritan occupant of the Island. Let us sit down on the old granite blocks and

think back three centuries, when these 70 acres were known as Conant's Island.

Roger Conant owned the Island while he was a resident of Nantasket. According to his statement of June 2, 1671,¹ he had been a planter in New England "these 48 years and three months" and had been with the first, he believed the very first, to live in "this wilderness." Conant is regarded by John Wingate Thornton as the first actual governor of Massachusetts. Roger Conant later moved to Salem, and then to Beverly where he died at the age of 86. Although we have no actual record to prove that he lived on the Island, it is reasonable to believe that he spent some of his life here.

The struggles of the Court of Massachusetts concerning the leasing of the Island to John Winthrop form a unique part of the records of Massachusetts Bay. Before Winthrop was awarded the property it had been appropriated for "publique benefits and uves" on July 5, 1631. Exactly twenty-four days later it somewhat belied this purpose when the ship *Friendship* ran aground here on its way to the Christopher Islands. Not quite a year later, the entire Island was "demised to John Winthrop, Esq., the psent Goun^r, for the terme of his life, for the ffine of fforty shillings, & att the yearely rent of xijd."² John Winthrop promised to plant a vineyard and an orchard here, and in return his heirs were to be allowed the Island for 21 years, provided they paid one-fifth part of all fruits and profits to the Court. The Government reserved the right to take the Island away from the heirs if they failed to improve the property. Conant's Island was called Governor's Garden this same year.

Certain changes were made in the agreement between Winthrop and the Court on March 4, 1635, whereby the rent was made a "hogshead of the best wine that shall growe there, to be paid yearely, after the death of the said John Winthrop,

and noething before." The vineyard did so poorly, however, that the Court decided to take no chances with the future, so on May 12, 1640, the rent was again changed, this time to two bushels of apples every year. As this was to be paid during his lifetime, John Winthrop made the first payment on the 7th of October, 1640. The Winthrop family probably continued this yearly payment until 1683, for at that time Adam Winthrop petitioned to be allowed to make a final cash settlement. The Court granted his request, allowing him to send "fiue pounds money forthuith, by the first opportunity, to our agents in England."³ This incident was the final step in the involved arrangement which John Winthrop had begun many years before.

In January 1642, a very peculiar accident occurred just off the Island. Three men, sailing a shallop from Braintree, were approaching Castle Island when the sail had to be shortened. One of them, in stepping forward, caught his foot on a fowling piece which had a French lock. The firearm exploded, shooting him in the thigh, while the man in the stern received 40 shots in his chest. The third man, unharmed by the explosion, was able to bring the boat to Governor's Island where the injured men were attended. Both wounded men eventually recovered.

President Henry Dunster of Harvard was a property owner in Boston Harbor at one time. John Winthrop, in 1641, granted Governor's Island to Dunster and Captain George Cooke, provided they turned the property over to Adam Winthrop and Elizabeth Glover on the occasion of this couple's marriage. John Winthrop, however, reserved for himself one-third of all the grapes, apples, pears, and plums that might grow there. This orchard was probably the first in the Colony.

In our chapter on Castle Island we mention the arrival of Monsieur La Tour, the French Huguenot, at Boston Harbor, and the incident concerning La Tour, Winthrop, and Mrs. Gibbons on the beach at Governor's Island. Let us go on from

that point. After inviting La Tour and Mrs. Gibbons to supper, Winthrop sent the lady home in his own boat and went up to town with the Frenchman. La Tour was lodged at Captain Gibbons' house in Boston, and the next day the colonists discussed just what they should do about the request of La Tour for men and ships to fight D'Aulnay, La Tour's Catholic enemy. The Puritans told La Tour that they would not object to his hiring men in the colony, but informed the Huguenot they were forced to withhold their official approval.

On July 14, 1643, La Tour left Boston Harbor with a fleet of six vessels, including his own, and on arriving at Saint John engaged in a short skirmish with D'Aulnay. The next year La Tour again came to Boston but as D'Aulnay meanwhile had sent a committee to wait upon the governor, the Puritans cooled considerably toward La Tour's proposals, dismissing him with a small quantity of commodities and a vessel. La Tour repaid the trusting colonists by seizing the ship lent him and putting the Boston men on shore near Cape Sable.⁴ Perhaps the final point to remember in the whole affair is that when D'Aulnay died in 1651, La Tour married his wife!

Adam Winthrop leased Governor's Island to Sir Thomas Temple in 1669 for 21 pounds, and Temple in turn rented it to William Towers and John Kind, Boston butchers, for 30 pounds. Temple left for England soon after the transaction, and in his absence Governor's Island changed hands. Nicholas Salisbury was a tenant of John Keer who leased the Island in 1700 from John Richard, the American agent of Sir Thomas Temple.

Ann Winthrop became heir to Governor's Island shortly after 1700. Although Sweetser tells us that in 1696 an eight-gun battery had been constructed on the southeastern point and a ten-gun battery erected on the southwestern point, no batteries were actually built there till much later. Ann Win-

throp was notified in 1744 that the Government had decided to erect a battery at the eastern shore. From the speech of Governor William Shirley to the House of Representatives on October 10, 1744, we learn that:

"A Committee of your House have been with me to view a proper Place on *Governor's Island* for erecting a Battery to prevent the Enemy's landing on the back side of it, which would expose the Works at Castle William to their Bombs, and have, I suppose, treated with the proprietor about purchasing Land there for that Use."

On October 19, 1744 a bill for this purpose was passed, and five days later five hundred pounds was appropriated for a block house and two batteries to be placed at Governor's Island. Three acres of the land were purchased from Ann Winthrop for the fort.

An aftermath of the capture of Louisburg in 1745 was the incident of the deserving watchman. Governor Shirley told John Day, a tenant at Governor's Island, to guard the Harbor against any vessels arriving in port just before the fleet started for the Canadian expedition. Day and night for six months he watched the Harbor, even hiring others to help him. The work cost John Day 50 pounds in addition to "Arms Powder & Ball Lignori and Provisions for all those who watch'd."⁵ On December 9, 1749, the House of Representatives ordered that Day be paid the sum of 24 £ 10 s 9d in full consideration for his service. Phipps, who was then governor of Massachusetts, approved the settlement the House had made with Day.

A number of people were born at Governor's Island during the three centuries of occupation by white men. An outstanding privateer, David Williams, was born near the site of the present ruined wharf back in 1759, and his exploits in Boston Harbor and Massachusetts Bay were long remembered by those who knew him.

The Revolutionary War came and went without disturbing the tranquil sleep of the Island which Roger Conant once owned, and only one incident of note can be connected with the birth of our Nation. On March 5, 1776, five of Lord Percy's transport ships were driven ashore at Governor's Island in a great gale which completely thwarted the British in their plans for overcoming the Americans at Dorchester Heights. After the evacuation of Boston, the Island was too near the city to be used for cannonading the British fleet lying in Nantasket and President Roads.

But more eventful days were at hand. Ten years after the Treaty of Paris the Massachusetts Historical Society, at the invitation of James Winthrop, held a regularly scheduled meeting near the site of John Winthrop's house. I hope that they had less trouble in landing than would be experienced by the historians of today. After the minutes of the meeting were read and the business discussed, the group enjoyed a walk around the Island. It would be an event if some historical society of today should meet at one of our Harbor islands.

The Massachusetts Direct Tax Census of 1798 lists Governor's Island as having only one dwelling, Josiah Mason being the occupant and James Winthrop the owner. At that time the Island's value was placed at \$500, but no mention is made of the guard house or the batteries. On the ninth of April, 1808, the Government purchased from James Winthrop one acre of land at the southern point and three acres on the summit, together with a road 40 feet wide between the two. The purchase price was \$15,000. The fort was named for Joseph Warren.

On May 23, 1808, the demilune battery was begun on the southern point by Lieutenant Sylvanus Thayer, who is known as the "Father of West Point." Thayer also erected the four-star fortress at the top of the hill and the dungeon keep which was built on the same spot prior to the Civil War. The genius of this young officer has never been fully appreciated by the

residents of Massachusetts, and it is believed that the greatest engineer which the army has ever produced should have some recognition for his work. In addition to the battery, a brick guard house and a small powder magazine were built. The powder magazine still stands today, but all we can find of the guard house which once stood on the southern end are the crumbled walls. The shore battery has been completely ruined by the sea which has taken at least an acre of land from this point in the last hundred years.

Another demilune battery was erected on the shore half a mile nearer Boston, and this lunette stands practically as it was originally built except that the guns have been removed. The only damage to this demilune was from the great explosion which rocked Boston on September 7, 1902. We shall discuss this later in the chapter. These two demilune batteries were established on the beach so that they could give a raking fire to hostile warships coming up the Harbor. Fortunately they were never called into action although they were occupied during the War of 1812 by a plucky band of Bostonians.

On the wall of the Bostonian Society office at the Old State House there is a view taken from Beacon Hill.⁶ This sketch shows the home of the Sea-Fencibles, a low one-story building erected over the water of what was formerly Back Bay. This organization, which included many prominent Bostonians, possibly caused the British to give up the idea of capturing Boston. The Sea-Fencibles arranged giant furnaces on the demilunes at Governor's Island for heating iron, shot, and tar to be thrown onto the British ships by mortars. Even a great admiral who reputedly achieved glory against Napoleon, did not accept this challenge of the Sea-Fencibles, preferring to remain off the coast of Massachusetts.

But the 1814 Treaty of Ghent ended our last war with England, and Governor's Island lapsed into the pastoral state it normally enjoyed. Even the announcement in 1833 that it

would lose the name of Fort Warren to George's Island farther down the Harbor did not seem to matter, especially when the new title would honor the first governor of Massachusetts, John Winthrop. As Fort Winthrop it has stood for a century and quietly observed its hundredth anniversary two years ago, with perhaps three people out of two million Greater Bostonians aware of the fact.

The relatively modern fortifications at Governor's Island were commenced shortly before the War between the States, Sylvanus Thayer again being the chief engineer in charge. The zig-zag stairway going down to the demilune battery was installed in 1852, and the dungeon keep was begun about the same time. The keystone of the arch placed over one of the short tunnels gives us the date when the works were finally completed—1872.

We would like to be able to say that many splendid regiments were quartered here from time to time during the Civil War, but such was not the case. Only a skeleton garrison was ever at Fort Winthrop. Various state organizations stationed here were terribly bored with the monotony of the work. In the fall of 1863 General Schouler inspected the fortification and noticed there were 36 guns on the Island. Sometime before 1892 the graves of the soldiers at Fort Warren were transferred to Governor's Island, and in that year the graves of the men at Castle Island were also brought to Fort Winthrop. The graveyard stood on the northern slope of the hill, possibly two hundred yards from the keep. Every grave was again moved in 1908, this time to Deer Island.⁷

After an attempt at garrisoning the Fort had been made during the Spanish-American War, the Island returned to the caretaking status it usually enjoyed. Among the caretakers who have made Fort Winthrop their home since 1880 are the following sergeants: Roche, Schwartz, Neeves, Shaw, Geyer,

Peterson, and Benjamin. Sergeant Benjamin, a West Indian negro who retired and returned to Jamaica, was killed in the great tornado there. Sergeant Shaw had come to Governor's Island from Castle Island in May 1901, bringing his wife and two sons with him. Nothing unusual took place until September 1902. On the seventh day of that month, a Sunday, there were several hundred people visiting the Island. The other resident of the Island had taken a trip to the mainland; Shaw was quite busy warning people away from the various stores of powder hidden in the earthen mounds.

Late that afternoon, three men landed from a fishing boat at the demilune battery located near the bottom of the zigzag stairway and matched coins to see which of them would stay to watch the boat. The three men were Albert Cotton of Somerville, and Joseph Wakefield and Christian Knudson of South Boston. Knudson lost the toss, stayed behind to watch the boat, and thereby saved his life. The other two men climbed the stairs leading up to the path which winds about the entire southern side of the upper level. Soon Knudson could see them near a powder magazine. Cotton sat down on top of the mound and started to smoke his pipe. Wakefield went around to the front of the magazine, and that was the last time he was ever seen. In a moment there was a terrific concussion and Boston felt its worst explosion. Knudson saw Cotton being blown through the air. The whole top of the Island seemed to rise. Bricks, granite blocks weighing tons, earth, and stones were scattered all over the Island. Knudson was struck by a rock and knocked unconscious.

There had been 18,000 pounds of gunpowder stored in regular hundred-pound barrels inside the powder magazine, and in some way it had been ignited. Wakefield was blown to pieces, only a part of his body ever being found. Cotton was found many yards from the scene of the explosion, frightfully

mutilated, and died without regaining consciousness. All over the Island various groups had miraculous escapes from the giant stones which landed among them. The Saint Joseph's A. A. of the West End had been picnicking when the blast went off, and the debris landed all around them. When they discovered that no one was seriously hurt, the entire group knelt in grateful prayer on the slopes of the hillside.

The explosion did considerable damage on the Island, and even out in the Harbor two boats were struck by rocks from the blast. The senior four-oared shell of the Jeffries Point A.A. was sunk by a boulder, and a rowboat coming from East Boston was struck and quickly filled. Passing boats saved the occupants, none of whom was injured. Windows in Lynn and Winthrop were shattered, Castle Island was badly damaged, and plate glass windows on Atlantic Avenue in Boston were smashed. The old castle itself was struck by two granite slabs which can still be seen at the base of the fortress. Four girls, who were trapped in the short tunnel that stands at the head of the zig-zag stairway, were horribly frightened when several huge granite rocks came tumbling in beside them, but they were not hurt.

Sergeant Shaw's residence was down on the lower plain of the Island between the wharf and the 1808 shore battery. His younger son, Hugh, who was playing the piano at the time of the explosion, was thrown to the floor by the shock. The boy rushed out of doors to see that the explosion had actually pushed the tide away from the beach scores of feet, and that a heavy black smoke hung over the entire Island.

On the way to the scene of the explosion, Hugh found terrorized groups huddled together in various parts of the Fort, wondering what the next moment would bring. The boy hurried on and reached the scene of the blast. He saw Cotton's body and started to help the others look for Wakefield. Another man

was found, apparently badly hurt, but after examination it was seen he was only extremely intoxicated. Shaw told the writer in July 1935, that he could never understand why at least a dozen people were not killed by the blast with so many passing and repassing the powder magazine. He also spoke of the terrible feeling he had the next day when his father had him go into the adjacent powder magazine to count the barrels of gunpowder. Shaw was relieved when he completed his count and came out into the sunlight again.

Although it was believed by the investigators that either Wakefield or Cotton set off the explosion, it is only recently that a new version of the story has appeared. I cannot vouch for its accuracy, but it was told to me by a man who has a reputation for truthfulness. He told me that the disaster was caused by twelve boys from East Boston who had broken into the powder magazine to take three hundred-pound kegs of explosives. Breaking open the small barrels, they sprinkled a trail of powder along the path and over to an empty magazine, where the boldest boy scratched a match and applied it to the trail. The method was quite similar to that employed by the British when they blew up Boston Light in 1776. According to this story, the boys, amazed to find that the powder blazed up, were panic stricken. Terrified by the thought of what they had done, they rushed to the back of the abandoned magazine. Meanwhile the blaze was eating its way along the trail, and in a moment the terrific concussion threw the boys against the walls. A few minutes later they dragged their way down to their boat, and soon left the scene of their crime. For 30 years, according to this version, the real story of the explosion has remained an enigma, but with the death of the ringleader a few months ago it can now be told.

The guns on the Island were taken down behind the large barn at the fortress, where they were broken up by dynamite,

and the Fort was soon afterwards practically abandoned. Thus closed the active part in the history of Governor's Island. Although Sergeant Shaw remained at the Island some time longer, the task of keeping hundreds of people in order was too much for any one individual, and in March 1905 the Army removed the caretaker.

The War Department now gave the city of Boston permission to make certain improvements at Governor's Island. In 1911, since nothing had been done, Major-General Frederick D. Grant wrote Mayor Fitzgerald criticizing the city for its neglect. In the same year the Lighthouse Department, thwarted in its efforts to use Castle Island for its base, tried to obtain Governor's Island, thinking it a suitable location. The city of Boston, however, was taking steps for a proposed park at the Island and had already chosen Arthur A. Shurtleff, prominent landscape architect, to draw elaborate plans for the beautification of the property. The Lighthouse Department finally gave up its attempts to gain the Island and moved to Chelsea where it is still situated.

The next spring work began on a long flight of broad granite stairs and a gravel walk leading up from the dock. The wide, granite stairs were completed, and then the entire plan was abandoned because of friction with the Government.

Between the time that the Government removed the ordnance-sergeant from Governor's Island and the year the new stairs were put in, two individuals had gained a somewhat dubious possession of the seventy acres of terrain. They were John Barnacle and Sala Brown, who were staying at the Island in a "quasi-hermitical" state. Although they lived separately at first, each occupying a deserted powder magazine on different sides of the Island, they later decided on a merger and moved into an archway having two small powder storerooms. Barnacle and Brown lived on the clams from the flats and fish from the

water with an occasional dinner of vegetables. Once a month one of them took the dory and rowed to East Boston with two bushels of clams which he exchanged for a bag of potatoes and other supplies. When in 1912 the Park Department began their active work on the Island, these two men were forced to seek another location to carry on their peaceful pursuit of happiness.

An alarming note was seen in the announcement by the City Board of Health on July 24, 1913, that the large well at Governor's Island was a source of typhoid fever. The board recommended that it be cleaned out and properly protected against contamination. A cover was made for the well, and as late as 1931 the water remained pure. A group of boys ripped the covering from the well in August 1931, and since that time refuse has been allowed to accumulate there. In 1934 the Island was posted by the War Department to prevent visitors from drinking the poisonous water. I am afraid, however, that in spite of the danger many of the campers and Sunday visitors still use water from the Island's well.

After the World War the Navy took over Governor's Island, assuming control December 1, 1922. Since the Navy never used the property, in 1930 Mayor James M. Curley included it in his scheme for a great Boston airport. Because of technical restraints placed on the city by the Government, plans were not carried out, and although the airport almost reaches across to the Island, the status today is somewhat uncertain. On August 6, 1935, Governor Curley made a special request of the Federal Government to expend \$1,000,000 to connect the airport and the Island, and he is hopeful that something may still be accomplished along these lines.

The islands in winter are always astonishing revelations of Jack Frost at his best. We have visited many of the deserted islands just after a heavy snowstorm when the scenery itself was well worth a long journey from the fireside on a winter's day.

Perhaps the most enjoyable trip we ever made was on February 1, 1935. At that time we walked across the ice from the East Boston Airport and up the slopes of Governor's Island. Two boys were skiing down the side of the Island. Over by the southern powder magazines, we found a drift 18 feet high and 20 feet wide. At one place, right under the keystone of the arch which reads "1872", the passageway was almost buried from view.

Governor's Island also has its legends and ghost stories. The legends tell us that at one time a chain stretched across the Harbor from Castle Island to Governor's Island. Several small boys have recently assured me that there is still in existence a tunnel which goes under the Harbor from Governor's Island to Castle Island. Of course, there is no truth in either story. We must blame John Winthrop for one of the ghost stories. On the eighteenth of January, 1644, three men sailing into Boston saw weird lights arise out of the water between the city and Governor's Island. The lights shot out sparkles and flames and then took the form of a man. A weird voice was heard calling: "Boy, boy, come away, come away." Winthrop believed that it was the spirit of the sailor who had blown up Captain Chad-dock's pinnace, as the sailor's body was never found.⁸

Now that we have brought our history and romance up to date, we shall continue our journey around Governor's Island. Climbing the Park Department's wide granite stairway, we cross a path, flanked by massive green mounds, which leads in both directions around the Island. There are twenty-four of these mounds containing the powder magazines, with seven on the lower level of the Fort. Reaching the end of the granite stairway, we go through fields, underbrush, and shrubbery until we stand near the old dungeon keep itself. I always like to call it a "castle," as it was formerly entered by a drawbridge over a moat and surely is picturesque enough to be classed with the strongholds of ancient times.

We go down the granite stairs on each side of the two hundred foot tunnel, noticing the original entrance to the old castle high above the level of the dry moat. Last winter, when the snowdrifts extended almost half way up to this entrance, some of the more adventuresome boys from Winthrop jumped down from the entrance into the drift. The only way we can get into the Fort today is through the western side of the cellar, where two of the musketry loopholes have been widened. While squeezing our large frames through the broken musketry loopholes, we think of the Civil War days at Fort Warren when six men forced their way out of similar holes which had not been widened at all!

We are now in the dark cellar, and if you haven't brought your flashlight, you would be wise to go up the stairs to the upper level at once. Stalactites point down from the ceiling; a cool, damp atmosphere pervades the entire cellar. We who have lights will explore the various ghostlike chambers of the lower level, visiting one small room in particular. It is a dungeon hard to find and we must follow directions carefully to reach our goal. First we make sure that we are in the outside room of the northern side of the dungeon keep. Then, with our faces due south, we walk straight ahead out of the doorway and should soon find the entrance to the dungeon. Inside it is always pitch dark, so we must be cautious. The granite upright in the middle of the dungeon was the post around which prisoners were handcuffed, and after a few days spent here the most hardened criminal was probably willing to behave.

Continuing our explorations, we notice the great brick cistern where the water supply was kept. Let us go up the circular granite staircase, the pride of its builder, Sylvanus Thayer. Stopping at the courtyard on the first floor, we view with mingled feelings the ruin caused by the vandals of Boston. These lovers of destruction have done a thorough job of tearing down the inside of the building, but most of its charm can still

be appreciated. Where officers and men formerly paraded we now see only pitiful piles of granite and brick, forever separated from their former grandeur and usefulness. Resuming our climb, we reach the second floor. In 1927 the thrill seeker could work his way around the entire story, balancing on beams and jumping from one window ledge to another. But now there is only a small part of the floor left, comprising the hallway and a small apartment facetiously designated "Mabel's Room," thereby dating the time of this christening as contemporary with the farce, *Up in Mabel's Room*. A dangerous opening in the floor of the hallway makes us careful as we step across to stand at the old entrance. As a boy was killed here in 1930, we shall be very cautious as we move about.

We now ascend the next flight and reach the top of the keep. Here we notice the 16 emplacements where formerly the great guns overlooked the Harbor. A wall six feet wide surrounds the roof of the fortress where at one time the huge Parrott guns were sentinels. The roof was for many years covered by a wooden shelter built to shield the big guns. We jump up on the wall, keeping a respectful distance from its sloping edge and look out over the Harbor. One of the prettiest views of the Bay is from the top of this castle. Eighteen towns and cities can be seen from this vantage point, while over fifty localities can easily be identified with the aid of a telescope.

Ocean liners sweep majestically by on their way to Europe, small pleasure yachts run in and out among the neighboring islands, and sturdy tugs with their barges puff along down the Bay. The drone of an airplane high above the castle is in striking contrast to the peaceful scenes on the Island itself. Castle Island is directly across the Harbor, its green banks dotted with people. There the white monument of granite to Donald McKay and his clipper ships stands out distinctly against the duller gray of Boston's oldest fortress. To the right we see the giant drydock where formerly the *Leviathan* was annually



Photo Ramsdell-Winapac

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND FROM AIR, SHOWING ZIG-ZAG STAIRWAY, SCENE OF 1902 EXPLOSION, AND "THE CASTLE"



THE LAST OF APPLE ISLAND'S GREAT ELMS, 1934



PAINTING OF APPLE ISLAND ABOUT 1900

overhauled. The Custom House, the Federal Building, and the Shoe Machinery Building are prominent in Boston's skyline, while around in the northwest Bunker Hill monument adds its silhouette. Off to the east the Winthrop Water Tower and the Deer Island Prison are outstanding land marks, and far in the distance Graves Light and Boston Light are seen. Around to the southeast Long Island Light and the buildings of the Long Island Hospital add their beauty, while the incinerator at Spectacle Island gives a somewhat dubious note to the vista. Thompson's Island, the home of the Farm and Trades School, completes the delightful view from the top of the old castle. But the sun is getting low in the west, and we must soon leave.

We begin our trip back to the beach by passing through the long tunnel, making a right turn, and walking by three of the empty powder magazines. The third magazine was the one in which young Hugh Shaw counted the powder barrels on September 8, 1902. We now reach the scene of the worst explosion in the history of Boston. Although the contours have been somewhat softened in the 33 years which have intervened since that Sunday afternoon, even now we can see evidence of the catastrophe. The floor of the magazine is still in position, but the huge blocks are scattered about all over the Island. We go down the short tunnel where the four girls hid at that time, climbing over the same blocks which almost crushed them, and descend the curious zig-zag stairway, to the water battery on the beach. After walking along the shore until we are back at the ruined wharf, we get into our tender and row to the ship. And so we say goodbye to Governor's Island, and steer our way out into the Harbor.

APPLE ISLAND

The tree at Apple Island is exactly a mile from the castle at Governor's, but our route by boat is much longer. We must stay in the main channel, sailing about three miles before we

Mary Mortimer married Daniel Waters, reserving the Island for her brother Joseph Wilcox, who lived in Waterford, Ireland. The Revolutionary War came, and the Continental troops probably raided the farm there, taking off cattle and sheep to use for troops at Cambridge. Following the war, and nineteen years after the Treaty of Paris, Mary Wilcox Mortimer Waters died. Joseph Wilcox thus came to own Apple Island, although his residence was 3,000 miles away. When Wilcox died, the Island came into the possession of his son Robert, who moved to Northumberland, England.

We shall now change the scene of our story to Germantown, Quincy. William Marsh and his family came to live in Germantown about the year 1812.¹⁰ He was a quiet Englishman, called by many a "remittance man," as he received money from home at regular intervals. Something turned the inhabitants against Mr. Marsh and his family, so that he was requested to leave town. Marsh had always loved the water, and during his sojourn at Germantown had grown to admire our beautiful Harbor. When his neighbors asked him to leave, he bought a ten-ton sail boat and left Germantown with all his worldly possessions aboard.

Marsh purchased the boat about the first of May, 1814, and cruised all about the Harbor, stopping at Hog Island until John Breed requested him to leave. Among other places which he visited was Apple Island. When the chilling blasts of the November winds made him think of a home for the winter, he remembered the snug colonial mansion of the Mortimers at this Island, so he landed and took possession of the uninhabited house. By the time spring came he was firmly established, and since he was contented in his new home, he tried to find its owner. But as Robert Wilcox was 3,000 miles away, it was not until many years had passed that he was reached. Marsh agreed to pay \$550 for the Island, and on January 15, 1830, the final papers were passed.

Marsh visited Boston once a year, appearing on State Street to discuss the various events of the period. Quite often he was seen at Point Shirley, where he purchased most of his needed provisions. But wherever he went, his manner and bearing were mysterious, and to his death he was looked upon as a very odd character. He died on the Island on November 22, 1833, and was buried on the western slope near his old home. His mansion was destroyed by fire on November 11, 1835.¹¹

Oliver Wendell Holmes was inspired to write his *Island Ruin* about William Marsh of Apple Island. I quote a few lines from the poem:

*They told strange things of that mysterious man;
Believe who will, deny them such as can;
Why should we fret if every passing sail
Had its old seamen talking on the rail?
His birthplace England, as his speech might show
Or his hale cheek, that wore the red streak's glow
He lived at ease beneath his elm-trees' shade
Did naught for gain, yet all his debts were paid;
They said his house was framed with curious cares,
Lest some old friend might enter unawares;
That on the platform of his chamber's door
Hinged a loose square that opened through the floor;
Touch the black silken tassel next the bell,
Down with a crash, the flapping trapdoor fell;
Three stories deep the falling wretch would strike,
To writhe at leisure on a boarder's pike.
Why tell each idle guess, each whisper vain?
Enough; the scorched and cindered beams remain.
He came, a silent pilgrim to the West,
Some old-world mystery throbbing in his breast;
Close to the thronging mart he lived alone;
He lived; he died. The rest is all unknown.*

Marsh's daughters attracted many young men from the nearby mainland, and the girls married into the better families of what was formerly called Pullen Point. There are today many descendants of William Marsh living in the town of Winthrop.

Apple Island was sold to the city of Boston by Edward T. Marliave on May 21, 1867, for \$3,750. Sweetser mentions many of the ships which have been burned on the shores of the Island, including the *Ontario*, the *Baltic*, and the *James Adger*. The last vessel to be burned near Apple Island was the *Coyote*, destroyed nearly ten years ago. The hulk became such a menace to navigation that it was towed out to sea a few years ago and sunk in deep water. The remains of three vessels are still on the Apple Island Flats, but they have rotted away to such an extent that they are not dangerous to the boats sailing over them at high tide.

When the Portuguese settlers were forced to leave Long Island, they scattered all over the Harbor, two or three families choosing Apple Island on which to establish their homes. Joseph King, one of the Portuguese who moved there, was soon made the official representative at the Island of the Board of Street Commissioners of Boston, under whose jurisdiction the property remained. Unfortunately for King, the belligerent element of the city soon found that Apple Island was an ideal place to engage in fistic combats, and the neighboring town of Winthrop protested against the uproar which could be heard there every Sunday. The city of Boston sent Patrolmen Emil S. Liemann and T. T. McCarthy down to the Island on August 25, 1901, to maintain order, and soon the residents of nearby localities were allowed to spend their Sundays in peace.

A few years later Patrolman Cavagnaro moved to Apple Island, and from that time on the Island became a rendezvous for Charlestown residents. James J. Doherty built a handsome cottage on the very foundations of Marsh's old home, with a

flagstaff in the front yard. Mr. Doherty's brothers were quite often seen there spending their week-ends with him. T. F. Harrington had a fine residence built near the landing and called it the Hooker Camping Club of Charlestown. William Hunter was well-known as a camper here. But time brought many changes. In the winter, gangs of hoodlums went ashore and burned the summer cottages until gradually all the houses disappeared.

The last couple to live at Apple Island was Milan R. Ober and his wife, who moved there on July 15, 1932, building a small residence. They spent an enjoyable summer at the Island, but during a gale in the first week in November the house in which they had been living was lifted up into the air and blown over the cliff to the beach. Luckily they were both ashore at the time. The Obers did not rebuild.

When we walked across the ice to Apple Island on February 1, 1935, the cliff on the eastern side was breaking away in huge slabs and slipping into the sea. It was a most impressive sight, with the great pieces of earth, 30 inches thick and sometimes 15 feet square, lying diagonally against the cliff. Unless a seawall is erected, the Island will gradually wash away and in 50 or 60 years will be reduced to six or seven acres.

Apple Island was believed at one time a likely site for a fort, but the plans were never carried through. It was on February 25, 1826, that the War Department reported the Island an ideal location for harbor defense work.

On June 29, 1935, it was announced that the "Suffolk Downs Associates," a group of citizens from East Boston, Chelsea, and Revere, desired to take over the Island to erect suitable buildings there for recreational purposes. We are all watching this latest attempt to utilize the fine resources of Apple Island, and trust that soon again the people from the mainland will enjoy the pleasures of this island paradise.

The Apple Island legend is a tragic one. Some ten years before Marsh landed there for the first time, it is said that a beautiful young girl, a descendant of one of the royal governors, was missed from home, and a few weeks later her lifeless body was recovered from the waters off Apple Island. Since a band of robbers was living on the Island at that time, the young girl's sweetheart at once suspected that the men were the cause of his lady's death. Nothing was heard from him for weeks, until a friend finally disclosed that he had gone to the Island and joined the robber band in order to find out the details of the girl's death.

One day a fisherman was sailing by the Island, and as was usually the case, looked at the tall elm which still stands at the top of the Island to get his bearings. From the lower limb of the elm there hung a body! Knowing about the robber band, he did not dare to go ashore, but on reaching Boston he notified the authorities who dispatched armed men to the spot. When the body was cut down, it was found to be that of the young man who had tried to avenge his sweetheart's death. There was not a robber left on the Island, and they never again returned to the scene of their double crime. The ghosts of the two were said to be still walking up and down the shores and around the great elm in 1900, but not for these 35 years have they been either seen or heard.

SNAKE ISLAND

Between Apple Island and the Winthrop shore lies an island of 3.36 acres called Snake Island, the goal of scores of children as well as older folk from Winthrop. Here they play pirates or dig in the sand, spending many happy hours in the peaceful locality. Snake Island was so named because its shape resembled a coiled serpent.

We know how heavily wooded all the islands were in early colonial days, and possibly there were wild animals at Snake Island at that time. At any rate, it is called Bare Island on Fayrwether's Chart which was printed about 1689. Just what Bare stood for will, in all probability, never be known, but possibly the Island was barren of trees. The early history of the Island is quite obscure, but we do know that in 1720 Mehitabel Selby owned this little tract of land off Winthrop's shore. Some time later it was purchased by John Tenny, along with 56 acres at Pullen Point.¹²

In the early days of the Revolutionary War, Snake Island was mentioned in a resolve of the Committee of Safety for May 14, 1775, as follows: "*Resolved*, as the opinion of this Committee, that all the live-stock be taken from Noddle's Island, Hog Island, Snake Island, and from that part of Chelsea near the sea-coast."¹³ James Lloyd Homer speaks of an unsuccessful treasure hunt at Snake Island around 1830. Perhaps the treasure still awaits some romantic person who is willing to dig up the entire Island to find the buried gold which has so far eluded all searchers.

The Treworgy brothers from Winthrop lived on Snake Island in 1900 in the cabin of the deserted steamer *United States*. They tended about 150 lobster traps around the Harbor. Although they did not stay on the property the year round, they came to the Island about the first of March and left around the middle of November. One of the brothers was drowned from his boat off the Island a few years later, and the other brother finally gave up the lobster business and left the Island.

The Island had passed into the possession of the Tewksburys and the Belchers and was sold for tax claims to Captain Samuel G. Irwin for \$12. O. E. Lewis had purchased the land late in the nineteenth century from Captain Irwin; in 1912 the

several squatters on the Island were told that the \$3 yearly fee they had been paying to stay on the Island would be raised to \$10. The shack on the south side of the Island was the home of James Adams. The cabin occupied by Horton D. Fullerton was next in line, while the residence of Bill Carey, whose Portuguese name did not at all resemble his new American one, came next. The latter's hut boasted the only flagstaff on the Island, from which the Stars and Stripes floated on the breeze Sundays and holidays. Next door was John Green, over whose door the sign "Welcome to Guests" somewhat surprised the casual visitor. Judson G. Fullerton lived nearest Winthrop's shore in a small shack. Another man by the name of Hunt made his home there at this time. Each man was in the lobster-trapping and clam-digging business.

The Winthrop Board of Health finally decreed against the occupation of Snake Island, and gradually the inhabitants moved away to less deserted shores. It has been many years since a house has stood on Snake Island, and probably many more will pass before some venturesome person again dares to locate there. It is now under the trusteeship of W. H. Dunbar.

RAINSFORD'S, GALLOP'S, AND LOVELL'S ISLANDS

A STRAIGHT line drawn from Lovers' Rock on Lovell's Island going through Beachy Point at Gallop's Island crosses George's Island Road to touch Rainsford's Island at East Head. This line, drawn to connect the three islands, separates Boston Harbor into a northwestern and southeastern division. If the line were continued, it would touch the mainland at Quincy and cross Green Island on its way out of the Harbor. We shall first take up Rainsford's Island.

RAINSFORD'S ISLAND

Owen Rowe,¹ writing to John Winthrop during the winter of 1636, requested that "Mr. Ransford may be accommodated with lande for a farme." Thereupon the Puritan Government gave Elder Edward Rainsford a small island of eleven acres located between Peddock's and Long Islands, about a seven miles' sail from Boston. This Island has for many years been called one of the Harbor's prettiest, but in its present ruinous state it is hardly attractive from the channel. West Head still contains many delightful nooks and coves, however, and the High Bluff on the eastern side is a well-known landmark. This bluff slopes away on the inside to form a flat area large enough for a baseball diamond. Between this land and West Head there is a narrow strip of beach, formerly wide enough for a road but now barely passable at high tide. When seen from the air, the Island resembles an elongated animal.

Edward Rainsford, or Raynsford as the name was sometimes spelled, was the brother of Sir Richard Rainsford, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. At the time of the Antinomian Controversy, the Puritans declared Rainsford a heretic and disarmed him. Elder Rainsford lived to a good old age and died on August 16, 1680. His widow, who survived him by eight years, is buried in King's Chapel graveyard. At her death the Island was given to the children of her daughter Elizabeth who had married Captain William Greenough. Captain Greenough, representing his children, sold the Island in 1691 to John and Benjamin Loring of Hull for 22 pounds. Twenty-eight years later Benjamin conveyed the property to Matthew Loring.²

In 1735 the shipowners of Boston were discussing the advisability of transferring the Quarantine Station from Spectacle Island to a more suitable location and considered Rainsford's Island with favor. The committee appointed to visit the Island reported that it was a satisfactory location. At this time the property was owned jointly by at least a dozen Lorings. When the Loring family agreed to sell the Island for 570 pounds, a sum which was acceptable to the committee, Selectman Jeffries duly paid them this amount.³

The hospital was moved here from Spectacle Island in 1737, but before this, the Island seems to have been used either by the Indians or the colonists as a burial ground. An incident which occurred many years later confirms this idea. Dr. J.V.C. Smith, on the Island in the spring of 1826, watched a lad setting up posts around some young trees. The boy drove his crowbar into one of the many sunken pits and found a human skull in a fairly good state of preservation. Smith believed that the sunken pits near the old fever hospital were ancient graves, but both history and tradition are silent concerning them. Smith was able to count about five hundred graves in 1826,

and believed that with careful examination perhaps seven hundred could be identified. About this time a most unusual stone grave was discovered containing a skeleton with an iron sword hilt, possibly suggesting the burial place of that ancient Norseman, Thorwald.⁴

Diarist Ezekial Price wrote on September 2, 1778, of his visit here with many prominent dignitaries to view the French fleet then in the Harbor. The men from the fleet were sent ashore at George's Island, Peddock's Island, and Nantasket to construct fortifications.

Thomas Spear, the hero of the Lovers' Rock tragedy, became keeper of Rainsford's Island in 1796, holding the position until his death in 1812. He is buried in the cemetery here, near his son George, who succeeded Thomas Spear as keeper.

A frequent visitor to Rainsford's Island in 1819 was Rev. Frederick W. A. S. Brown who lived at Deer Island during the summer and visited many of the islands around the Harbor that year. Brown's impressions of Rainsford's Island follow:

*To Rainsford's little pleasant isle,
Does precedence belong;
Here kindness dwells and Hobart's smile
Your welcome would prolong.*

*The sailor here when dire disease
His body has oppressed
May lie upon the bed of ease
With kind attentions blest.*

*While Welch, the son of healing art,
Will due prescription give;
And use each mean to soothe the heart
And make the suff'rer live.*

*Here sprightly youth may exercise
Upon the bowling green;
When no rude storms deform the skies,
And nature shines serene.*

The Island in 1826 had many buildings which were torn down before the start of the present century, but we have a fairly good idea of how they looked a hundred years ago. There was a large two-story dwelling house shaped like the letter L, a licensed tavern for the accommodation of those who arrived by sea. The keeper's family lived here and enjoyed the library of the tavern, which during the summer months contained newspapers and magazines from all over the United States. To the east of the dwelling house stood the small pox hospital, while off by itself, on a rise in the ground, the fever hospital faced the west. In front of the building was a fence, ten feet high and two hundred feet long, built to keep the sight of the graveyard from the victims at the hospital.

Since the object of quarantine laws is to prevent the introduction of contagious diseases from abroad, all foreign vessels had to anchor in President Road to await examination by the port physician in charge. When a ship arrived, the physician and island keeper went aboard, gave the master a red flag which was displayed from the masthead, and set about to examine both crew and cargo. A list of regulations which had to be complied with was left aboard the ship, and the physician fixed the time when the vessel was to be discharged, providing the regulations were obeyed. They included purification of all bedding, clothes, and cargo, pumping out the bilge water, and an accurate list of all persons on the ship. On passing all the requirements the master was given a certificate. The following is a typical example of a bill of health given by the resident physician:

Rainsford's Island, July 1, 1826.
 THIS CERTIFIES. That I
 have carefully examined the *Schooner George*,
Captain Snow master
 from *St. Pierres* and am of opinion
 that every person on board, Officers, Seamen,
 and Passengers, are free from any contagious
 or malignant disease—that the Cargo, Clothing,
 Beds and Bedding, are free from any infection,
 and may with safety to the inhabitants be
 permitted to proceed to the City.
Jerome Van Crowninshield Smith
 Resident Physician
 To. . . . *Samuel F. McCleary*, City Clerk

The Quarantine Station was moved from Rainsford's Island in 1849. Dr. Smith, who later became mayor of Boston, spent much of his time engraving historical facts and pert proverbs on rocks all over the Island. He was not alone, however, for there are scores of other signatures and messages in many languages dating back to 1647. Perhaps the oldest signature is that of Raynsford, presumably written by the man himself. I have spent many days on the Island trying to decipher the various inscriptions on both gravestones and rocks on the shore. On the southwestern bluff, between the fever hospital of 1832 and the graveyard, we find the following epitaph cut into a rock:



*Nearby these gray rocks
 Enclos'd in a box
 Lies Hatter Cox
 Who died of smallpox.*

A few feet away, the following proverbs were once readable:

*Stones tell tales.
 Time draws teeth.
 Search & see.*

When I first visited Rainsford's Island the above inscription was quite legible, but in July 1934, I was greatly surprised

to see a fairly deep hole dug at the foot of the rock on which these sentences were written, and the inscription itself mutilated and only partly legible. Evidently some person had taken the words literally and had tried to "search and see," but having failed, vented his wrath on the carved words themselves.

On the southeastern shore of the West Head there is a flat, sloping rock formation, in which scores of inscriptions have been chiseled. I have listed most of them, but realizing the reader may not share my enthusiasm, I include only a few:

Dr. T. Welch was here 26 yrs.

Dr. J. V. C. Smith was appointed June 14, 1826

C. P. Tewksbury was appointed Island Keeper in July, 1841

Tewksbury met his death some years later when a bomb exploded at a Fourth of July celebration on Boston Common.

This century-old Latin advice should interest the scholar:⁵

Specta mantum, non frontem hominis, nam,

Verum decus, est, positum, in virtute.

Insula Rupes. A.D. 1835.

On this ledge we also read that the Island was purchased from the Indians for a pig and a pullet. Walking around toward the western part of the bluff, we find engraved the following advice to the drunkard, which, judging from what I have seen in the past few years on the Island, has not been noticed by all of the visitors:

[He] who violates sobriety

Surely [will] never prosper.

Brandy is Death's first turnkey,

The tomb the tipler's early prison.

Walking up from this spot into the graveyard, we find, besides the tombstones mentioned, many of interest to the thoughtful-minded individual. Two inscriptions must suffice. The first is that of the earliest legible gravestone on the Island:

M^r. Ithamer Ward

1749

Another inscription which is often seen on gravestones of the period is on the stone of Nancy Smith, who died August 20, 1802:

*Behold and see as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you must be
Prepare for death and follow me.*

Then there is the stone of Lieutenant Horace Stockton White who died on board the brig *Henrico* in 1812. He was one of the two sons of Moses White of Rutland, Massachusetts, both of whom met untimely deaths. His brother Francis was killed by Lieutenant William Finch in a duel at Noddle's Island in 1817.

Richard Henry Dana, in 1836, sailed by Hospital Island in the *Alert* on his way back from California, having left San Diego 135 days before. Dana looked down from the royal yard of his ship, seeing the "island, with its hospital buildings, nice graveled walks, and green plats."

After the Quarantine Station was changed to Deer Island in 1847, the state took over Rainsford's Island and established the Massachusetts almshouse there. When the Commonwealth changed its plans in 1866, Boston bought the Island for \$40,000, making it the site for the city almshouse. It was during this period that the Civil War veterans lived here. In 1882 they were removed to the Soldiers Home on Powder Horn Hill, Chelsea.

The first overseer at the Island when it was under city control was Captain Eben Seaver, who came in 1872. His daughter, Carrie *Rainsford* Seaver, was born on the Island. Captain Seaver held the position until his death in 1879. Among

the other overseers were Colonel Whiton, Colonel Underwood, and Captain Gerrish.

When the city of Boston purchased Long Island in 1882, the male paupers were taken across to Long Island from Rainsford's Island, and the female inmates from Austin Farm took their place. In 1895 the women at Rainsford's were also transferred to Long Island.

Before 1895, boys committed for misdemeanors were sent to Deer Island for discipline, and lived there with the men and women prisoners. The boys were transferred to Rainsford's Island in 1895 where the juvenile department was reorganized and placed in the hands of one commissioner, Dr. A. B. Heath. Earnest C. Marshall succeeded him and two years later was in control when the House of Reformation became a part of the Children's Institutions Department. John O'Hare served longer than any other member of the original seven on the Board of Trustees.

The first superintendent was General M. T. Donohue, who died soon after the establishment was instituted. Lorenzo D. Perkins served from June 1895 until January 1899, and Sumner D. Seavey from October 1899 until 1910. The last superintendent was John J. Ryan, who was at Rainsford's Island from 1911 until the school was moved to the mainland. In 1906 the title "House of Reformation" was changed to "Suffolk School for Boys."

At three different times boys tried to escape from the Suffolk School between 1912 and 1918. On June 15, 1912, George Kelly, aged 14, and 12-year-old Michael Bongrene set out from their prison home on the Island in a canoe. They landed at Moon Head but were captured a short time later by the Quincy police.

The following year, at 10:15 p.m. on July 7, Arthur Allen, Frederick McGinley, and John Scully, all 13 years old, at-

tempted a getaway. Throwing off their nightclothes, they plunged into the water and started to swim to Joe's Rock about 400 yards away. A cry for help was heard by the night watchman, but all that he discovered were the night clothes on the beach. The next morning John Scully was found at the house on Joe's Rock, or Quarantine Ledge, but the other two boys could not be located. On the 17th of July the body of Fred McGinley was taken from the water off Winthrop by a sailor aboard the *Bumpus*, a War Department boat. Arthur Allen's body was found a week later near Graves Light.

The great escape came on February 12, 1918, when the Harbor was frozen solid around the Island. Seven boys ran over the ice to freedom that morning, and six more followed them later in the day. As it was the first time in a quarter century that the Harbor had been frozen over as far as Rainsford's Island, the boys made the best of this opportunity. Their freedom was short-lived as one by one they were captured and brought back.⁶

The same month the "Greek Temple" burned to the ground, and the smaller boys located there had to be crowded in with the older children. Conditions became so unfavorable at the school that the authorities agreed not to spend the \$150,000 needed for the new building. Plans were made by Commissioner Thomas C. O'Brien in January 1920 to abandon the school, which at this time had 126 boys. Commissioner O'Brien said that the boys would be transferred to Westboro and Shirley, but planned a gradual change, as the schools in those towns were crowded. The boys were removed from the Island one by one, and no more commitments were allowed. By the last day of 1920 every boy was on the mainland and the school closed permanently.⁷

Although many people have desired Rainsford's Island for a summer camp no definite action has been taken. The Island

was in the care of a watchman for some time, but now the officials at Long Island watch the property. Various boats have landed at the Island year after year, and the enthusiasm for destruction, so evident at Governor's Island, has been continued at Elder Rainsford's old home. One by one the remaining buildings were burned until by 1934 there were only two structures left, the coal shed and the old stable. The coal shed was destroyed in a spectacular fire one August night in 1934. The blaze started about 9 p.m. and illuminated the entire area of Boston Harbor. Thousands tried to locate the source of the flames, causing traffic jams and fire alarms in both Hull and Winthrop. In the spring of the present year the stable was gutted, so that now, for the first time in almost 300 years, Rainsford's Island is without a building worthy of the name. The graveyard, perhaps the loneliest in all Massachusetts, is the outstanding landmark of the Island at the present time. When I visited the Island shortly after Memorial Day, 1935, there was no evidence that any tributes had been paid either to the veteran of the War of 1812 or to the scores of Civil War soldiers and sailors buried there.

GALLOP'S ISLAND

Possibly a quarter-mile to the eastward of Lovell's Island and exactly a mile to the southwest of Rainsford's Island lies Gallop's Island, the present location of the Quarantine Station for Boston. On December 30, 1916, the Government paid \$150,000 for the Island which in 1649, according to the will of John Gallop, was worth the equivalent of \$75. Captain Gallop was mentioned frequently in early maritime accounts of Boston Harbor; his spectacular encounter with the Indians who had scalped his friend John Oldham will always remain an epic in the history of New England.

John Gallop, with his two little boys and a friend, were sailing off the coast of Block Island when they saw a small pinnacle which they thought looked familiar. It was the boat of John Oldham, so they drew alongside. Finding the deck occupied by fifteen Indians, they knew something was wrong. In the terrific encounter which followed, eleven of the Indians were killed, and when one surrendered, Gallop bound and threw him into the water. The remaining Indians fled below deck and were made prisoners. Now in possession of the boat, Gallop started to look for his friend Oldham. He found the body under an old seine, "stark naked, his head cleft to the brains, and his hands and legs cut as if they had been cutting them off, and yet warm." Gallop and his crew lowered John Oldham's body into the sea, and sorrowfully sailed back to Boston Harbor.⁸ John Gallop died around 1649; his aforementioned will can still be seen in the Suffolk Files at the Boston Court House.

The man who is responsible for deciding the correct spelling of the name Gallop made an exhaustive study of the many documents stored at the court house, and his authority should not be questioned. He was John Noble, uncle of the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. The United States Geodetic Survey Department has, for some reason, spelled the Island Gallup, but of course this is due to a current belief. All of the chief Harbor historians, Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff, Moses Foster Sweetser, and James H. Stark, are in accord regarding the correct spelling of Gallop's Island.

The shape of this Island has been likened by Shurtleff to that of a leg of mutton, with the shank pointing easterly across the Narrows to Bug Light. The fixed beacon which flashes its warning a few score feet from Beachy Point at Gallop's Island is known as Peggy's Point. Let us go back to the year 1669 when the Island itself extended out to where the

beacon stands today. On the 19th of April, 1669, Joseph Rock paid Edward Tyng twenty pounds for different parts of Gallop's Island, Nix's Mate Island, and Long Island.⁹ It is believed that Edward Tyng purchased his part of the Island from Henry Kemple, a Boston blacksmith who had obtained the land from the heirs of John Gallop around 1650. Joseph Rock sold his share in 1683 to Edward Bromfield, who continued to own it for some time. After the middle of the next century the Island came into the possession of Elisha Leavitt and James Brackett, who soon sold Leavitt his share.

Elisha Leavitt died in 1790 and left the Island to Caleb Rice, his grandson. Lemuel Brackett of Quincy was now interested in purchasing Gallop's Island and paid \$1,630 for the old Indian fighter's former residence. At this time Peter Newcomb, the tenant of the Island, made plans to purchase it for himself. These plans finally materialized on July 1, 1819, when Brackett sold his tenant the Island for \$1,815. An old fort was still in existence at the time of this sale. Eight years later \$2,429.51 was appropriated to cut down the cliff so as to eliminate too commanding a view on the future Fort Warren. So much of the soil from the cliffs was washing away at this time that Dr. J. V. C. Smith believed that the Island would disappear before 1860. Peter Newcomb who had a fine farm on Gallop's Island, died on April 22, 1833, and his passing was regretted by his Island-neighbors. His wife Margaret stayed on at the Island, opening an eating establishment there a few years later. Spending a summer at Newcomb's Island soon became the custom of many Bostonians, and Mrs. Newcomb's cooking came to have a very enviable reputation around the city. When Mrs. Newcomb died, her son Charles sold the property to the city of Boston, receiving \$6,500. Joe Snow purchased Mrs. Newcomb's boarding house about 1855, and Snow's Island, as it became known, again was noted as the

scene of many lively chowders and clam bakes. One of these picturesque gatherings of the days of our great-grandfathers, representing a scene on the beach at Gallop's Island, is portrayed in *Ballou's Pictorial* for September 29, 1855.

Boston loaned the Island to the Government during the Civil War, and hundreds of soldiers were soon encamped on the slopes of Peter Newcomb's old farm.

An unfortunate quarrel between two soldiers stationed at Gallop's resulted in the death of one of the combatants, William H. Isaacs, of the Ninth Massachusetts Battery. A feud of long standing between Isaacs and another enlisted man ended on board ship when the other man shot Isaacs just as the boat approached the dock. Rushed to the Island hospital, the wounded man died within a few hours. As the other soldiers would not divulge the name of the guilty man, his only punishment was that which his conscience gave him.

The war ended, and happier days were in store for Gallop's Island. At nine o'clock July 6, 1865, the steamship *Fairbanks* anchored off Deer Island with the 38th Massachusetts Regiment on board. After the ship had been inspected, the men went ashore at Gallop's Island. They were paid off a week later and left the camp by ferryboat for the trip to Boston. On August 28, 1865, the famous 54th Massachusetts Regiment of colored troops reached Gallop's Island and spent a few pleasant days there until their final discharge on September 2.¹⁰

With the coming of peace and the threatened infection from disease, the deserted barracks at Gallop's Island were turned over to the city. On June 1, 1866, the Quarantine Station for Boston Harbor was moved from Deer Island to Gallop's Island. The first twenty years of quarantine there saw an annual average of fifty patients, and there are 248 graves in the hillside cemetery of those who failed to recover from their sickness. In 1879, according to a sketch of that time, there were two

hospital buildings, a dwelling, and several other sheds and barns on the southern side of the Island. Today there are over a score of well-equipped buildings.

The city of Boston continued to run the quarantine for Boston Harbor despite the fact that the Government had assumed control in other Atlantic seaboard harbors. In August 1908, the Portuguese immigrants on the *Romanic* were taken to Gallop's Island, suspected of being carriers of the bubonic plague. No signs of the dreaded disease developed, however, and the 309 immigrants were finally allowed to enter Boston.¹¹

In June 1912, Councilor Earnest E. Smith of Boston announced that the time had come to shift the burden of quarantine from the shoulders of the people of Boston. He said that Boston was the only great port on the Atlantic Coast which paid for the regulation of quarantine, which in 1911 cost \$22,700. Smith recommended that the Government be asked to take over Gallop's Island. After various negotiations lasting until December 1916, Assistant District-Attorney Hatton gave the city of Boston a check for \$150,000, and the United States assumed control of Boston Harbor quarantine.

A year later, when America joined the great conflict, the German sailors who were on the interned ships in Boston were taken down to the Island and held as prisoners. These sailors had ruined the engines of their German ships before abandoning them, and were forced to stay at Gallop's Island for the duration of the war.

Since the war the property has been improved by the Government, many new buildings being erected in recent years. Dr. Sweeney, who came to the Island in 1927, made a great change in its barren appearance by planting trees and shrubs on the hospital grounds. The Island now presents a delightful picture from the water. After serving eight years at the Boston Quarantine Station, Dr. Sweeney was relieved on July 1, 1935,



A FISHING PARTY IN BOSTON HARBOR.

PICNIC AT GALLOP'S ISLAND, 1855



LOVERS' ROCK, LOVELL'S ISLAND



CAPTAIN JENNINGS AND LOWER RANGE LIGHT ON LOVELL'S ISLAND

by Dr. Ernest A. Sweet who came here from New York. Dr. Sweet has served in various parts of the world as United States quarantine physician and has seen the harbors of many big cities. He told me that he was gradually coming to realize what a fine, attractive Harbor Bostonians are privileged to enjoy—one of which they may indeed be proud.

LOVELL'S ISLAND

“Lovell's Island is graunted to Charlestowne provided they imploy it for fishing by their own townesmen, or hinder not others.”

This significant entry on the twenty-eighth of October, 1636 is the first mention we have of the Island probably named after William Lovell of Dorchester. In 1648 Charlestown was again given permission to use the Island, “pvided that halfe of the timber & fire wood shall belonge to the garrison at the Castle.”¹² Nantasket strenuously objected to Charlestown's owning the Island, but in vain. James Brown was allowed to live there at this time if he would set up a “stage” and follow the fishing trade. The first recorded disaster occurred in 1645, when a ketch from the inner Harbor pulled her moorings and smashed to pieces on the shores of Lovell's Island. George Worthylake, the first keeper of Boston Light, moved here about 1700 from George's Island.

Lovell's Island is located about a mile to the south of Deer Island and is approximately three-quarters of a mile long and one-third of a mile wide. Many of its acres washed away before a seawall was erected to protect the Island. It is separated from Gallop's Island by the Narrows.

About a century and a half ago there was a large tree standing on the southern point of Lovell's Island which was used as a marker by the mariners coming up the Harbor. Because of a

blinding snow storm in 1767, the captain of a brig was unable to see the marker and lost his bearings. The ship crashed on the beach at Lovell's Island, the vessel luckily holding together until the next morning when the sea subsided enough to allow the passengers to reach the shore. A little girl was lowered over the side of the ship by a rope. This little girl, Susanna Haswell, grew up to become a very versatile woman, well-known as author, actress, and school-teacher; such a combination today would indeed be unusual. Later in life she married and became Mrs. Rowson. Her novel, *Rebecca*, describes the shipwreck on lonely Lovell's Island.

After keeping the Island over 130 years, Charlestown sold it in 1767 to Elisha Leavitt of Hingham for £266 s 13 d 3.¹³ Thus Charlestown relinquished without a struggle what she fought so strenuously to get in 1648.

In 1782 the great French fleet of Admiral Vaubaird sailed into Boston Harbor. A Boston pilot, David Darling, was unfortunate enough to wreck the great *Magnifique*, a man-of-war of 74 guns, on a bar leading from the West Head of Lovell's Island. Badly damaged, she filled and sank in deep water right off the inner shore. Whether the day was stormy or the pilot alone was at fault probably will never be known, but David Darling lost his job.

It was a sad day for the new republic when Darling's piloting carried the vessel to her doom, for America felt obliged to give France as compensation her own 74-gun ship then nearing completion at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The boat was launched on November 5, 1782, but when John Paul Jones found that he was not to command the new battleship, he resigned from the service, and America lost the man who was perhaps her greatest naval hero. Thus we have the carelessness of a young Boston pilot contributing to the final chapter in the career of a great commander. David Darling, the unfortunate pilot, ob-

tained a position as sexton of the Old North Church, succeeding Robert Newman. Shurtleff tells us that the children of the North End bothered the poor man by writing in chalk on the door of the church:

“*Don't you run this ship ashore
As you did the seventy-four.*”

David Darling was buried in the Copp's Hill cemetery on September 10, 1820, and the skeleton of the *Magnifique*, buried under tons of sand, was quite forgotten by the average Bostonian. Our “Shade of Alden,” James Lloyd Homer, was sailing up the Narrows a quarter of a century later, and as he looked over at Lovell's Island an old man stepped up to him and mentioned the story of the *Magnifique*. The elderly gentleman told Homer he well remembered the day the *Magnifique* went down and pointed out the exact spot of the wreck. The currents of the Narrows had created a bar over the hulk in the 63 years which had passed since the man-of-war went down, and possibly Homer's mention of the incident caused some of the treasure seekers to make an attempt for the gold which was lost with the ship.

Attempts had already been made around 1840 to recover the treasure from the *Magnifique*, but they had failed. Again in July 1859, excavations were made, but all that the searchers could find were some beautiful pieces of wood from the hull of the ship. During 1868 and 1869 more timbers were uncovered, but, since nothing of intrinsic value was found, it was decided to abandon further attempts. When Shurtleff visited the Island, he found that the spot where the *Magnifique* had gone down was not covered by water even at high tide, thus showing how the contour of Lovell's Island had changed since the 1782 wreck.

Continuing with the story of the *Magnifique*, we move to the twentieth century. On a cool spring morning 15 years ago,

Keeper Charles H. Jennings was industriously digging near his house on the Island when suddenly his spade struck an object that resembled a coin. Jennings stooped over and picked it up. He continued his excavations until he had unearthed many of the round, flat disks. Taking them into his house, he scrubbed and dug the deposit away from one of the objects, and there was revealed a gold coin, worth by its size and weight about \$29. The other coins yielded under the rubbing and scraping to reveal that they, too, were valuable silver and gold pieces of long ago.

Jennings, however, was about to leave the Island on his annual vacation, and when the assistant arrived at the lighthouse station, Jennings told him the interesting news. He noticed that the assistant seemed quite attentive to his account of how he found the gold and silver, but Jennings promptly forgot all about the incident as he boarded the afternoon boat for the mainland.

When Jennings returned from his vacation on the mainland, the assistant left the Island as soon as possible with all his baggage. Walking up to his house, Jennings went around to the spot where he had dug up the coins, and there was a deep, yawning hole. A few months later the assistant retired from the Lighthouse Service and lived in comfort for the rest of his life. The reader may draw his own conclusions. Elsewhere in this volume is the actual picture of part of the *Magnifique's* treasure, still in the possession of Keeper Jennings.

Four years after the wreck of the *Magnifique* the most tragic incident in the history of Lovell's Island took place. On the fourth of December, 1786, a packet from Maine, under Captain Atkins, crashed on the beach at the eastern side of the Island. A bitter snowstorm was sweeping up the coast. All of the passengers and crew were successful in reaching the shore, but they could find no shelter anywhere on the Island. At the top

of the hill was a large rock which gave them some protection against the fierce blizzard which was raging. There the people, 13 in number, huddled in their wet clothing as the thermometer went lower and lower. The temperature in surrounding towns that night dropped far below zero.

With the coming of dawn, a fisherman on a neighboring island, Thomas Spear by name, noticed the wreck and crossed over. He saw the group crouched together in the shelter of the rock and went up the hill to investigate, finding all of the party apparently frozen to death. Among the group were two young people, Miss Sylvia Knapp and a young man whose name has been forgotten, who had been on their way to Boston to purchase furniture for their home-to-be. The two lovers were found locked in each other's arms.

Although the usual story told for almost a century and a half has been that all were frozen to death, the *New England Courant* for that period will reveal the fact that one man survived the terrible ordeal and lived for almost a fortnight afterwards. He was Theodore Kingsley of Wrentham, Massachusetts. Thomas Spear brought him up to town as soon as possible, but he was so badly frozen that after lingering for many days, he grew worse and died. The story of the tragedy has been told by the Reverend Brown, and a few verses describing the incident follow:

*The tempest hid the cheering Light,
So thickly flew the snow;
Alas, what horror fill'd the night,
With bitter, piercing woe.*

*At length they gained the sea-beat strand,
And rescued from the waves;
On Lovell's Island only land,
To find more decent graves.*

*Among the rest, a youthful pair,
Who from their early youth;
Had felt of love an equal share,
Adorn'd with equal truth,*

*Lay prostrate mid the dire alarms,
Had calm resign'd their breath;
Fast lock'd within each other's arms,
Together sunk to death.*

Lovell's Island remained in the Leavitt family until the death of Elisha Leavitt brought it under the control of his grandson, Caleb Rice, who sold it, along with George's Island, for \$6,000 in 1825.¹⁴

A rabbit run on Lovell's Island supplied the markets of Boston for many years, and quite a few of the little pets of the boys and girls in the capital city came from this Island down the Harbor.

In 1843 when the city petitioned for a seawall to be erected around Lovell's Island, the Government appropriated \$15,000 for the preservation of William Lovell's old home. Sylvanus Thayer, Colonel of the United States Engineers, was in charge of the construction of the seawall at this time. He also erected stone jetties at the Island six years later. Thus this master builder of forts has also left his mark at Lovell's Island. The sum of \$38,000 was also used by Major-General Henry W. Benham in 1866 to repair the old wall and to construct a new wall around the southeast end of the Island.

In 1874 the Government established the Lighthouse Buoy Station at Lovell's Island. On the wharf were to be seen duplicates of many of the giant buoys located around the Harbor, ready for instant service whenever the occasion demanded. A track formerly ran from the wharf to the northern end of the Island, which is called Ram's Head.

The War Department established Fort Standish on Lovell's Island soon after 1900, notifying the Lighthouse Department to look elsewhere. In 1902 the twin range lights were erected near Ram's Head and when the foundation for the lower light was being dug the skeleton of a man was found far under the surface. Whether or not the bones guarded some pirate's treasure has not as yet been discovered.

Another ship was added to the list of victims of Lovell's Island when it crashed against Ram's Head one moonlight night in October 1935, fully 290 years after the first recorded wreck occurred.

A short time before midnight, October 10, the *City of Montgomery*, under Captain B. H. Garfield, failed to make the turn at Nix's Mate for the Narrows, and stuck fast against the well-known bar at Lovell's Island. The force of the ship drove her high and she was on the rocky ledge so near the high water mark that at low tide Keeper Jennings of the range lights was able to walk right out to the ship. Luckily, no serious storm occurred while the ship was on the bar, and shortly after 11:15 p. m., October 12, she was pulled off by the combined efforts of several tugs.

In many respects Lovell's Island is *the* Island of Romance. The two lighthouses, Lover's Rock, the treasure, and the pirate's skeleton, and last but not least, the mysterious underground passageway which shoots off under the Harbor make up an unusual combination for one small island of 62 acres.

If any adventurous readers care to make the trip down the tunnel, don the oldest clothes you have. The location is easily found to the left of the steps leading up to the top of the hill. Opening the old studded door, we flash our lights into the darkness of the passageway to find that the arched tunnel takes a sharp turn to the right. Stumbling over mouldy journals and decayed newspapers, we walk for some time before coming to

the next turn, where a shelf is built into the wall, looking as if it were made for a telephone. We again turn to the right, and continue down the passageway. Some 20 feet beyond, the corridor opens into a large, arched room having a rectangular hole in the middle of the floor. Anyone who did not bring a flashlight is surely in danger here.

Turning our light down into the opening, we see that the hole is about five feet in depth; we jump down and find another surprise. The wall of the pit farthest away from the tunnel has an opening, and when we flash our light down we find another passageway which seems to be endless. At this point in our adventure quite a few of those who had declared their bravery in the sunlight decide they have had enough excitement for the time being and, telling us they will wait outside, beat a hasty retreat.

The only way we can travel through this new opening is on our hands and knees, as it is no higher than the space under the average office table. Crawling down this tunnel, we find we are gradually getting lower and lower. After a few hundred feet the end is reached at a point where the top of the passageway has caved in. Here we join the elect by scraping our names on the damp walls before starting on the long journey back to the sunlight. No one now on the Island knows the history of this tunnel which once led out under the Harbor.

Perhaps the old tunnel was originally connected with the mysterious fort which is indicated as having been at Lovell's Island in 1700, although not a bit of evidence has ever been found concerning this strange four-bastioned fortification. The chart which shows this old fort was published in 1705, at London. Possibly the chart designers made a mistake, but if they did a good story is spoiled.¹⁵

After we retrace our steps and blink our way out into the sunlight, we walk down the road to visit the "commanding

NODDLE'S AND HOG ISLANDS

IN January 1629, John Gorges conveyed to Sir William Brereton, among other parcels of land, two islands which are today known as East Boston and Orient Heights. They were then called Brereton's Island for William Brereton, and Susanna Island for his daughter. We read in the Massachusetts Archives that Brereton sent over a small group of people to settle on his grants, but there is no proof that he personally visited either the Island which bore his name or the mainland. Probably his battles in England took so much of his time that he was not able to journey to the New World. A contemporary, John Vicars, tells us that Brereton was "blessed by God with many memorable and famous Victories over his Countrie's enemies, notably beating that Arch Malignant enemy of those parts, Sir Thomas Aston."¹

NODDLE'S ISLAND

Brereton's rights to this property were denied him in February 1629. William Noddle comes into this account of East Boston three hundred years ago. We will never know exactly when Noddle came to the Island which was to bear his name, but he was probably living there when it was owned by Brereton. Noddle, who is among the list of freemen included in the 1631 Colony Records, was drowned in the ocean the following summer while carrying wood in his canoe.² This original "Noddle-Islander" probably died without children, for we can find

no further mention of the name Noddle in the early history of the settlement.

Noddle's Island was included in 1631 with the islands appropriated for public uses, but the sole privilege of catching the waterfowl and pigeons there was given to Jobe Perkins. The Island at this time, with its hundreds of birds, was surely a "happy hunting ground" for the alert Perkins. Samuel Maverick, who was living in the vicinity when the Puritans came into Boston Harbor, was quick to realize this fact, and saw to it that he was given the permit for 1633. Maverick was allowed by the Puritans to stay on Noddle's Island provided he made an annual payment of "either a fat wether, a fat hog, or 40s in money."³ The great John Winthrop visited Maverick at his humble home in June 1630. Prince's well-known chronology of that year tells us that "on this island, with the help of Mr. David Thompson [of Thompson's Island], he had built a small fort with four great guns to protect him from the Indians." Maverick also owned land in Maine, according to the York Records.⁴

At the time of the Antinomian Controversy, it looked for a time as if the factions would separate and divide the colony. An example of the feeling between Henry Vane and John Winthrop is seen in Vane's refusal to accept a dinner engagement with the Puritan governor. Claiming that his conscience would not allow him to break bread with Governor Winthrop, Sir Henry took Lord Ley over to Noddle's Island to enjoy a meal with Maverick. Winthrop eventually became friendly with Henry Vane, and tells us that Sir Henry was "a true friend to New England, and a man of noble and generous mind." Vane later lost his head on the English chopping block.⁵

John Josselyn, he who "voyaged to New England," arrived at Boston on July 3, 1638 and visited the various settlements around the Harbor. Going ashore on Noddle's Island, he

found that Samuel Maverick was the "only hospitable man in all the country." Josselyn's story of his interview with Maverick's servant girl is perhaps a little questionable for discussion here, even in this supposedly modern age, but the details are mentioned in his account of the visit. The same afternoon Josselyn went for a walk in the woods near what is now the Narrow Gauge Railroad, following a path through the trees. He came upon what he believed to be a large pineapple plated with scales, and took hold of the object." "No sooner had I touched it," he tells us, "but hundreds of Wasps were about me." Stung repeatedly, his face was so swollen by the time he returned to the house that Maverick could only recognize him by his clothes.⁶

The wife of Puritan William Hale had acted indiscreetly with a Mr. Thomas Owen, and the pair were jailed in 1641. Escaping from custody, they took refuge at Maverick's home on Noddle's Island, and, when the Government found out that he had befriended them, Maverick was fined £100. Six others were also fined for helping these unfortunate people, so perhaps Maverick was justified in befriending the pair. At any rate, his fine was eventually reduced to £20.⁷

Drake thinks it queer that Maverick should have stayed at Noddle's Island after so many indignities had been forced on him by the Puritan authorities, but perhaps he was waiting for his time to come. His opportunity arrived April 23, 1664. On this day King Charles II made Maverick one of his four royal commissioners, whom he told to adjust affairs in New England and to hear and settle all controversies and complaints. The "Noddle-Islander" became a very influential member of the committee and even Nichols, the leader of the commission, sought his advice when in trouble. Maverick delved so deeply into the affairs of his Puritanical persecutors that they wrote to England in an attempt to stop Maverick's

investigations. The King, however, must have approved of Maverick, for when the commission was finally abolished, he alone was retained as the King's special advisor.

On the twenty-fourth of March, 1665, within a short distance of the place where Samuel Adams' statue stands in Dock Square, the sound of a trumpet was heard, and when the people gathered from the surrounding houses, the declaration of the Puritan Court, wherein it refused to obey the commissioners, was read. By this defiant stand on the part of the Puritans, the commissioners saw that the colonists intended to ignore them and sent one of their number, George Cartwright, to England with the evidence necessary to convict the unruly Puritans.

A few weeks after George Cartwright started for England the Puritans were greatly overjoyed at an event which was called by them a "great providence." Cartwright was captured by the Dutch, and all his papers were removed. Meanwhile King Charles impatiently cooled his heels, waiting for some direct evidence that the Puritans were willfully disobedient to his wishes.

When Cartwright reported his evidence lost, the King decided to pursue other tactics. He notified Maverick to have five Puritans sent across to England to answer charges brought against the New England Colony. Cleverly pretending that they doubted Maverick's authority, the Colonists ignored the summons but immediately sent King Charles a boat load of masts which at that time were desperately needed for the King's navy. Thus we have an example of the way in which the Boston government functioned until the rebellion against Andros.

Maverick, believing that he had caused the Puritans enough trouble to satisfy his feelings of revenge, moved to New York and took up residence at the house given him "in the

Broadway," by the Duke of York. This Noddle's Island settler, distinguished in his early years for his hospitality and public spirit, can perhaps be excused for his later feelings against those who had treated him harshly. Maverick rose to prominence in spite of opposition on all sides, and in the closing years of his life even the King honored him. The manner of his death has always remained a mystery, but we do know that Samuel Maverick was still alive after his son's death in 1664, for he wrote a letter on October 15, 1669, which is still in existence. That letter is the last known trace of the man whom Captain Edward Johnson of Woburn calls a man of "very loving and courteous behavior."

Nathaniel Maverick, the eldest child, received Noddle's Island from his father around the year 1648. Captain George Briggs of Barbadoes purchased the Island in 1649, conveying it at once to Colonel John Burch, also of Barbadoes. Seven years later Thomas Broughton wrote Richard Leader, who was then in Bermuda, to buy Noddle's Island for him. Leader paid £1,378, but as Broughton was unable to pay Leader when the time for settlement came Broughton's creditors took over the Island. Sir Thomas Temple bought most of Noddle's Island August 4, 1664, and three years later became sole owner.

The new proprietor of Noddle's Island had come to New England in 1657 and later gave Harvard College £100. While on a visit to England, he interviewed the King, talking with Charles about coining money. Temple told his majesty that he thought it no crime for the New Englanders to make money for their own use, and taking a pine tree piece from his pocket, presented it to the sovereign. Looking the coin over very carefully Charles noticed the pine tree, and asked Temple what it represented. Temple, alert, replied that it was the royal oak in Boscobel Wood which had protected Charles' life after his defeat.⁹

On the thirtieth of November, 1670, Colonel Samuel Shrimpton bought 'Noddle's Island, paying \$6000 for the "continent" where Maverick formerly lived. Shrimpton was one of the most prominent men of his day, and when James II became king, was given a commission by Andros as Lieutenant Colonel in the militia and was also appointed one of the Governor's Council.

When the Colonists realized that Andros was going to make trouble, Shrimpton was among the first to oppose him. Some of Andros' planning consisted of scaring the landlords into petitioning for new patents which they could purchase for forty or fifty pounds. He said that as the people had forfeited their charter, they had forfeited the possessions under it as well.¹⁰ Governor Andros believed that if he could institute a suit against Shrimpton, the man might give in and all of the others would then fall in line. He was mistaken in this belief for when the test came, Shrimpton did not back down. In an attempt to get Shrimpton to accept his patent, Andros' sheriff set the tenants of Deer Island adrift in a boat. The tenants were rescued, and Shrimpton was more determined than ever not to yield. Andros finally offered Shrimpton a free patent, but was refused for the last time. So affairs rested until the rebellion of the Puritans under John Nelson in 1689.

Certain points in the controversy between England and France which caused Sir Hovendon Walker's expedition into Canada should be recalled at this time. The 1697 Treaty of Ryswick had been merely a temporary affair, ending what historians choose to call King William's War. There were still many points of considerable importance which had to be settled, and gradually England and France drew apart. William died in 1702, and Anne became the next ruler of England. Louis XIV had declared James the Pretender King of England even before William had died, and war now began.

The French soon started to raid the northern English set-

lements, and, in answer to New England's frantic appeals, the British ministry promised five regiments of Marlborough's army. Barracks were erected on Noddle's Island to receive the soldiers, but the summer of 1710 came and passed without hearing from the expected armada. When word finally arrived that the flotilla had been sent to Portugal, the colonists abandoned their preparation for a great war, confining their efforts to the siege and capture of Port Royal, which fell October 5, 1710. The conqueror of Port Royal, General Nicholson, then visited England to confer with the military authorities there, returning with the news that a great fleet was being made up to begin the war in earnest.

On June 24, 1711, Boston saw the great flotilla sail into the Harbor. Its sixty-one ships constituted a larger fleet than Nelson had at the Battle of the Nile. Leaving their sick at George's Island, the officers sent the men to Noddle's Island. Scores of tents were soon scattered about the former residence of Samuel Maverick, and headquarters were established near the present location of Belmont Square. Ever since, the slope on which they camped has been known as Camp Hill. Two great reviews were staged by these picked regiments of Marlborough's finest, and Sumner has given us a vivid picture of the Island at the time:

"On the gentle slopes of the hill, and on the broad green fields, thousands of the best disciplined troops of which the world can boast, with gay uniforms and glistening bayonets are performing their evolutions to the sound of martial music which rises, swells, and dies away on the passing breeze. . . Far down the beautiful bay is seen the mighty fleet quietly riding at anchor among the islands in Nantasket Road. . . Never before had there been such a splendid display upon our shores as the Island that day exhibited; and since that time it has seldom exceeded, if indeed, it has ever been equalled."

The expedition to Canada ended in disaster, many of the ships being wrecked in a gale on the Saint Lawrence River. As soon as the last white sail had disappeared beyond the horizon, the inhabitants of Boston resumed their everyday pursuits. Christopher Caprill, a tenant at the Island, complained to the Province that the soldiers had stolen his vegetables and apples and had trampled down his hay, but the Province claimed the damages were the direct concern of the English Government and had nothing to do with the Massachusetts Colony. Caprill never collected.

In the meantime, Colonel Shrimpton had died, and his widow married Simeon Stoddard. After her death in 1713, Noddle's Island passed to her granddaughter, Elizabeth Shrimpton, who married John Yeamans. Yeamans gave the property to his only son, Shute Shrimpton Yeamans. Mrs. Temple, one of Yeaman's tenants on Noddle's Island in 1746, erected a fine mansion on the easterly side of old Eagle Hill at a cost of £7,858. When smallpox later broke out in Boston, the inoculating hospital was moved from Castle Island to this Noddle-Island mansion.

Shute Yeamans, in his will dated August 4, 1768, left Noddle's Island in trust for his two sons, John and Shute, or if they died without issue, his three aunts were to receive the Island. The brothers died without heirs, and the three ladies each received one-third of Noddle's Island. Their names were Mrs. Mary Chauncy, Mrs. Sarah Greenough, and Mrs. Meheta-ble Hyslop. While the Island was in their possession, the first mutterings of the Revolution were heard, and soon the Boston Massacre and Tea Party widened the breach between England and her American colonies.

Henry Howell Williams, in 1765, purchased the stock and farming outfit on Noddle's Island where he probably had been living as a tenant since 1762. The Bostonian Society has a

journal written by the Williams family describing many incidents which took place there down through the years of their occupation.

Sumner suggests that Williams vied with the ancient Maverick in showing hospitality to visitors. Generals Putnam, Knox, and Lincoln visited there; Judge Tudor was also a guest. During the Revolution every building on the Island was burned, and Washington repaid the family by giving them a building in Cambridge which Mr. Williams removed to the Island. The Williams family held possession of Noddle's Island so long that it was generally called Williams' Island by the Bostonians.¹¹

The second battle of the Revolution was fought near Noddle's Island, May 27, 1775. General Stark and 300 men went there to clear out the live stock. They engaged the British marines on the Island but fled from the regulars coming from Boston. Although General Gage sent a schooner of sixteen guns and eleven barges of marines up Chelsea Creek in hopes of cutting off the raiders, Putnam came to the colonists' rescue. The battle lasted all through the night, and when the British finally deserted their schooner, the Americans set fire to it.

During the time of the Boston siege, many of the younger ladies crossed over to Noddle's Island and lived in the Williams mansion. William Tudor made many trips across to visit his lady love. He would walk to Chelsea, where he undressed and tied his clothes on his head. After swimming over to what is now East Boston, he would hurriedly dress and then call on the young lady. The couple were later happily married.

After the British left Boston, the sight of the English ships lingering in the Harbor made the Bostonians desire adequate protection, and Noddle's Island was fortified, all the citizens aiding in the project. In the *Continental Journal* for June 6, 1776 we read:

“It is thought four hundred men for three days will finish the grand fortress on Noddle’s Island.”

An extract from the diary of the Williams family tells of a visit to the fortress some years later:

“Tuesday, June 3d, 1794—At four the castle barge landed four gentlemen: General Jackson, General Davidson, Col. Waters, and the engineer, to view the fort; they chatted an hour, drank a glass of Perry, and then took leave.”

The account of the launching of the *Constitution* in 1797, after the two previous failures, is of interest:

“Saturday, 21st October, Wind east and rather cold. Papa and the boys went to Boston. At twelve o’clock we all paraded up the hill to see the ship-launch, as she was to make tryall for the third time. . . . At half-past twelve she went, and I think that every one that saw her must be gratified, as it was impossible for anything to go better, or look prettier.”

Another event of national significance is duly recorded:

“Monday, 23d December, 1799.—At one the bells all began tolling; when Thomas returned to dine he informed us it was for the melancholy news—the death of Gen. George Washington, which had arrived late this morning. An event so mournful excited the keenest feeling of anguish. Business of every kind was suspended, the stores and shops throughout the town were shut. . . . the theatre and museum were announced to be closed for a week, and the inhabitants walked about not knowing what to do. Gen. Washington was in the 68th year of his age.”

The three sisters of Shute Yeamens started so many subdivisions that I will not burden the reader with the complicated

data. Suffice it to say that the East Boston Land Company gradually assumed control of the entire Island. Elizabeth Hyslop, who inherited one-sixth of the Island, married Increase Sumner.

Governor Increase Sumner was born in 1746, entered Harvard College in 1763, and was graduated with high honors. During the Revolution he was chosen a member of the "Great and General Court," was reëlected in 1778, and continued his career in public life until he became governor of Massachusetts in 1797. He served as governor until May 1799, when a fatal illness forced him to remain at home. He died on the seventh of June, 1799, and no death except that of Washington was so greatly mourned.

During the War of 1812, New England's opposition to the administration was determined and open. Since Governor Caleb Strong would not cooperate in any way with the national Government, the United States retaliated by removing most of the men from the forts around Boston. The British fleet was anchored in Castine Bay and seemed to have the whole of the northern Atlantic Coast under control. Boston awoke with a start and determined to protect herself, being too proud to ask the Government for aid. Afraid of a repetition of the blockade of 1776, the Bostonians met on August 30, 1814, and settled upon Noddle's Island as the logical place to build a fort to defend the inner as well as the outer Harbor. Camp Hill on Noddle's Island was the ideal location, having a covered way to the water battery. Loammi Baldwin was chosen engineer, and guilds of mechanics, tradesmen, and skilled workers would go there once a week to give their service to improve the defense of the city.

On the twenty-fourth of September, 1814, it was announced that the work was nearing completion. Volunteers totalled five hundred on October 2, and the *Gazette* of October 3 tells us

that a few days more of work "by the same number of men, will complete the fortifications." The "Fusiliers," the "Rangers" and the "Boston Light-Infantry" all served here in October 1814.

The English actually landed on the outer islands during the War of 1812, but did not venture to come into the Harbor itself. The new fortification was officially named Fort Strong on October 26, 1814, but with the subsequent declaration of peace on February 17, 1815, it fell into disuse and was dismantled and abandoned. The only reminder of the Fort today is the old well, still under the sidewalk, about 75 feet from the northeast corner of Belmont Square.¹²

The duel of Noddle's Island occurred four years later. In 1815 Lieutenant Francis B. White and Lieutenant William Finch were serving on the *Independence*, and Finch so insulted White that White never forgot it. When the two met at the Charlestown Navy Yard in September 1819, White immediately sent his second, a Mr. Godfrey, to Finch with a challenge. Finch accepted, and the time and place of meeting was agreed upon—Saturday, September 25, at Noddle's Island, between two great elms near what are now Meridian and Border Streets. White received a mortal wound, and his body was buried from the Navy Yard the following day. He had been the only surviving son of Major Moses White of Rutland, Massachusetts.

The year 1833 saw the old Williams house destroyed, and one by one the new houses of the East Boston Company were built until, by 1855, there were over 15,000 people living on Noddle's Island. Thirty years later the population had doubled, and there are now almost 66,000 people living on Noddle's Island. The pages of this book are not the place to discuss the growth of a city; a later survey of the mainland will contain a more detailed study of East Boston's development from 1833 to the present time.

Donald McKay's famous clipper ships were of course built at the East Boston ship yards. The *Flying Cloud's* great 89-day record to San Francisco still stands. *The Sovereign of the Seas* also made a wonderful run of 430 miles in 24 hours. Across the Harbor on Castle Island now stands the McKay memorial.

Perhaps the gentleman best able to give us a picture of East Boston 60 years ago is George Frederick Benner. His account of school attendance at Noddle's Island should interest the present generation:¹³

"On Monmouth Street, above Marion, a two and a half story house had been turned into a school with two rooms, Mrs. Buffum downstairs and Miss (Polly) Crafts upstairs. When a child was punished, Miss Crafts called the culprit, told him to put out his tongue, on which she put a drop of two of a fiery mixture as a punishment. At that time, opposite the fire-station from Eutaw to Trenton Streets, was a vegetable garden that extended halfway to Meridian Street, and seemed to be common property, for we used to climb the fence and take white turnips."

Mr. Benner tells us of the old horse cars:

"The car would stop for passengers along the line—no white posts then—they were small cars which ran to and over the ferry. In winter straw was put on the car floors which soon became a filthy mess. Any coin dropped was lost."

When coal was delivered it was dumped on the sidewalks, and boys had a chance to earn money by putting it into the cellars.

Long trips were made to Chelsea and Revere, and many bloody battles were fought with the so-called "Chelsea pigs." Swimming was a sport frequently indulged in, and Benner

tells us that each boy could swim, having been taught by the very effective method of being thrown into the water by the older boys. The boys swam at the site of Donald McKay's shipyard, later occupied by the Tim Manson Lumberyard.

The days of George Benner have gone forever, and East Boston looks to the air in an effort to regain her former enviable position. The magnificent East Boston Airport, which stretches its fingers far out over what was formerly Noddle's Island Flats is a challenge to the rest of the country, and it is by air transportation that Boston may be able to win back some of the forgotten glory of the days when McKay, the Nova Scotia shipbuilder, dominated the shipping industry of the world.

HOG OR SUSANNA ISLAND

Susanna Island, joined quite firmly not only to Noddle's Island but to the mainland as well, is known at the present time as Orient Heights. Mention of Susanna or Hog Island, as it later became known, is only occasional, but I have managed to obtain a few facts about the present home of the great Suffolk Downs racing establishment. As has already been stated, it was granted, along with Noddle's Island, to Sir William Brereton before the Puritans arrived, but Brereton soon lost possession of it in favor of the Puritan fathers. On the first of April, 1634, the Orient Heights of the future was granted to Boston "for euer for the yearly rent of iij£ [3 pounds] but the rent was reduced to iiij s [four shillings] before a year had elapsed."

Edward Gibbons was one of the first to own land at Hog Island, and deeded his property, consisting of his farm and the upland and meadow belonging to it, to James Bill in 1657. The following summer William Beamsley, who owned the marshland of the Island, sold it to Elias Maverick and David Kelly.¹⁴ In 1672 James Bill gave his son, James Bill Junior, ten acres



THE WILLIAMS RESIDENCE AT NODDLE'S ISLAND, 1824, ONLY HOUSE AT EAST BOSTON
FOR MANY YEARS



SHIPBUILDING AT NODDLE'S ISLAND, 1855

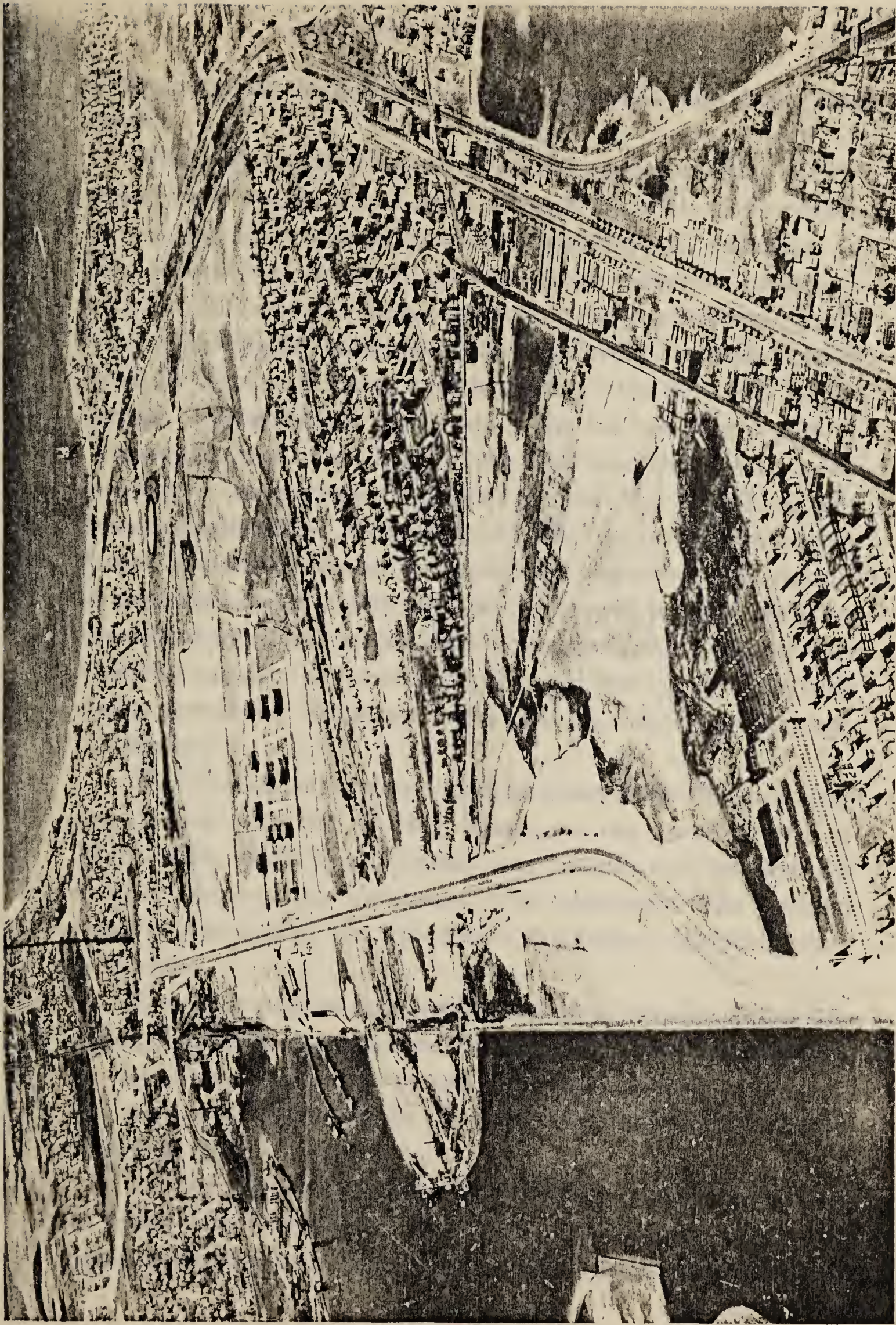


Photo Ramsdell-Wincapec

AIR VIEW OF SUSANNA ISLAND, 1934

of the property including the cattle, utensils, and household goods.

Probably the best known of all the owners of Hog or Susanna Island was Samuel Sewall. We can trace his visits thence by reading his voluminous diary. Sewall took possession of Hog Island May 2, 1687, performing an elaborate ceremony with two columns of witnesses watching the proceedings. Sewall tells us his friends "watched my taking Livery and seised of the Iland by Turf and Twigg and the House." On July first he returned to Hog Island and made plans for building a pier or "Causey to land handsomly."¹⁵ At this time there were some fine cherry trees growing at Orient Heights, for Sewall brought home a basket filled with the fruit. The fourteenth of October Sewall landed the lumber for a pier and began work the middle of the next month. A few days later he spent his first night on the Island when he and his cousin Savage worked so hard that nightfall caught them before they could leave. The following spring Sewall laid out many scores of trees, mostly of the chestnut variety.

The Puritanical system of hiring labor is shown by an incident which occurred at Hog Island on the twenty-third of May, 1688, when Sam Toppan was bound over to Sewall's brother Stephen for five years. The agreement was decided upon at the top of the hill where the Orient Heights tower later stood.

Governor Andros now decreed against Sewall's ownership of Hog Island, saying that the diarist was a violent intruder into the King's possession. Sewall petitioned against the decree, but was not cleared until Andros was confined at Castle Island in 1689.

On July fourteenth Jeremiah Belcher and Sewall tried to reach Hog Island, but the wind and the tide combined against the trip; next they made an effort to reach Hog Island

by way of Point Shirley, after travelling by land through Winnisimmet. This trip was in vain, for upon arriving at Point Shirley, they were not able to find anyone who would sail them across.

Sewall leased the Island in 1690 to Jonathan Belcher and a year later he visited the Island to sell Joseph Gee three white oak trees, but then ensued eight years in which he rarely thought of Hog Island. On April 2, 1698, he went to Susanna Island by a method common for Boston Harbor—John White took him there in a birch canoe. He had come for serious business, however, as the tenant's horse and many of his sheep had died the previous week. While on the Island, canoeist White killed an eagle on the wing and also brought down a sheldrake.

On the eleventh of July, 1699, Sewall was invited to witness a happy event in what was then known as Pullen Point, now called Winthrop. A wedding was scheduled to take place between Atherton Hough and Mercy Winthrop in Deane Winthrop's house (which, incidentally, is still standing). Sewall tells us that Deane was then 77 years old. Sewall went to the wedding with the minister and was among the first to congratulate the bride.

Governor Joseph Dudley was the guest of Samuel Sewall at Hog Island on October 13, 1702. An illustrious company was gathered there for this festive occasion, including Captain Cyprian Southack, Colonel Townsend, Mr. Thomas Richards, Colonel Povey, and Jeremiah Dummer. Sewall had plenty of confidence in himself and his friends at the celebration, for he closes his observations on the day by saying that the gathering would be brought to "thy Entertainment, where not one of the Company shall be wanting."

By 1712 there were evidently many trees growing on Hog Island, for Sewall brought back to Boston three cords of wood in one afternoon.

Sewall's trips to Hog Island grew less frequent, and he last mentions going there in 1717, at which time the tenant told him he had not been seen for five years. The pier had fallen down, and other repairs were necessary. Some time after Sewall's death in 1729, the Island passed from Oliver Wendell to Jonathan Jackson.

Hog Island was divided into two parts—the Greater and the Lesser Hog—at the time it is mentioned in the Suffolk Records of 1795.¹⁶ Greater Hog comprised 122 acres and Lesser Hog measured 90. It was owned at the time by Joseph Russell, who three years later valued the property at \$1,100. This was during the census of 1798, and it is interesting to note that there was not a person living at Hog Island when the survey was made. The Island was listed as Belle Isle, as Russell preferred that name to any other. The name is still perpetuated in Belle Isle Inlet, located between Hog Island and the mainland. This inlet was for many years known as "Crooked Lane."

Around 1813 Russell sold the Island to John Breed, an Englishman of means who had come to America to forget his grief over the loss of his bride. In 1814 Breed was visited by William Marsh, but finally evicted this peregrinating Englishman, who soon moved to Apple Island which he was never to leave.¹⁷

Breed built a wonderful stone mansion on the southern slopes of Hog Island Hill. It was two hundred feet long and one story in height; its beautiful garden was a pleasure to behold. John Breed was granted permission in 1816 to construct a bridge with a suitable draw across to Chelsea; this bridge was completed the following year. Until 1838, when the Eastern Railroad built the tracks across the Island, this bridge was the only connection with the mainland, and Breed lived here in a kingdom of his own. Soon afterwards a causeway road was constructed from Noddle's to Breed's Island, with a bridge

built to Winthrop in 1839, making three connections with the mainland. In his history of Charlestown, Timothy Sawyer tells us of the treasure hoard kept by Breed in a cave on the hill, which was guarded by an Indian named Gossum. Breed died suddenly in 1846, and when his relatives visited the Island they found \$5,000 in silver stored in the cave. Two great horse pistols, which, according to legend, never left his side, were found near his body. His will gave most of the property to his brother Richard, then living in England.

The Island was sold in 1872, and the railroad was put through to Lynn and Revere three years later. In 1877 the branch line to Winthrop was opened, and Breed's Island became known as Winthrop Junction. With the turn of the century Orient Heights came into its own and today there are four thousand people living in the section. It is indeed a prosperous community, with its library and churches.

Four years ago, in excavating for the radial highway which passes over Breed's Hill, the shovel brought up John Breed's old pump log. Sections of the long timber have been preserved in the Orient Heights Library and the Deane Winthrop House for the sight of future generations.

And so we leave the two islands which together have a present population of 70,000. Greatly changed from the days when the two Samuels, Maverick and Sewall, walked their shores, they now play a prominent part in the development of Boston.

PEDDOCK'S ISLAND AND HINGHAM BAY

A MILE south of Fort Warren and a quarter mile from Windmill Point in Hull lies Peddock's Island, which has more shore line than any other island in the Harbor. East Head is the present site of Fort Andrews, while the rest of the Island is occupied by the various summer and winter residents. West Head faces Hough's Neck, and is a little more than half a mile from the Nut Island Pumping Station.

The earliest incident to be connected with Peddock's Island occurred some years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. A French trading vessel was riding anchor off the shores of the Island when the Indians massacred all the men except five whom they saved to exhibit around to the various tribes of Massachusetts. Years later, Morton of Merry Mount interviewed one of the Indians who had murdered the Frenchmen, and the Indian explained how the massacre took place:

"I said to the Sachem, 'I will tell you how you shall have all for nothing. Bring all our Canows and all our Beaver & a great many men, but no bow nor Arrow Clubs, nor Hachits, but knives under your scins yt About our Lines. Throw vp much Beaver vpon thayr Deck; sell it very Cheep & when I giue the word, thrust yor knives in the French mens Bellys'. Thus we killed ym all. But Monesar Ffinch, Master of thayr ship, being wounded Laped into Ye hold. We bid him com vp, but he would not. Then we cutt thayr Cable & ye Ship went

Ashore & lay upon her sid & slept ther. Ffinch cam vp & we killed him. Then our Sachem devided thayr goods and ffiered theyr Ship & It maed a very greaat fier”¹

Although the account does not mention the men spared, Stark tells us that when a Captain Dermer was cruising around Cape Cod early in the seventeenth century, he found two of the Frenchmen still alive and took them away after paying a ransom. Captain Dermer asked the Indians why they had killed the other Frenchmen. The Indians were not able to give a satisfactory answer, and the Englishman said that the Gods would be angry with them. A short time afterwards the entire section was visited by a terrible plague, probably smallpox, and the redmen died by the hundreds. A reminder of this fatal sickness is still to be found at Nantasket, where Skull Head was so named because of the great number of unburied skeletons which the English settlers found at this spot.

The first mention of Peddock’s Island by the Puritans is found in the records for September 3, 1634, when “Peddocks Ileland is graunted to the inhabitants of Charlton to enioy to them and their heires, for the space of one & twenty yeares for the yearely rent of twenty shillings pvided that if there be a plantacon in the meane time settled by the Court att then the^r pre^{nt} graunt to be voyde.” As Nantasket was settled in 1641, Peddock’s Island became a part of its territory. Leonard Peddock was the man for whom the Island was named, but whether or not he ever lived on the Island is not known. We find the following item in the New England Council’s records for November 19, 1622: “It is ordered that a letter be written from the Counsell to Mr. Weston, to Leonard Peddock.”

Peddock’s Island was divided into lots of four acres each, to be given to those owning a two acre section across the Gut at Hull. About the year 1700, certain family names appear quite frequently in the Suffolk Deeds; the Chamberlains and Lorings

are among those prominently mentioned. The reader may realize the peculiar system of allotting the land by reading the following items, picked at random from the records in the Suffolk Registry of Deeds:

Dec. 6, 1722—Benjamin Loring et al to Thomas Jones. . . On Pettocks Island 2 acres.

April 1, 1754—John Loring, Jr. . . . On Petix Island. The Sea 3 pcs. about $3\frac{1}{4}$ acres 16 acres $9\frac{1}{2}$ acres.

1795 April 14—Daniel Loring to John Haskins Jr. . . . Hull at Padox Island on the Sea 4 a.

As the above would indicate, the recorders were consistently inconsistent in their spelling of Leonard Peddock's Island. I have found twelve other combinations of letters for this same name.

During the Revolution Peddock's Island, together with so many others, was raided by the Continental troops for the sheep and cattle, five hundred sheep and thirty cattle being safely carried to the mainland. August 1776 saw many hundreds of the colonial militia organizations encamped at Peddock's Island ready to meet any effort of the British fleet to return to Boston Harbor. Since the English did not return, the soldiers later withdrew to the mainland for other duties. Two years later Count D'Estaing's battered French fleet took refuge in Boston Harbor, many of the marines landing on Peddock's Island. The legend has come down that these French marines constructed fortifications on East Head, and there is some authority for that belief. Chevalier mentions another island besides George's Island on which fortifications were erected in 1778, and Peddock's, as anyone who has seen it would readily agree, was the logical site. In 1882 Sweetser mentioned that the "faint remains of the old entrenchments are still pointed out."

In 1817 there were three farmhouses on Peddock's Island, all located near the present site of the Fort Andrews wharf. They were probably the same houses of which a photograph was made in 1878. The Cleverly family occupied the residences a greater part of the century, both father and son being pilots for Nantasket and Hingham Bay.

In 1844 the whole Island, with the exception of Middle Hill and Prince's Head, was owned by Thomas Jones, the grandfather of Eliza A. J. H. Andrew, who was the wife of Governor Andrew of Massachusetts. In 1860 Miss Sally Jones was the owner of the property, but on her death it passed to Mrs. Andrew. Governor Andrew died, and in 1897 his widow gave the Government a quit-claim for the 88 acres needed for fortifications. Under General Orders Number 43, April 4, 1900, the post became officially known as Fort Andrews in honor of General Leonard Andrews, a Civil War hero. For many years Bostonians believed it had been named in honor of Governor Andrew, but of course they were in error.

Colonel S. C. Vestal, now in charge of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology R.O.T.C., was commander of the first garrison at Fort Andrews in May 1904. Under him were Lieutenant James E. Wyke and Post Surgeon Luke B. Peck. Colonel Vestal spent considerable time in setting down various historical and topographical points concerning the Island, and his fine work has become a permanent part of the War Department records.

Later on, during the fall of 1908, managers of the resorts on the Island, the Y. O. West End House, and the Island Inn, were under suspicion for conducting gambling houses and similar establishments. As a result, on July 29, 1909, Chief of Police Reynolds of Hull arrested John Irwin, proprietor of the Island Inn. W. L. Drake, who ran the other resort was not on the Island when the police landed. In the case which de-

veloped it was brought out that so-called Chinese picnics were the primary factor in bringing the action. A rather amusing part of the procedure was that at the time of his arrest John Irwin was Chief of Police at Peddock's Island. Irwin was let off with a slight fine, but activities at the Island were thereafter conducted in a more orderly fashion.²

During the World War there were possibly 2,000 troops quartered at one time at Peddock's Island, mostly belonging to the original 55th Regiment and its subsequent replacements. There are now only four soldiers on the Island, with Staff-Sergeant Charles A. Clark in charge. He lives in the residence on the side of the hill, quite near the white rocks which spell out in giant letters *Fort Andrews*. His wife and little daughter Mary Ellen share his troubles and his joys at the lonely quarters. Three privates live there, Roland R. J. W. Burns, Walter H. Ward, and B. O. Kirkland.

The "L" boat visits the Island almost every day, and the *General Robert Anderson* from the Army Base, under Captain Hodgkins, also makes frequent calls. If we go down to the Island on the *L 48* we land at the Government dock on the southeastern side and walk up to the parade grounds of Fort Andrews. Climbing up to the top of Fort Andrews, we find that Peddock's Island really consists of four hills connected by narrow strips of land with a total area of 195 acres.

Tucked away on the lee side of East Head, facing Hough's Neck and Quincy, is a row of houses where retired non-commissioned officers reside. If we walk from Sergeant Clark's residence through the pine grove on the north side of the Head, we may go down the path and reach the attractive house of Sergeant Frederick Perry, who retired in 1932. He lives here with his wife Lillian, and daughter Mary Louise, and has a fine motor boat which takes him to the mainland. In the next house, destroyed last year by fire, lived Alex Bies who retired

in 1918. He is married, having a daughter and two sons. The next residence is the home of former Sergeant Quinn who visits the Island every week-end. Sergeant Sam Perry came here with Captain S. C. Vestal in 1904, and occupies the southernmost house of the row. He has lived on the Island 31 years, now residing here with his daughter and brother.

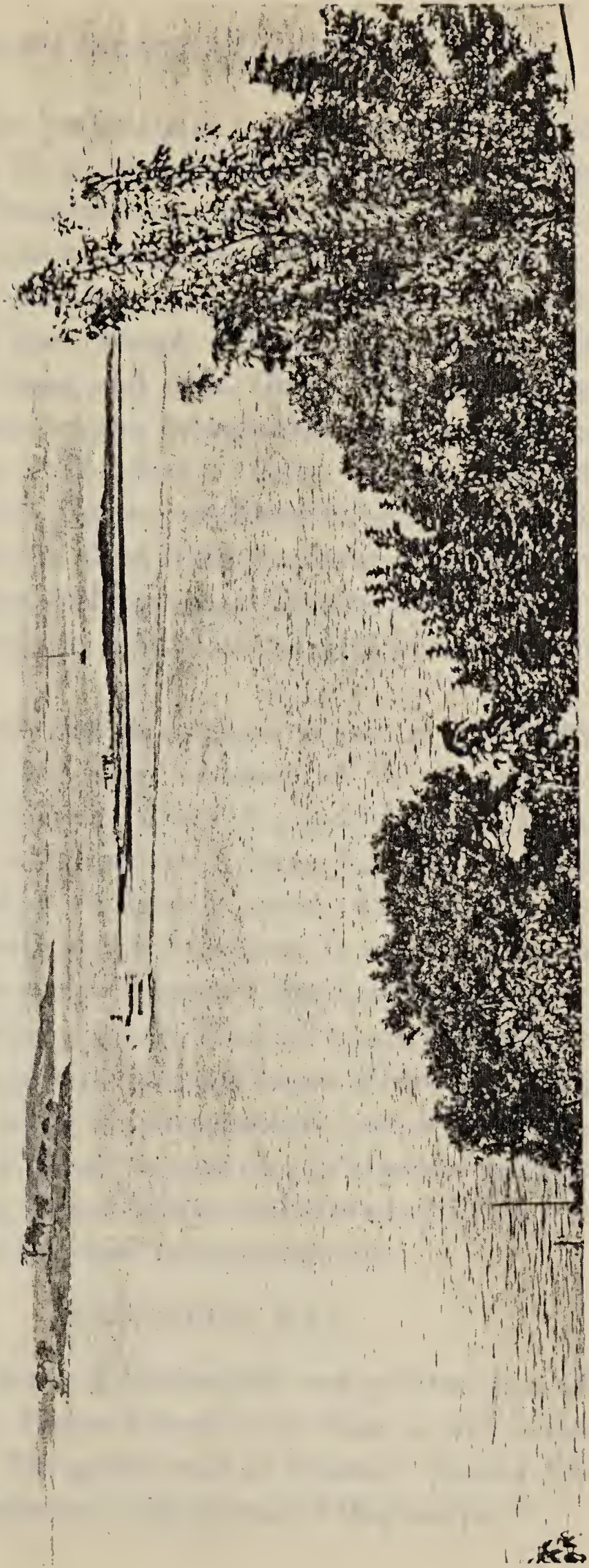
Two tragic events are remembered by former Sergeant Perry. In the summer of 1906 two soldiers were drowned while returning to George's Island from Peddock's when the rowboat they were in tipped over passing through Hull Gut. The men were Private Dan Doherty, former Lynn baseball player of the New England League, and another soldier, Private Crowley. Private Hunt was also with them at the time, but stayed with the boat and was picked up by the *De Hart*, the commanding officer's boat. Doherty was drowned under the boat; Crowley swam to Peddock's Island to summon aid. He then tried to swim back to the boat to help Hunt but evidently tired and sank. Last winter another tragedy took place when a retired revenue service man, Hayden by name, died from exposure on the Island, alone and unable to ask for help. When his body was discovered, the Bay was frozen over, and the coast guardsmen from Point Allerton Station made the difficult trip over the ice to bring his remains to Nantasket.

Middle-aged Manuel Silva and his son Joseph greet us from their home on the western slope of the central hill. Manuel first lived at Long Island, where he settled in 1893. Two years later, he and many others were requested to leave Long Island when the city decided to put off all squatters. Coming to Peddock's Island, he built a house on East Head and lived there until the Government bought the land for Fort Andrews. He then moved to Central Hill, building the house in which he still lives. Joseph Silva well remembers the night of the *Portland* storm and the Christmas storm of 1909. About 30 years ago he



Photo Ramsdell-Wincape

AIR VIEW OF EASTERN PEDDOCK'S ISLAND, LITTLE HOG ISLAND IN EXTREME RIGHT OF PICTURE,
HULL AND PEMBERTON IN BACKGROUND



SNAKE, APPLE, AND GOVERNOR'S ISLANDS FROM WINTHROP HEAD AROUND 1890

saw Indians on the lowland and watched them hunt seals off the Island for the \$2 bounty. What a far cry from the Indians who scalped the Frenchmen over three centuries before, to these civilized red men who wore the dress of the white man!

Other people who have long made Peddock's Island their home are John Pinto, Joseph Alberts, A. P. Silva, Manuel Ferrara, Walter Enos, and Mrs. Gram, who formerly ran a delightful tea room on the Island. Bernard Silva conducts a summertime store at Peddock's Island. Joseph Silva tells us that the West End House was burned years ago; the house erected in its place on West Bluff was burned last fall. Irwin's Island Inn disappeared long ago, and many new cottages have made their appearance, until Central Hill is now a thriving summer colony.

At the present time the Island is jointly owned by the Government and the three trustees of the Andrew estate, Edith Andrew, Frederick Turner, Jr., and Charles B. Baines.

Let us walk along the bar to Prince's Head, the southeast extremity of Peddock's Island, which was named for Job Prince, a seventeenth century mariner. It was once the site of the great target at which Norman Wiard's guns were fired from Nut Island's proving grounds. Now all traces of the great iron target have disappeared, the only signs of activity being the seagulls which fly away at our approach. But as we walk out to the end of Prince's Head, we hear the "L" boat in the distance, and hurry back to Fort Andrews where we board the Government vessel for the trip back to the mainland.

HINGHAM BAY

In 1637 the town of Weymouth was granted two islands in Hingham Bay: Grape Island, and what is now known as Bumpkin Island. The grant read as follows: "Round Iland & Grape Iland are graunted to the towne of Weymothe."³

BUMPKIN ISLAND

Desiring to visit Round, or Bumpkin Island today, we pass through the swift waters of Hull Gut and continue in a southeasterly direction, soon approaching our goal. The Island cannot be confused with any other in Hingham Bay, as its 48 acres of sloping terrain with the yellow hospital building at the summit give it a distinctive appearance. Landing at the pier on the southern side of the Island, we go up to the hospital building and look out over the Bay. Just across the Bay is Sunset Point in Nantasket, and off to the south lies Ragged Island and Crow Point. Little Sheep Island is due west, with the water tower at Fort Revere, Hull, off to the north.

Samuel Ward bought the Island early in the seventeenth century, and his will, executed March 6, 1682, "gave the Island lying Betwixt hingham and hull, called Bomkin Island unto the collidge; and my mind is that it be called By the name of wards Island." A year later he wrote that he wished it always to remain the property of Harvard College. The Island was then appraised, and found to be worth 80 pounds.

It was valued in 1865 at \$1200 and brought Harvard \$50 a year, an amount which Shurtleff cleverly suggests "is fully equal to that yielded to Boston by the famous Franklin Medal Fund." Samuel Ward's daughter married a member of the Lobdell family of Hull; for many years the Lobdells lived on the Island and paid rent to Harvard College.⁴

The Island passed from family to family, the acreage being used in the early part of the nineteenth century for drying fish, in addition to the usual farming. In 1879 the ruins of the old farm house could still be seen on the western side of the Island, and an old wharf with rotten planks faced the channel. At this time, a well of excellent water was located near the wharf. Several stone walls which then crossed the property

showed the extent to which the acreage had been farmed in olden times. Sweetser, in 1888, said Bumpkin Island was a "conspicuous, green dome, arabesqued with daises and thistle-tops."

Perhaps it was this description which first influenced Clarence Burrage in his search for an ideal island for the children's hospital which he planned. He was so pleased with this Island that he leased it for five hundred years and arranged title to erect a hospital building on the highest point of land. The first load of lumber for the structure was delivered in September 1901; working as a deck hand on the lumber barge was John A. Glawson. When the barge was unloaded, Arthur Bemis, Secretary of the Hospital Association, stepped up to Glawson and asked him if he would like to work on the Island. Glawson accepted and is still the caretaker.

The hospital was ready for occupancy by July 1902, the first children then being admitted. Dr. Clarence Crane was the first physician in charge; the matron was Miss Bertha Carvell. Dr. Crane served for one year, after which he was succeeded by Dr. Thomas Strong. That year the hospital closed for the season in September, but Glawson stayed on with his wife during the long winter which followed. The wonderful work done by the Burrage organization will never be fully realized or appreciated; long summers on this delightful Island did much to aid children in their battle to regain health. At one time as many as 145 children were registered and the hospital continued its work until the trumpets of war were heard.

In April 1917, Dr. Edgar, head physician at the Charlestown Navy Yard, visited Bumpkin Island and arranged that it should be used by the Navy for the duration of the war. Glawson was made watchman, sleeping on the sun porch with a shotgun for protection. The rumors concerning the German spies did not make his sleep a peaceful one, but soon the sailors

began to arrive and regular guards were installed. Glawson enlisted in June 1917 and remained at the Island in a semi-official capacity.

At this time numerous sailors from Boston landed at Bumpkin Island, building after building being erected to house them. At the peak during the year 1918 there were over 1300 sailors stationed here, quartered in 58 buildings; Glawson could hardly believe it was the old familiar place. He was allowed to go ashore to his residence in Wayland every week-end, and it was after his arrival home on January 11, 1918, that he received word by telephone that water was freezing in the pipes at the hospital building. Since the Bay was frozen over at the time except for an occasional water hole, Glawson donned his heavy rubber boots and started out across the Harbor. Proceeding along the ice from Sunset Point, he thought he was far enough down the Harbor to avoid stepping into the open water just off Bumpkin Island, but the next thing he knew he was over his head in the Bay. Grasping at an ice cake, he managed to get his leg over its edge, and pulled himself up. This difficult feat saved his life, as no one could have reached him in time.

The first naval commander of Bumpkin Island was Captain James Porter, who was later sent to sea aboard the training ship *Nantucket*. John Cushing was the next captain in charge, staying at Samuel Ward's old home until January 1918. Commanding Officer B. H. Camden then assumed control until after the war was over.

A fine band of 25 pieces, led by Conductor Harris, did much to cheer up the hundreds of sailors waiting for action at the Island. Toward the end of the war they were given a band stand located in front of the hospital building.

After the Armistice, the buildings were gradually torn down and either taken off the Island and rebuilt, or the material was sold to the highest bidder. The commanding officer's

house, built late in the war, was sold to John Duane of Quincy, who moved it to the mainland. The Knights of Columbus building was given to Cardinal O'Connell, who moved it down to Nantasket Beach where it still stands as an accommodation house for worthy people. The remains of the oil shed can be seen down near the dock, and the foundation of the cement mess hall still stands. Fifty-seven of the 58 buildings were removed and the great hospital once more stands alone, silhouetted against the sky line of Hingham Bay. After the war the Island settled back to normal times, with Glawson once again becoming its head man.

Glawson has made a splendid record in rescuing people from the sometimes turbulent waters of Boston Harbor. In this he has taken the place of the intrepid Captain Joshua James, whose record will probably never again be equalled. James died March 19, 1902, and Captain Glawson made his first rescue shortly afterward. With 28 rescues to his credit, Glawson can be said to have as fine a record as any inhabitant of the islands of Boston Harbor. There are three which he remembers most vividly. The first occurred in June 1907, when Arthur Lane chose to sail down the Harbor from the Quincy Yacht Club at Hough's Neck in spite of the rough weather. Coming abeam of Bumpkin Island, his craft capsized and he was thrown into the water. Glawson rushed down to his boat, started the engine, and succeeded in reaching Lane before it was too late. The second rescue which Glawson described occurred in 1921, after a sailboat from Lynn was struck by a vivid bolt of lightning. He reached the occupants before the boat sank beneath the waves.

In Glawson's opinion, his most unusual rescue took place in 1911. He and George James were towing a dead horse to Spectacle Island, where the rendering plant was located. Passing a small boat, Glawson noticed there were five boys on

board, and a moment later over she went. Glawson now had what might be termed a busy half hour trying to rescue the frightened boys from the overturned sailboat, with the dead horse still towing behind. James gave valuable assistance, and soon all were safe aboard the Glawson boat.

A rather unusual addition to the captain's stories was enacted on the afternoon of Sunday, May 19, 1935, when the writer was visiting Glawson and interviewing him on his rescues. As the captain was relating some of his many experiences, he happened to look out over the water, just in time to see a small sailboat tip over with two boys. After a race to the dock, the writer, piloted by Charles DeGaust, was able to reach the boys and bring them ashore. They were Willis H. Bagley and John Pepi of Quincy.

Some odd items on the Island may interest the reader. The only grave belongs to a horse. The Island was formerly a smelting center, barrels of smelts having been caught right off the shore when there was still eel grass in the Harbor. Glawson remembers catching 720 in one day. The smelts disappeared when the eel grass vanished some years ago, and have only gradually returned. A bright red car of moderately old vintage purrs contentedly about the Island during the summer months, facetiously called by the mainland residents, the "Bumpkin Island Fire Department." It was brought across the ice during the severe winter of 1933-1934 and has an interesting identification sign painted on its side:

JOHN W. GLAWSON
CHIEF
OF THE
WHOLE WORKS
BUMPKIN ISLAND
MAGEE & KING DEPUTIES

Richard Magee and William King, mentioned above, are frequent visitors to the Island.

Mr. Glawson is very proud of the hospital building, keeping it in perfect condition for whatever use the trustees care to make of it. The association, however, has not reopened the building since the World War. The founder of the institution, Mr. Burrage, died a few years ago, and the future of the Island is somewhat in doubt.

Let us trust that soon again it will be possible for the white-clad doctors and nurses to administer to the sick and crippled children of New England at this island paradise, far from the cares and worries of the mainland.

GRAPE ISLAND

Turning our attention to the other Island mentioned in the ancient Weymouth grant, Grape Island, we find a single house over a century old standing on its southern shore. Thomas Jenner of Weymouth was one of the earliest men to own property on Grape Island, and he sold a small part of it in 1649 to Edward Bates. Joseph Green bought five acres of Grape Island in 1694. Samuel Thaxter, John Porter, and Jonathan Torry were part owners in 1722, and they all sold their shares to John Gould. The Ludden family were living at Grape Island between 1694 and 1725, James and Benjamin Ludden being property holders.⁵

During the Revolution, the Island was owned by a prominent Tory of Hingham, Elisha Leavitt. Realizing that the British officers needed hay for their horses quartered in Boston, he sent word for them to come down to Grape Island and gather the hay. When the British arrived, the alarm went around the mainland; soon the South Shore minute men were on the job, and the Red Coats were forced back to their boats. This glorified skirmish, which occurred on May 21, 1775, has gone down in history as the battle of Grape Island.

The notorious Captain Smith settled on Grape Island shortly after the close of the Civil War, and his life history is one of the fascinating subjects of Hingham Bay. Smith's real name was Amos Pendleton. He was one of the striking characters of the last century, ruling Grape Island in true piratical style. This old sailor of a forgotten day took many thrilling yarns to his grave when he passed on. At the age of 19 he shipped aboard the *Golden Star*, a slaver bound for the West Indies, and was later promoted to first lieutenant. The ship was heavily armed, carrying 60 men and seven hundred slaves. One day the *Golden Star* encountered a British cruiser, the *Black Joke*, and after the flashing cutlasses were sheathed, the slaver had won a distinct victory. Over a hundred lives were lost in this encounter. When Captain Smith described the incident one could almost hear the cutlasses singing over his head. Smith later became a smuggler in the bayous near New Orleans. Finally, when the authorities made it uncomfortable for him, Smith fled to New England and settled on quiet little Grape Island. After such a life, it is no surprise to learn that he used to send bullets over the heads of any trespassers on the Island. There is one account of a man who was wounded by a shot from his gun. Mr. Pierce Buckley of the Boston Public Library once heard the old man's voice a mile away, warning trespassers off the premises. But Amos Pendleton, alias Captain Smith, grew old and feeble, giving up his home on the Isle in 1892. He died in the Hingham Poor House in 1897 at the age of 92.⁶

The care of the Island until 1901 was in the hands of a mysterious gentleman whose name we must omit, as it is understood he had committed a serious crime in Boston. Because of certain complications with the city authorities, he retreated down the Harbor to avoid capture. When this gentleman moved to the mainland, Captain Billy McLeod and his wife became the caretakers of the Island and lived there 34 years.

One day as Billy McLeod was strolling along the beach he found a tiny baby seal which he took into the house. The seal soon became attached to the family, and in a few weeks was performing feats of unusual agility. In the morning it flipped its way down to the shore, took a swim, and then returned to the house. It learned to knock three times with its flippers as a signal that it wished to enter the house. Once inside, it made a straight line for the stove, behind which a little box had been placed. Here the seal remained until suppertime. After supper Captain McLeod put a little rug in the box, whereupon the seal yawned in a knowing manner and curled up on the rug for the night. Whenever the captain returned from Boston, the seal swam out to meet him and climbed into the boat for the ride back. The little seal died from eating green paint, and many children who had visited the pet mourned its death. Captain Billy said that although he had owned many dogs since then, there never was an animal as affectionate as his little seal.

Living alone on the Island, Captain McLeod and his wife had many adventures together. During the war two sailors knocked at the captain's door, asking permission to borrow his boat to reach the mainland. They had wrecked their skiff on the other side of the Island and offered the captain a valuable watch as security for the boat. Billy McLeod decided they should spend the night at the house, so let them have shelter in the loft. Morning came and the sailors were gone—so was the boat. When Captain McLeod learned that they were deserters from Bumpkin Island, his only regret was that he hadn't taken the expensive watch for security.

One of the queer tales of the Island is that of the gold mine. Over twenty years ago Billy McLeod discovered a woman and two men digging a deep pit on the other side of the Island. When he ordered them to stop, they told him they were digging for gold. The woman professed to be a clairvoyant who had

dreamed of gold buried on Grape Island. Whether or not they were the same people who dug for the treasure at Castle Island in 1911 is an interesting conjecture. When Captain Billy first told me the story, he said, with a twinkle in his eye, that the only gold found on the Island was out on the flats where hundreds and thousands of bushels of clams have been dug throughout the years. Even the Indians knew the secret of the real treasure of Grape Island, and countless tomahawks have been found in the piles of clamshells they left behind.

Billy McLeod was stone deaf due to an accident while sailing in the outer Harbor; the only manner in which we could convey our thoughts to him was by writing our message. Sometimes, especially if Mr. McLeod was not used to the handwriting, he misinterpreted the meaning, and this led to many amusing situations. In 1934 we visited here with a friend, Thomas Johnson of Winthrop. By various notes Johnson had found out that Billy McLeod was a former member of the South Boston Yacht Club, and he wrote out a question asking McLeod if he had ever met the great fighter, John L. Sullivan. "Never heard of him," was McLeod's astonishing rejoinder, whereupon I struck the well-known attitude the boxer usually assumed while posing for a picture. "Ah," cried McLeod, "you mean John L? I saw him many a time."

Another of Captain Billy's stories was about his wonderful Toulouse geese. These birds grew so smart that they would swim in and out around the smelt fishermen anchored in the Bay, asking for bait! McLeod did a wonderful business selling bait to the fisherman at the height of the smelting years. Around 1912 there were hundreds of fishing boats of all descriptions anchored all the way out past Boston Light. The days of good smelting, however, seem gone forever.⁷

Captain William McLeod passed away on February 28, 1935, shortly after a tragic accident which occurred while he and

Mrs. McLeod were walking over the ice to the mainland. Hundreds of members of the Massachusetts Bay yacht clubs will remember this delightful old couple who were so hospitable during their 34 years at historic Grape Island. The ghost of Amos Pendleton must have been uneasy while watching the courteous reception which the McLeods gave almost everyone who asked to visit the Island. Mrs. McLeod has moved to the mainland, and plans for the Island's future are at present indefinite.

SHEEP ISLAND

In Hingham Bay between Peddock's Island on the north and Grape Island on the south lies Sheep Island, owned by F. L. Bicknell of Weymouth. It is occupied in summer and fall as a residence and hunting lodge. William Chamberlain was the earliest known owner of this Island, having the property in his possession around 1650. His estate was divided in 1661, and Robert Coombs and his wife Sarah were granted Sheep Island sometime before 1686, for on March 8 of that year they sold the property to John Loring of Hull.⁸ He and Benjamin Loring, "yeoman," sold the Island to the Chamberlain family. On July 22, 1735, it passed on to Ebenezer Chamberlain, at whose death John Henderson assumed control of its six acres. Henderson at once turned the property over to John Petel, Junior, who had married Eunice Chamberlain, the daughter of Ebenezer. A year later Eunice Petel transferred the title to John Doane. Elisha Leavitt purchased the Island in 1765.

I am afraid the reader will not enjoy a further discussion of the different owners of Sheep Island, so we shall turn to the various titles it has been given. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1775 it is called Sun Island. Another chart 16 years before called it Shean Island, while Dearborn's Map of 1865 locates it with the title Sheaf Island. Mr. Bicknell would perhaps be

surprised to know that a very pretentious chart made about 1780 leaves out his property altogether, while including such comparatively insignificant ledges as Quarantine Rocks and Sunken Ledge. Still another name by which it was known was Ship Island. Mr. Bicknell purchased Sheep Island from Mr. Notman of Hough's Neck back in 1920, Notman having bought it from Samuel James of Hull some years before.

We landed here in 1932, and perhaps the most striking feature we noticed were the giant decoys on the beach. Mr. Bicknell informs me that the gunning on the Island has of late been conspicuous by its absence. But in spite of the lack of birds we can say, along with the poet Thomas Dibden:⁹

"Oh, it's a snug little island!

A right little, tight little, island."

SLATE ISLAND

A mile to the southeast of Sheep Island, and just to the west of Grape Island lies Slate Island, the quarry of the Puritan fathers. The Massachusetts Bay Records for October 16, 1650 mention the grant of this Island to William Torrey, but the public was allowed to use the slate. Although twelve acres here have furnished hundreds of tons of slate, the quarry is seldom used at present. The property has been owned at various times by Joseph Andrews, Samuel Lovell, Thomas Jones, and Caleb Loring. It has been called Hat Island, State Island, and Slat Island. Around 1840 it was the home of a mysterious hermit who lived here for many years. Sweetser tell us that his lonely hut must have made Thoreau's hermitage at Lake Walden look like Scollay Square after a theatre performance. Very little is known of this recluse who chose the wilds of Slate Island in preference to life with his fellow men.¹⁰

The Island is now owned by the Clapp Memorial Association of which Horace R. Drinkwater is a prominent member. The boy scouts and girl scouts are given permission to camp on the Island in alternate months of the summer, and their white tents stand out against the dense foliage growing there. Mr. Clapp, the former owner, died in 1909. The only building on the Island is an old duck preserve which is now rapidly going to pieces.

RACCOON ISLAND

Three hundred yards off the eastern shore of Hough's Neck lies Raccoon Island. It was owned early in the eighteenth century by Edward Capin,¹¹ but little of its history is known. Every year the Stigmatine Fathers, the present owners of the property, conduct their summer school on the Island. The little chapel is very active from late June until early September. The 2600 feet of shore line are guarded by two giant dogs who are quite successful in keeping the Island peaceful and quiet for the study of the Scriptures.

THE HINGHAM HARBOR ISLANDS

Sailing the route of the famous Hingham Packets of years gone by, we pass down Hingham Bay, slip by Samuel Ward's old Bumpkin Island, then past Crow Point, and find ourselves in Hingham Harbor. Four pleasant islands dot this little bay, the first to be visited being Ragged Island. This isle, together with Sarah's and Langlee's, at one time belonged to the intrepid Captain Langlee. All three islands are delightful to visit. With its many coves and inlets Ragged Island is appropriately named. We quote a few lines from Bouvé's delightful description of 1893:¹²

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"This island... is a very picturesque mass of rock, and the scarlet and yellow of the sumacs and the other wild shrubs form a fiery contrast to the deep olive green of the savins here and there among the ledges. At half tide, the musty underwater coloring of the rocks of these islands supplemented by the dark, yellowish russet tints of the rockweed, which only grows submerged on the ledges, is very interesting in an artistic point of view."

Sweetser's artist drew a charming scene at Ragged Island with four mermaids sporting among the rocks. In 1880 there was a fine observation platform at one end of the property. The Island is seldom used today except by the occasional yachtsman. A bridge once connected it with the mainland.¹³ A technical geological description would classify Ragged Island as conglomerate puddingstone and slate, mixed with sedimentary and volcanic rock.

Passing across the narrow channel we reach the shore of Langlee's Island, owned by Miss Fannie R. Brewer. The Langlees of Hingham are mentioned in the Massachusetts Bay Records for February 1685. This Island contains the same geological formation as Ragged Island, and in very early times was known as Ibrook's Island. It is a beautiful spot, thanks to the excellent taste of the man who made extensive plantings here in the early nineties. Due south of Langlee's Island lies Sarah's Island, also owned at the present time by Miss Brewer of Boston and Hingham.

There is an interesting legend concerning these three islands situated close together in Hingham Harbor. Mrs. Sarah Derby, according to the story, lived as a ragged young girl on the islands mentioned. When she grew older, they came to be called in her honor, Ragged Island, Sarah's Island and Langlee's Island. It is a pretty story, but unfortunately a chart of the Harbor made in 1700 clearly shows that the islands

went by those names at the turn of the century, while Sarah Derby was not born until 1714.¹⁴ However, a John Langlee of Hingham is mentioned in the Massachusetts Bay records of February 16, 1785, so possibly his daughter is the young lady in question.

About a third of a mile away lies Button Island, close to the site of the old pier where the Hingham packets used to tie up after their long trips from Boston. In spite of extensive research, the writer has been unable to find anything of importance concerning this small Island. It has a few trees and shrubs but is so small that no one has considered it except for picnicking. Made of felsite diorite, it was brought to the surface due to faults in the earth's structure. The Island at the present time is owned by Charles B. Baines.

FORT DUVALL, LITTLE HOG ISLAND

Little Hog Island is the last to be discussed in this chapter. Although at the present time it is owned by the Federal Government, it was at one time the place where old ships, having outlived their usefulness, were broken up. Henry David Thoreau believed the whole Island was "gently lapsing into futurity," and said that "this isle has got the very form of a ripple." When Sweetser visited the Island in 1882 there were two wrecks on the beach where "myriads of spiders, large and small have carefully woven their silken webs across every corner." The names of the ships were the *Passport* and the *Virginia*.¹⁵

At the present time Corporal Bazinet is in charge of the giant guns at Fort Duvall which guard Boston from invasion. Fort Duvall is a masterpiece of engineering, but military regulations forbid revealing information on the subject. Thus we complete our summary of the islands of Hingham Bay and start on our trip across the Harbor.

DEER ISLAND AND LONG ISLAND

THERE are two islands in our Harbor which have become small towns in themselves. Deer Island and Long Island, with a combined area of four hundred acres, have a population of three thousand. This population is made up mostly of people under care of the city of Boston, the county prison being located on Deer Island and the almshouse and hospital on Long Island. Strictly speaking, Deer Island is no longer an island, for over the tiny causeway which connects it to the mainland, pedestrians may pass at any time of tide. Long Island, located across President Road from Deer Island, is more isolated.

Three boats make the trip to the two islands from Boston, the *Michael J. Perkins*, the *Stephen O'Meara*, and the *George A. Hibbard*. The *Perkins*, 135 feet long, is operated by Captain Matthew L. Kelly, who has been in the service for about 12 years. The boat which has lately been engaged in carrying the workers to Rainsford's Island is the 68-foot *George A. Hibbard* under Captain Joseph Harrington, now in his third year with the institutions department. The *Stephen O'Meara*, 118 feet long, is run jointly by Captain John E. McCarthy, Captain Charles Christian, and Captain Harrington. Captain McCarthy has just completed 16 years of navigation, while Captain Christian has been down the Harbor for over 30 years.

DEER ISLAND

We shall now visit Deer Island, boarding the *Michael J. Perkins* at Sargent's Wharf, Eastern Avenue, Boston. This

dock, situated at the foot of Fleet Street, was known as Scarlett's Wharf when Captain Quelch and many other pirates were taken there on their way to be hanged. Our ship leaves the pier and Captain Kelly soon has the *Perkins* plowing her way down the Harbor. As we land at Deer Island, Deputy A. H. McCarthy greets us at the dock. Let us go up to the highest hill where formerly the signal flags relayed messages to Boston, and view the Island which William Wood, in 1634, called "Deare Iland, which lies within a flight-shot of Pullin-point."¹

Deer Island is over a mile in length and contains 183 acres. It is divided, as was Gaul, into three parts, the United States Government, the state of Massachusetts, and the city of Boston each owning a share. According to the latest survey, the national Government owns one hundred acres, while the city of Boston owns the larger part of the remainder. The United States Navy has a radio compass station at Deer Island, and the Government has other stations here the nature of which must remain secret. The House of Correction for Suffolk County is situated near Shirley Gut, and the Pumping Station for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, North Metropolitan Sewerage District, is on the western side of the Island.²

Three hundred years ago Deer Island was overrun by the animals from which it gets its name. William Wood, writing in 1634, tells us that the "Iland is so called, because of the Deare which often swimme thither from the Maine, when they are chased by the Woolves: Some have killed sixteen Deare in a day upon this Iland." In April of the same year Deer Island, Hog Island, and Long Island were granted to Boston for two pounds rent, and the Province never set any further claim on the Island. The rent was later reduced to the equivalent of twenty-five cents for each island.

The winter of 1634-5 must have been unusually severe, for many men were marooned on the Harbor islands. Three wood

choppers coming to Boston from Deer Island found the ice so thick that they had to stop at Bird Island for the night. The Harbor was frozen over several times in the year 1635.

The next year it was agreed "y^t y^e Inhabitants who doe want wood, shall have liberty to gett for their vse, at Deare Island, so as y^t they psently take & carrye away what they doe gett, & whatsoeur they have felled there to be at liberty for others to take away." Five years later Deer Island was made the location of a pound for swine and goats found roaming around Boston. It was built by Edward Gibbons. In January 1642, it was ordered that Deer Island should be improved for the maintenance of a free school for Boston, and Daniel Maude, who succeeded Philemon Pormort as master of the Latin School, profited thereby.

The town of Boston leased Deer Island on December 30, 1644, to Elder James Penn and John Oliver for three years at seven pounds a year but allowed the inhabitants of Boston to cut wood at the Island. Three years later Edward Bendell leased the Island for seven years, paying double the small rent that his predecessors had been charged. He had some trouble in making his payment in 1655 but managed to extend the lease to 21 years.

In 1642 the *Mary Rose* had been blown to pieces "with her own powder" while coming up the Harbor, her hulk remaining in the channel, a menace to navigation. As much treasure had gone down with the ship, Edward Bendell worked out a device by which he could recover the wreck of the vessel. The Court made an agreement with him whereby if he could not move the ship he would receive half of any treasure he might find, and if he moved the hulk everything would be his. Bendell now constructed two huge water-tight tubs open at one end, turned them upside down, and weighted them with several hundred pounds of metal. He arranged a swing for himself inside

the tubs, with two signal cords running up to the men who would lower him down into the sea. Bendell was able, by this arrangement, to stay under water for 30 minutes, a remarkable feat for colonial days. He salvaged the *Mary Rose*, brought her into shallow water, and received the treasure, but only after a struggle, as others had appropriated it for themselves.³

In 1655 James Bill, a resident of Pullen Point, was barred from cutting wood at Deer Island since the authorities believed there was only enough to supply a farm. A little later John Shaw leased Deer Island, renting it in 1663 to Sir Thomas Temple who was reputed to be a direct descendant of Lady Godiva.⁴

Temple leased the Island to Samuel Shrimpton on December 4, 1668. When the King Philip War broke out in 1675, hundreds of friendly Indians were forced to move to Deer Island. A few months later, old Ahatton and other Indians petitioned for the right to visit other islands to get clams and fish, as the redskins were starving to death. Many did perish from hunger before a boat was provided for the unfortunate men. On the 19th of April, 1676, Jonathan Fairbanks asked possession of a certain little Indian girl who at that time was a member of a tribe on the Island, but it is not known if his request was granted. Later in the war the colonists changed their attitude; Deer Island Indians were pressed into duty against the victorious tribes, and helped turn the tide for the Puritans.

After thus aiding the New Englanders, these Indians brought forward some of their old claims, and Charles Josias, alias Wampatuck, grandson of the great Chicatawbut, demanded the Island. His claims were settled by compromise, and a group of prominent Bostonians including Shrimpton and Simon Lynde paid him 19 pounds for his rights. Another Indian, David, son of Sagamore George, now told the Court he was the owner of Deer Island but gave up the claim after a few weeks of heated debate.

Deer Island was first suggested as a quarantine station on August 3, 1677, when the passengers of Captain Legg's ship were ordered confined "at an island such as Deare Island" because of smallpox on board ship. Forty years later it was again suggested that Deer Island be used for this purpose.

During 1688 Governor Sir Edmund Andros was trying to collect a tax from all landowners. When Shrimpton failed to pay him, Andros sent his High Sheriff, James Shurlock, down to Deer Island. Shurlock took John Pittom, the tenant, with his family, and turned them adrift in a small boat, leaving two men on the property to see that Pittom did not come back. This action was carried out even after the *supersedias*, similar to an injunction of today, had been served on him. If High Sheriff Shurlock had known of the flight of King James II from London during the preceding month, perhaps he would not have been so eager to follow the commands of Sir Edmund Andros.⁵

Back in England the Bloodless Revolution was on. William landed at Torbay on November 5, 1688, and William and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen of England on February 13, 1689. John Winslow brought news of these events to Boston on April 4, 1689. We know that Sir Edmund Andros had previous knowledge of the debacle, and this has perhaps influenced some of us to believe a legend about King James and Deer Island. The legend says that James asked Andros to pick out a likely place in Massachusetts Bay as a possible hideout for him until he could recoup his losses and that Andros chose Deer Island as suitable for the requirements of his ruler. Sir Edmund Andros did not count on the *coup d'état* at Fort Hill under John Nelson which took place April 18, 1689; Andros was thrown into prison, and his plans, of course, were given up. The King of England at Deer Island!—such at any rate is the legend.

Colonel Samuel Shrimpton died on February 8, 1698, and his widow, Elizabeth, leased the property at Deer Island to

Christopher Capron the next year. Very little is known of the Island's history for the next 18 years.

In 1717 the citizens of Boston voted to have the selectmen "Lease out a piece of Land on Dere Iland, not exceeding one acre, for a term not exceeding ninety-nine years, to be improved for the Erecting an Hospital or Pest House for the reception & entertainm^t of sick persons coming from beyond the Sea."⁶ Spectacle Island, however, was made the Quarantine Station of Boston Harbor in July 1717, and Deer Island had to wait over one hundred years before it was to receive the sick from incoming vessels.

During the Revolution Major Greaton of the Continental Army landed at Deer Island and removed several hundred sheep and a number of horses from under the eyes of the British fleet anchored less than a mile away. Another incident of more tragic import was the Battle of Shirley Gut on May 19, 1776. Although the British were finally forced to retreat, brave Captain James Mugford was killed. He had previously captured a much-needed British powder ship for the Americans, bringing it to the American shore line. Waiting his chance to return to Marblehead, he sailed for Shirley Gut, but the British overtook and killed him in the battle which followed. The ship carrying his body safely reached Marblehead where Mugford was given a stately funeral.

The celebrated lifesaver, William Tewksbury, moved to Deer Island shortly after the Revolution, making his first rescue in 1799. In December of that year he saved an English sailor who had fallen from a vessel anchored in the Harbor. The following year Tewksbury rescued a sailor from the masthead of a schooner which had crashed off Fawn Bar. At this time he was assisted by his colored servant, Black Sam, who later drowned in Shirley Gut. In March 1809 this Deer Island hero earned another medal by taking Thomas Gould from the mast-

head of his pickey boat, wrecked on Winthrop Bar.⁷ The Tewksburys ran an entertainment and picnic resort here for many years.

On May 26, 1817, Tewksbury made his most outstanding rescue, one which made him known from Boston to Baltimore. At four o'clock the afternoon of that day, he and his son Abijah were collecting ballast near the present site of the Winthrop water tower when a boy from Point Shirley came running up the beach to tell them that a pleasure boat had upset somewhere between Deer and Long Islands. Tewksbury and his son rushed to their canoe, hoisted sail, and soon reached Shirley Gut. As Tewksbury could not see the wrecked boat, he stood for Long Island until he saw his wife and children running along the beach in the direction of Money Bluff. He then changed his course to run parallel to theirs. As the wind was blowing strong and he had already shipped a barrel of water, Tewksbury was greatly discouraged to see what appeared to be 20 or 30 heads bobbing up and down in the water about a half mile off the shore from the Bluff.

The canoe was a small lap-streak model, a heavy sea was running, and Tewksbury's wife and children were watching him from the shore. He realized that his own chances of reaching safety were small, but he took in his sail and managed to get seven of the eight survivors into the frail canoe. The eighth man was anxiously awaiting his turn when Abijah called to him, "Father, the canoe is sinking, we shall all perish." Tewksbury had been so interested in the rescue that he had not noticed the water steadily creeping up the sides of the boat; by the time the seventh man was aboard the water was within three inches of the gunwales. Therefore he had to start for Deer Island without the last man, who was holding onto the jolly boat tied to the sunken pleasure craft. The canoe with its nine occupants safely made shore, but when Tewksbury returned for

the lone mariner, the man had vanished. Evidently the tide had risen just enough to submerge the jolly boat so that it was of no use to the unfortunate sailor. Three others had perished before Tewksbury arrived. Those saved had been in the water not quite an hour. The Reverend Mr. Brown describes the final scene in this unusual rescue:⁸

*The suff'ers they at length receiv'd,
Then hasten'd to the shore;
In hopes that those might be reliev'd,
Who seem'd to breathe no more.*

*And ere the sun had sunk below
The surface of the main,
They felt their grateful bosoms glow
With life and health again.*

For his heroism Tewksbury was rewarded with a gold medal from the Massachusetts Humane Society.

Again in August 1820 Tewksbury made a difficult rescue. While he was at breakfast, he received word from Mr. Wyman at Point Shirley that a boat had sunk on Fawn Bar. John W. Tewksbury, William's cousin, helped launch the frail canoe in the heavy northerly sea, and they were soon sailing in the direction of the wreck. They found the lone sailor, William Morrison, straddling a part of the gunwale of the boat which had gone to pieces in the surf. Morrison said that after his boat had crashed onto the bar it had broken up and drifted into deep water. After three weeks on the Island, he recovered sufficiently to return home. Five other people were rescued by Tewksbury's son the same year. Up to 1825 the Tewksbury family had saved 31 lives, and had received numerous medals.

In the 1830's there was a peculiar tragedy at old Pullen Point when a baker, apparently in the last stages of alcoholic insanity, drove down to the Point in his buggy and shouted that he was going to cross the Gut at high tide. Whipping up his

horse, he drove into the swirling current where horse and man quickly drowned.⁹ It was remarked at the time that the loss of the man was not serious, but it was to be regretted that he had taken along a dumb animal in his folly.

The signal station at Deer Island was attended in the year 1819 by the Rev. Frederick William Augustus Steuben Brown, wandering poet of Boston Harbor. His summer there must indeed have been a fascinating one, and his visits doubtless occupied most of his spare time, for his poetry has the factual background which could have been acquired only after careful research. He is reputed to have been one of the founders of the Methodist Church in Winthrop, and was often seen in the company of Sturgis the salt manufacturer.

Six verses of his poem on Deer Island follow:

*Here superstition often tells,
Of ghost, that's heard to screech,
And utter dismal piercing yells,
At midnight on the beach.*

*For oft I've heard the story told,
How a ghost without a head;
Here guards some thousand pounds in gold,
By some strange fancy led.*

* * * * *

*Ye sons of festive mirth and dance,
To Tewksberry's hall repair;
His kind attentions will enhance,
Your pleasures while you're there.*

*There shaded by some willow trees,
The bowling alleys lay,
With seats, where you may sit at ease,
When not inclin'd to play.*

*When not inclin'd to dance or sing,
Upon a lofty tree,
There hangs a strong, well guarded swing,
From ev'ry danger free.*

*Which, swiftly through the yielding air,
In steady, lofty flight,
Will gentleman or lady fair,
Convey, with pure delight.*

The Shade of Alden, James Lloyd Homer, visited Deer Island in 1845, spending many happy hours bowling on the green and swinging young ladies in the picturesque swing by the trees. He tells of a curious treasure hunt that turned out to be unsuccessful. In 1824 a group of men, including Captain Tewksbury, Rev. Mr. Brown, and Captain Crooker, went down to Money Bluff where they dug silently for several hours, but did not find even one coin. Captain Crooker blamed the failure of the expedition on some of the party who talked after promising to keep silent. It had broken the spell!¹⁰

When the terrible ship fever raged among the Irish immigrants in 1847, Dr. Moriarty was placed in charge of the temporary quarantine established at Deer Island. Hundreds of immigrants stricken with the fever died there and were buried in nameless graves. The Quarantine Station at Deer Island was made permanent in 1849. In the same year plans for a new almshouse were drawn, and this building, completed in 1852, is in use even at the present time as part of the prison.

Paupers of the city and commonwealth were soon removed to the new building at Deer Island, and on January 25, 1854, it became the House of Industry. Before the year elapsed, the Massachusetts poor were sent to Rainsford's Island, and on July 1, 1858, the inmates of the House of Reformation together

with those of the almshouse school connected with it were sent to Deer Island. In 1869 a farmhouse was built and a house for pauper girls was also constructed.

The bar which runs out from Deer Island was the scene of a shipwreck in the winter of 1886. At daybreak on January 9, the schooner *Juliet* crashed against Fawn Bar. The ship had sailed safely from the Mosquito Mountain Quarry in Frankfort, Maine, into the outer Harbor, but the snow was so thick that Captain Leach misjudged the channel, and the ship ripped up on Fawn Bar Ledge. Heavily coated with ice, she rolled over on her beam ends, with the men trying desperately to hang on. Three of the crew, Hollis Munson, Philip Truesworthy, and Winnie Milliken, having lashed themselves to the mast, were forced to watch the other three gradually lose their holds and be swept off the ship. The breakers, 20 and 30 feet high, rushed over the vessel, engulfing everything for four or five seconds at a time. The first to be lost was Charles Truesworthy, the mate; the next to die was one of the crew, James Dunn; and the last to lose his life was Captain Leach. At nine a.m. the sea had gone down enough to permit the tug *Samuel Little* to come to the aid of the survivors. Four inmates of the prison assisted in the rescue of these men. The granite from the cargo of the *Juliet* still lies near Fawn Bar.¹¹

The Suffolk County House of Correction was moved to Deer Island in 1896, while Master James R. Gerrish was in charge. The previous year the reformation department had been transferred to Rainsford's Island. The Hill Prison and the power plant were built while Gerrish was master at the Island. Gerrish is said to have advised against the location, believing it too near the water. When Gerrish resigned in 1907, James H. Cronin became master. In 1910 a new seawall was built near the Hill Prison, but three years later it was badly in need of repairs. In November 1920, a storm destroyed 450 feet of the

wall, and Commissioner Johnson secured an old barge which he floated up on the beach for protection. Emergency repairs were made in 1925, and a permanent wall was later constructed.

Major George F. A. Mulcahy, a Dartmouth graduate and World War veteran, was appointed master of the Deer Island House of Correction on September 16, 1926 and is still in charge. He is well-liked for his fairness in treating the inmates.

A prison break was attempted on August 14, 1933, when four prisoners drove across the Gut at low tide, using one of the Island trucks. Making the wrong turn at Point Shirley, they abandoned the car and hid. The writer happened to be at the Point, and his car and services were commandeered by four guards, two of whom rode on each running board with riot guns in their hands. All the prisoners were finally captured and returned to prison.

William C. Ham of Winthrop, who as a boy lived on Deer Island, has had many interesting experiences in connection with the Island. In 1895 he was the first to travel through the new pipe laid under the Gut, and in 1932 was in the first automobile to drive across the Gut at low tide. He also had a thrilling experience during the great storm of 1898, when the frame of the house which he had just left floated off and out into the ocean after a great wave swept around it.

Shirley Gut started filling up years ago. It has been claimed that the *Constitution* sailed through this narrow passageway in 1812, but none of the books about this famous American ship mentions the fact. As late as 1895 the Gut was navigable by the Nahant boats, but around 1920 the depth at high tide was only six feet. Ten years later it was only half that depth, and by the summer of 1935 only a few inches of water were to be seen except at the highest tides. A few planks laid across this area enable automobiles to cross the sand at any time of day. Thus for the first time in history Deer Island is connected with the mainland.

Receiving Officer Kenny, who has completed over 28 years in the service of the city, once wrote the first chapters of the history of Deer Island, but abandoned the idea and tore up the manuscript because of the great amount of work involved.

Resthaven Cemetery at Deer Island, established in 1908, stands for much that is romantic and tragic in the history of our islands. Although many of the inscriptions have disappeared because of the admitted activities of certain South Boston young men in 1892, I have been able to trace many of the people whose remains now lie there:

The body of John, who while at Castle Island was a "desperate good Gardener," is buried at Deer Island. The quotation is from his gravestone now lying at the bottom of Pleasure Bay. Edward Pursley, who died at Castle Island in 1768, is interred here. Shute Bernard, the son of Sir Francis Bernard, and Sir Thomas Adams are at Resthaven, where their remains were moved from Castle and Governor's Islands. Lieutenant Robert F. Massie's gravestone is here, beside that of Edward Johnston, the Confederate sailor who died while at Fort Warren. The body of Johnston was also at Governor's before being taken to Deer Island. The remains of those who perished in the Castle Island mine explosion of 1898 are here, and ten recently found Confederate graves are side by side in the northern end of the cemetery. Without question, the graveyard at Resthaven Cemetery on Deer Island is one of the most historic in Boston.

DEER ISLAND LIGHT

We shall now visit Deer Island Light, located five hundred yards from Deer Island, and a thousand yards from Long Island. This lighthouse has had its share of romance and tragedy. Keeper Wesley Pingree spent his honeymoon here with

his bride, the former Josephine Horte, in 1895. Frank P. Sibley, World War correspondent of the *Boston Globe*, lived at the Light several summers in the 1890's, and his acquaintance with Miss Florence Lyndon, daughter of Keeper Lyndon of Long Island Light, resulted in their marriage in 1893.

Wesley Pingree's worst experience while at Deer Island Light was during the *Portland* storm of 1898. Former Keeper Pingree's account of that terrible November night follows:

"At two o'clock in the afternoon the ocean was as smooth as glass. At five p.m. it had started snowing hard, and the wind was coming up. A little later the Bangor boat went by but returned to the harbor, as the sea was rapidly getting worse. At 7 p.m. the *Portland* came down the channel, and the other boat, anchored in President Road, whistled a warning to her. At this time the waves were hitting so high I was up lashing my dory fast to the Light. The *Portland* continued right out to sea, and as she was lost with all hands, I do not think she was ever seen again."

Another tragic story is more intimately connected with the Light. Keeper Joseph McCabe had left the Light one winter Sunday in 1916 to help his fiancée at Deer Island address their wedding invitations. In the afternoon the temperature dropped, and a howling northwester sprang up; when McCabe reached the shore at the Island he found his boat frozen to the beach. As it was low tide, he borrowed rubber boots and started to walk along the bar to the Light. Jumping to a large rock while approaching his goal, he slipped and fell into the ocean. Watchers on the shore quickly launched a dory, but they reached the spot too late. His body was never found.

Judson B. Small became the assistant-keeper of Deer Island Light in 1923 and has continued in that capacity ever since. Merrill B. King was keeper when Small started his

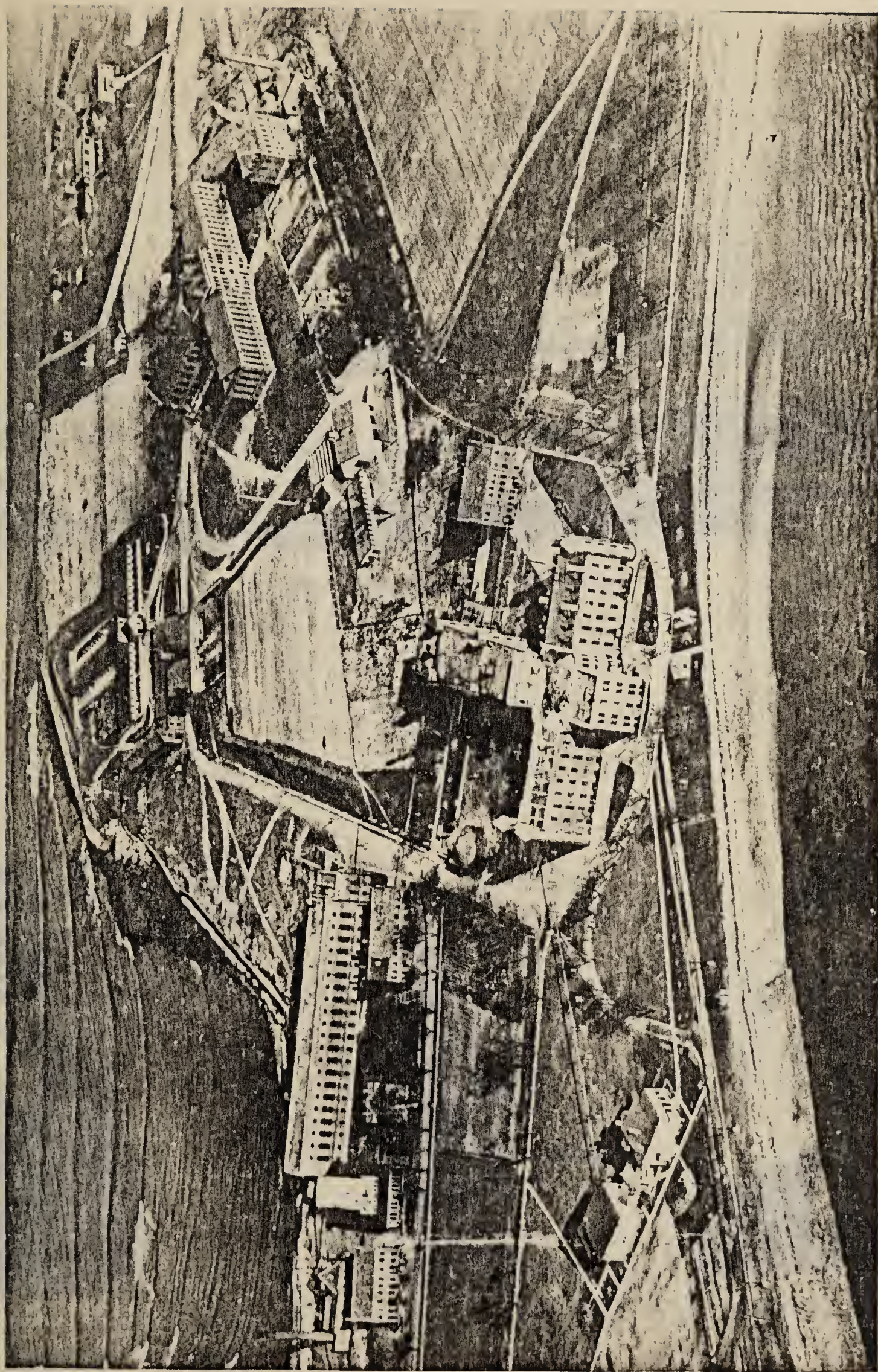


Photo Ramsdell-Winapoo

DEER ISLAND FROM THE AIR, 1932



EUTAW HOUSE, LONG ISLAND. 1856



PTAIN WILLIAM MCLEOD
ND WIFE, GRAPE ISLAND



DEER ISLAND LIGHT



DOCTOR C. L. CLAY,
LONG ISLAND

service, and during the gale of December 27, 1930, was at the Light alone. At four p.m. that day breakers 40 feet high were sweeping right across the mile-wide area between Deer and Long Islands; every time a sea hit the lighthouse the whole structure would shake. Keeper King had previously calked cotton in all the cracks through which water might seep. Being alone at the Light in such a storm was a fearful experience, but when morning came the worst of the blow was over and the sea subsided by noon of the next day.

Judson Small's brother Tom had been keeper at Bug Light until the fire of 1929, when he was transferred to Duxbury Pier in Plymouth Harbor. Merrill King left Deer Island Light in June 1931, being succeeded by Tom Small, who is still keeper of the Light. Riprap put to the eastward of the Light somewhat breaks the force of the sea during a gale, but there have been rumors to the effect that the foundation of the lighthouse is weakening. A telephone connection with Boston enables the men at the Light to notify the Chamber of Commerce when ships are sighted down the Harbor.

LONG ISLAND

Leaving Deer Island Light, we cross over to Long Island, the longest of all the islands in Boston Harbor, although it does not have as much shore line as Peddock's.¹²

In the early part of its history, Long Island was closely allied with Deer and Hog Islands, being granted on April 1, 1634, along with the other two for three pounds to the town of Boston. The rent was changed on March 4, 1635, to four shillings, with Spectacle Island added. On February 24, 1640, the one and 13-16 miles of Long Island were laid out in lots for planters. This was done at a Boston town meeting at which

“Edward Randsford & Willyam Hudson are appointed to accompany y^e surveyor to laye out the planting ground at Long Iland, & they are to beginne at the East end.” A pleasant philosophy is expressed in the following rule laid down at this meeting of 295 years ago, to the effect that “if any have bestowed any labor vpon y^t w^{ch} shall fall to another man, he whoe shall enjoy y^e benefitt thereof shall eyther allow for y^e charge, or cleare soe much for y^e other.”¹³

We have seen various instances where islands have been claimed by Indians, but few controversies between white men are recorded. One of them is in Liber I of the Suffolk Deeds where we find the record of “a protest against intruders Edward Tomlins and Timothy Tomlins with Hansard Knowles Clarke and others by James fforrett gentl and signed by John Winthrop.” The Island had been granted, according to the protest, “bu the letters Patents of o^r Sovereine Lord Kinge Charles to the Right Honora Will Earle of Sterling,” and the intruders had settled there in spite of the grant. Regardless of this claim, which was filed on September 28, 1641, the Right Honorable William, Earl of Stirling, was never recognized as the lawful owner of this Island.

The planters of Long Island remained there almost eight years after Earl William tried to evict them, but on April 19, 1649, they were notified that a yearly rent would be charged for the benefit of the free school at Boston. Thirty-seven people now bound themselves to pay six-pence an acre every year, and as there were some 200 acres that could be cultivated, a sum of about 5 pounds was annually realized in this manner. In 1655 the farmers at the Island fell behind in their payments, and the constable was ordered to collect the overdue rent. Affairs went from bad to worse, until on March 11, 1667, the town of Boston told the tenants at Long Island that if they paid up their back rent they could have their lots without further payment.¹⁴

Let us delve a little into the Suffolk Deeds of this period. Joseph and Elizabeth Rock owned at least 40 acres of Long Island in 1669 and mortgaged this land in 1671 for 200 pounds. The mortgage was paid off on August 9, 1672, the same day that the Rock family sold eight acres of property to James Brading. These eight acres were in two different sections of the Island, bounded on the west by property owned jointly by Edward Cowell and Jonathan Balstone while the Bastond family owned the section due east, the Harbor being the north and south boundary. Nathaniel Reinolds and Gamaliel Waite also were tenants at the same time, owning property respectively due west and east of the second section. The above-mentioned names would seem to include a majority of the land-holders of Long Island in the year of 1682. The language of the deed which conveyed the property to James Brading should be of interest: "2 parcels of land with houses, out-houses, Barnes, Stables, wharfes, yard's, Orchard's, garden's, Meadowes, Marshes, Pastures, feeding's Wood's, Vnderwood's water's, fishings, profits etc." Just what was left for the "etc," to include is a question.¹⁵

Property owners at Long Island at this period were James Woodward, Susanne Compton, Edmund Brown, Richard Tailor, and Thomas Stansbury. Stansbury, a shopkeeper of Boston, held onto his property longer than any of the other tenants, whose land was gradually bought up by John Nelson, relative of Sir Thomas Temple. Nelson's daughter married Robert Temple of Noddle's Island, and their granddaughter was the mother of Robert C. Winthrop.

On April 18, 1689, Nelson headed a band of colonists at Fort Hill and ordered Sir Edmund Andros to surrender himself and the fort. This revolution led to the imprisonment of Andros at Castle Island. When William was firmly established on the English throne, the colonists who had participated in

this first outburst against authority probably breathed more easily. What would have happened to them had James II returned to power is another story.

John Nelson became so prominent an owner that by 1720, 31 years after the storming of Fort Hill, Long Island was still known as Nelson's Island. In the meantime much had happened to Nelson. He had started on a voyage in 1692, was captured at sea by the French, and imprisoned at Quebec. While in prison in this northern settlement, he discovered that the French were plotting against the New England people, so he secretly dispatched a messenger to Boston to warn the colonists. When the French learned of Nelson's trick they sent him to France where he was locked up in the Bastille. Only after years of effort by Sir Purbeck Temple was he released. When he finally returned to Long Island, he was given a wonderful home-coming banquet to celebrate his arrival. He had been away ten years, and the celebration was so important that, according to Sweetser, fragments of the table cloth used at the feast were still preserved in 1880!

When John Nelson died on December 5, 1721, at his island kingdom, his estate was divided into seven parts. Robert Temple bought up four of these shares, and then he and the other owners conveyed the whole Island to Charles Apthorp. Apthorp died in 1758, and his heirs sold the entire Island of 216 acres to Barlow Trecothick, the lord mayor of London. Trecothick had married Grizzell Apthorp, the eldest daughter of Charles W. Apthorp.¹⁶

When Lord Mayor Trecothick died in June, 1790, Charles Apthorp became the owner of the Island. He kept it barely a year, selling out to James Ivers of Boston, who died in 1815. Ivers left two daughters, Hannah and Jane. The first mentioned had married Jonathan Loring Austin, while Jane had become the wife of Benjamin Austin. Four years later the Long Island

lighthouse was built. The tower, erected on the highest part of Long Island Head, was 22 feet high and could be seen for 15 miles. It has been moved twice since its erection in 1819.

Thomas Smith of Cohasset bought the entire Island in 1847, and when the Portuguese fishermen started to build shacks there, he sold it to the Long Island Company which was incorporated in 1849.

When James Lloyd Homer visited Long Island Light in 1845, he found Captain Charles Beck, already with many years of service, in charge of the lighthouse there. Beck explained to him that when a pilot boat in the Harbor had run out of pilots, the captain hoisted a blue and white ball as a signal, whereupon Captain Beck raised a black ball from his mast to let the officials in Boston know of the situation in the outer Harbor.

Ballou's Pictorial for December 27, 1856, carries a picture of the Eutaw House at Long Island. It was a "commodious building and pleasant resort," according to the legend accompanying the picture. I have been trying to find out whether the Eutaw House became the Long Island House, but have not as yet had any success. We do know that during the Civil War the Long Island House was used by the soldiers quartered on the Island.

The first regiment to be quartered at Long Island was the famous "Fighting Ninth." This regiment was recruited by Thomas Cass, formerly commander of a Massachusetts Militia organization known as the Columbian Artillery. Composed almost wholly of men of Irish birth, six of the companies were from Boston, and one each from Salem, Marlboro, Milford, and Stoughton. After a long tedious stay at Faneuil Hall in Boston, the soldiers were taken aboard the *Nellie Baker* May 12, 1861, and soon arrived at Camp Wightman, Long Island. The camp was named in honor of Mayor Wightman of Boston. Pickets were set up along the shore to prevent desertion and

interference from sailing craft, and the soldiers soon began to feel they were actually in the army.

Drilling became the event of the day, and as all were anxious to master the manual of arms, this led to a pleasant duel of ability between Sergeant-Major Teague and Lieutenant McCafferty. Teague announced one day that he was McCafferty's equal, so a contest was arranged to see which was the better. Although Teague gave an expert exhibition, Lieutenant McCafferty's wonderful work with the musket soon showed he was the master, and Teague was the first to congratulate him. Lieutenant James E. McCafferty was later killed in action at the battle of Gaines' Mill, Virginia.¹⁷

A few weeks after the Ninth arrived at Camp Wightman, another regiment was quartered on the western side of the Island, about a half-mile away. Many of the officers started the custom of visiting this new regiment at night against orders. When Colonel Cass learned one evening that some of his line officers were missing from camp, he had the countersign changed while the officers were still out. The colonel heard the officers returning and walked down to the sentinel they would have to pass, keeping in the background. The guard, knowing the colonel was close at hand, changed to "charge bayonets" and loudly called "Halt! Who goes there?" This so astonished the returning officers that they halted and ceased talking. One of them called out that they were friends with the countersign, and tried to give the word. He failed, of course, and when Colonel Cass stepped forward, the officers knew the game was up. They were each inspected by the colonel, and after a severe scolding, were dismissed.

On June 11, 1861, the 13th Regiment, M.V.M., became the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment, U.S.V. Company A came to be known as the Columbian Guards, as there were many who had belonged to the old Columbian Artillery, established in 1798.

Company B, or the Otis Guards, was named in honor of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis. The Douglas Guards, Company C, was named for Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois. Company C quickly became known as the Meagher Guards, thus honoring the Irish orator and exile who later became the great General Thomas Francis Meagher of the Army of the Potomac. Company E was named the Cass Light Guards, in honor of Colonel Thomas Cass. Company F was known as the Fitzgerald Guards, for Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Irish patriot. It had been recruited in Salem. Company G, from Marlboro, or the Wolf Tone Guards, was named for Theobald Wolf Tone, one of the founders of "United Irishmen." Company H, the Davis Guards from Milford, was named for Thomas Osborne Davis, Irish poet. General McClellan was honored by Company I, from Boston, which was called the McClellan Rifles. K Company from Stoughton became known as the Stoughton Guards. Thus we can understand the character of the ten companies assembled at Long Island on June 11, 1861.¹⁸ On Monday, June 24, 1861, friends of the Ninth Regiment presented the organization with an American flag and an Irish flag, both made of silk. On one side of the green Irish flag, under the American coat of arms, a scroll bore the following inscription: *Thy sons by adoption; thy firm supporters and defenders from duty, affection and choice.*

The reverse side contained the Irish harp; below the harp were two wolf dogs and the motto: *Gentle when stroked, fierce when provoked.*

At two p.m. on June 26, 1861, the Ninth Regiment sailed from Long Island. Friends and relatives had come down to make their final farewells, and as the boys marched up the gangplanks and on the three steamers there was no cheering; the occasion was too serious. The *Ben de Ford*, the *Cambridge*,

and the *Pembroke* were the three ships selected to carry the 1022 men to Washington, and as the transports sailed into the channel and passed Long Island Light, a last view of the deserted tent city was presented. For many of the men it was the last view of Boston Harbor. Thus we leave the Ninth Regiment on its way to the front.¹⁹

With the year 1863 it was seen that there would have to be conscriptions for the Army. After several other sites had been abandoned, a great conscript camp was finally established at Long Island, because of the difficulty of escape from this refuge. General Charles Devens, the commanding officer there, certainly had his hands full trying to keep the conscripts in order. His headquarters were at the Long Island Hotel, which was opened especially for the occasion, with the officers under him quartered in the spacious building. Other officers included Captains Goodhue, Leach, Clark, Goodwin, and Hughes, and the surgeon was Dr. N. M. Hayward.

Some of the adventuresome conscripts believed that they could escape to the mainland, one such attempt taking place on the night of Sunday, September 13, 1863. Four conscripts deserted in a small boat and, by skillful navigation, managed to go part of the way to another island before their makeshift craft sank in the channel. Two were drowned, but the other two men were successful in reaching Jeffries Point, East Boston. They were soon captured and brought into court, where nearly \$1000 in money was found on them. When the bodies of their companions were picked up, \$408 was taken from their pockets. The names of these deserters had best go unmentioned.

The steamer *Bellingham*, the official conscript boat in charge of Captain Lovell, made one especially pleasant trip to Long Island during the time it was in service. On October 9, 1863, there was a great picnic for non-commissioned officers and privates of old regiments who were guarding the conscripts at

Long Island. The wives and sweethearts of the men were included and enjoyed the dress-parade and clambake which followed. One unhappy incident occurred in the evening when a deserter was removed from the *Bellingham*. He had been placed in the guard house, and in some unexplained manner escaped and secreted himself on board the boat.²⁰

At the end of the war Long Island returned to the peaceful pursuits of former years. In 1867, however, an important change was effected when Fort Strong, Noddle's Island, was moved down the Harbor to Long Island Head. This was permitted by an act of Congress which was approved March 28, 1867. As the various owners of the land on the Island would not come to terms with the Government, two decrees of condemnation were necessary. The first was for 35.39 acres against J. T. Austin and Loring H. Austin, and the other for 14.29 acres against Peter Dunbar and Thomas Dunbar. These men were the survivors of the Long Island Land Company crash.

The Island gradually became the place for Sunday prize fights, and many fistic encounters were witnessed at old Camp Wightman. The police finally had to stop the pugilistic activities of Sunday visitors, and on June 29, 1873, when a riot squad of 40 husky policemen landed on the shore, there was a great run for the boats. Some escaped and some were captured; at any rate this put an end to the Sunday prize fights for many years.²¹

The Portuguese families had been quietly living at Long Island since 1850, but the city of Boston decided to take over the Island, except for the 50 acres owned by the Federal Government, and made the purchase in 1882. In 1887 the city of Boston was forced to evict the 30 Portuguese families then living at the Island; they took up new abodes around the Harbor. The male paupers from Rainsford's Island were moved to Long Island in 1895, and the female inmates of the almshouse at Rainsford's Island were also moved there.

Mr. Pierce Buckley of the Boston Public Library had an experience involving Long Island of the 1890's which almost caused his death. He had obtained an old sailing canoe and had left South Boston with another youth named Lyons. They sailed joyfully out into the Harbor, across the channel between Spectacle and Thompson's Islands, and coasted off Long Island until they were almost abeam of the lighthouse. Suddenly, over they went. Both clung desperately to the canoe, kicking their way toward shore. Reaching the Island, they climbed up the hill leading to the lighthouse, but the keeper of Long Island Light told them in no uncertain terms to get off the Island. The boys, shivering and wet, furled their sails, climbed back into their canoe, and paddled off toward South Boston where they finally arrived more dead than alive.

In the year 1899 extensive plans were made by the Government, and 15.24 acres were purchased from the city. These plans necessitated moving Long Island Light, and the work was begun on September 13, 1900.

For many years around 1900 the Randage Fund Excursion had picnics at West Bluff, Long Island. Rainsford's Island was also the site for many of these gatherings enjoyed by unfortunate children of Boston.

With the advent of the World War, about 1500 men were quartered at Fort Strong, mostly those from the 55th Artillery. Captain Augustus L. Hodgkins had many a trying experience running the *Batchelder* around to the forts during the terrible winter of 1917-18. Perhaps his worst trip was during the night that Private Pratt lost his life. A bad northwest blow was on and it was bitter cold. Eight or ten men at Fort Andrews had to reach Fort Strong that night. It was so rough that a stop at one of the other islands had been abandoned. As the boat neared the dock at Long Island the deckhand, Private Pratt, came out on the windward side of the boat and walked over to the lee

side. Heavily dressed in boots and mackinaw, he was lifted right up into the air by the force of the wind and dropped into the water. Life preservers were thrown after him, but he was not seen again. A year later his body came to the surface within two hundred yards of the place where he was lost!

On January 8, 1918, Edwin Tarr, keeper of Long Island Light since 1909, died while sitting in his chair looking out over the water. He was the Light's last keeper. The beacon was lighted by custodians until 1929, at which time it was made automatic.

While ashore at Long Island, we shall visit efficient Dr. Clay who is in charge of the Long Island hospital and almshouse. Charles Lancaster Clay, Dartmouth '19, and his wife Helen S. Clay, have four children: Helen, 11, Phyllis, 10, Priscilla, 8, and Paul, 4. The children of school age attend the Deer Island school. It is quite a trip on rough winter days across President Road to the dock at Deer Island, and some days the children have an enforced but welcome holiday.

Dr. Clay's residence is to the left of the pier, with the various buildings of the institution situated south of his home. The institution building, the men's dormitories, the women's dormitories, the men's hospital building, the women's hospital building, the chapel, the power house, and the splendid recreation center which has come to be known as the Curley building are among the edifices on the Island. The almshouse division and the hospital division are under the same general management, only minor differences being made between them. The Long Island Hospital is used for chronic diseases only. The hospital at the present time has about 490 patients, while the almshouse has over 890 inmates. There are so many people in the almshouse department that one of the Fort Strong buildings belonging to the Government has been leased by the City. Inmates of the institution are there voluntarily and may leave whenever they wish.

The chapel is a busy house of worship every day of the week, being used by both Protestants and Roman Catholics. The Catholic Resident Chaplain is Rev. Father Bennett J. O'Brien; Rev. Frank H. Stedman is the Episcopal Rector; the Protestant Minister is Rev. Chellis Smith; and the Jewish Chaplain is Rabbi I. J. Glickstein.

A welfare committee runs the canteen; profits made here are applied to various benefits; for example, the baseball team which plays at least once a week during the summer is equipped in this way. An E.R.A. band plays once a week also, and E.R.A. vaudeville units give entertainments in the auditorium. Varied and nutritious food is served; the fare being plain but wholesome.

Such good meals were not always given, at least not according to the yearly statements made by some of the former heads of the various city institutions. Although John Moriarty, superintendent of the House of Industry in 1859, reported that he believed the diet list could not be improved, if the authorities were to sanction such food today it would cause a Congressional investigation. Breakfast then consisted of bread and chocolate, the dinner usually soup, and the supper merely bread and tea! In 1862 the report said that food furnished was "good and wholesome," but it implied there should be a change. A suggestion was made "to give milk to eat at times," and the question was asked if "the allowance of butter at least once a day, with an occasional biscuit would not do much to soften the inmates' dispositions and subdue their natures." The directors, however, did not believe the suggestion a wise one.²²

A large force of workers is needed to carry out the day's program at Long Island, some 450 men and women being in service there. Together with the inmates and patients, this makes over 1800 people to be fed three meals daily, so the food bill must be a large one.

An unusual scene along the shore at Long Island is the

number of small huts and camps made from driftwood washed in from the ocean. Many of the inmates of the almshouse occupy their leisure moments building and taking care of these huts which seem to take them away from the realities of life. We have often paddled close along the shore to observe the fine gardens some of the men have made, and noticed the fishing lines waiting for stray flounders or mackerel. Over 35 of these little cottages have been counted on the north and south shores of the Island.

In an establishment of this size and type, there are bound to be many people who pass away during the year. The cemetery has had over 2500 burials since its first interment on June 16, 1893. Situated quite a distance from the main buildings, it is in a sightly location.

Much has been done to make the life of the inmate a pleasant and useful one. An occupational therapy shop has been opened where the inmates learn embroidery and rug-making. Those who have special talents are encouraged in their efforts to carve, weave, make ship models, weather vanes, and other objects. Some evenings entertainments are given, and once a week moving pictures are shown. At other times the radio supplies music, drama, and news accounts in the modern auditorium. In the recreational center there is a barber shop, a smoking room, a library, and a reading room.

Dr. Frederick A. Washburn, the city of Boston Commissioner of Institutions, was commanding officer at Fort Strong, Long Island, during the World War. While there, a communistic individual was made to kiss the flag publicly. The incident was so distorted that by the time the story reached Boston it was claimed the man had been court-martialed and shot. It is a curious turn of fate which placed Commissioner Washburn in charge of the Government end of the Island at one time, and later on made him head of the department controlling the city end of this same Island.

ISLANDS OF THE OUTER HARBOR

ALTHOUGH Little Brewster, the smallest of the Outer Islands, has more written history than the others of the outer Bay, we find that all the islands and ledges scattered around near Boston Light have considerable romance and charm of their own. There is much to attract the traveller to Green Island, Calf Island, Great and Middle Brewster, and last of all, Outer Brewster. Off by itself, a mile and a half to the northeast from Green Island and slightly farther to the north of Outer Brewster, lies Graves Ledge, which we shall first discuss.

GRAVES LEDGE AND LIGHT

This ledge was named for Thomas Graves, an early Puritan who was captain of one of Winthrop's ships. Shurtleff insists that the rocks were called Graves to honor Captain Graves of Revolutionary War fame, but the chart of Thomas POUND, drawn well before 1700, clearly shows that Shurtleff's assertion is impossible, for even then the ledge was known as the Graves. Some have claimed that the ledge was named because of the many sailors who were supposed to have drowned near by, but they are mistaken. There is no record of a shipwreck here until long after the ledge was named. While a few wrecks have occurred on these lonely rocks, in no case does the loss of life approach that sustained in the vicinity of Boston Light. Perhaps the only large ship which ever crashed here was the *Ewan Crerar*, which hit the Graves on March 9, 1860.¹

The ledge in the outer Harbor came into prominence soon after the start of the twentieth century, when it was chosen as the site for the lighthouse which was to be built to facilitate entering the newly-opened Broad Sound Channel. After the 776 granite blocks had been safely put in place and the huge frame of the light itself had been sent out on a barge and installed, the beacon was lighted for the first time on September 1, 1905. It was a first order Light, the only one of its class in Boston Harbor.

There have been six keepers in the thirty years during which Graves Light has flashed. The first keeper, Elliot C. Hadley, who had been transferred from Plum Island, found it a lonely station, as there was no telephone or radio at that time to help pass the evening hours. The telephone cable was brought out to the Graves during the World War, and a radio was installed a few years ago.

Hundreds of people have visited Graves Light, but the first time the trip from Winthrop to the lighthouse was completed in a canoe was in 1906. This journey almost ended in death, not from the ocean, but from the piercing rays of the sun. Three men were the pioneers in the Winthrop-Graves Light trip: Howard Gould, now of the *Boston Traveler*, Walter Kezar, and Albert Morris. It was on a Sunday morning that they left Winthrop Beach for the ledge, a day which turned out to be one of the hottest of that summer. Before they reached the Light, Kezar was badly burned. On their arrival at the ledge, Captain Hadley noticed Kezar's inflamed skin and gave him a thin sweater to wear on the way back to Winthrop. By the time they neared Winthrop, Kezar was in agony and when they landed on the beach he was rushed to a hospital, where he was found to be suffering from third-degree burns. His life was in danger for some time, but he finally recovered.

In the six years which Elliot Hadley spent at Graves Light there was one major disaster. On November 21, 1908, a small

fishing schooner, the *Hugh G*, sank in a collision near the ledge and all six of the crew were drowned. At another time a scow in tow went down, but the tug boat saved the crew. One day in the fall of 1910 Hadley was surprised to see two men floating by the ledge on an overturned canoe. He launched his boat into the northwestern gale which was blowing, finally reached the unfortunates, and pulled them into the dory. Clad in bathing suits, the two men presented a dismal appearance when they were taken from the water. They had left Salem that morning and were on the way to Cohasset when the gale struck them. Hadley brought them back to the Light, outfitted the men with some spare clothing, and sent them ashore the next day. He later found that the men had been contemptible enough to give him false names, so that he never recovered his clothing.

Another rescue which Hadley made is well remembered. The keeper was looking out to sea from the deck of the Light one day when he spied a swamped sailing boat drifting out to sea. Hastily launching his dory, he rowed out to the boat and succeeded in rescuing the occupants. Back on shore the relatives of those who had been saved had given up hope, and since there was no telephone at the Light, Hadley could not inform the mainland of the rescue. Great was the rejoicing the next day when the rescued party was safely brought back to the city. In the days when Hadley was keeper, he and his son spent half of every month ashore while the assistant keepers took care of the light. Keeper Reamy tells us the proportion now is about three days at the Light to one day on shore.

Keeper Hadley was interviewed at the Light in 1910, and discussed the various directions from which the storms approach the ledge.

“The Graves doesn’t get pounded so hard in a Northeast as an Easterly, and Southeast is the worst... I’ve stood on the bridge and looked up at solid water

rushing in towards the ledges. I don't know how far up the solid water comes. I've been knocked down by it on the stone wharf beside the Light, and opening a window to look out eastward more than half-way up the tower, I've had as much as three buckets-full dashed in my face. The seas never shake the tower."

The only force that ever shakes the tower is the vibration from the heavy guns at the forts.

Hadley resigned as keeper of Graves Light on September 22, 1911. Up to that time he had received many awards from the various humane societies of New England and was the proud owner of a gold watch given him for saving a grateful resident of Nahant. Elliot Hadley died a few years ago but will always be remembered for his fine work at Plum Island and Graves Light.

George Lyons, who had 21 years of experience on Egg Rock, Nahant, became the next keeper. After two years of service, he was succeeded by Captain Towle, who stayed at the Light until America entered the World War. Keeper Carter took over Graves Light July 31, 1917, and observed Armistice Day while still in charge. Seven years later he resigned in favor of Captain P. S. King, who was at the Light less than a year. Octavius Reamy, well-known South Shore photographer and present keeper of Graves Light, took charge on May 11, 1924. He and his two helpers, First Assistant Fitzpatrick and Second Assistant Rogers, keep the interior of Graves Light as neat as the most meticulous housewife could desire. I have visited Graves Light many times and have always found everything in perfect order.

Second Assistant Rogers made one particularly thrilling rescue which he will always remember. It took place two summers ago, but we cannot give the names of those who were saved, for, after risking his own life and loaning the victims



Photo: Ramsdell-Wingedpage

AIR VIEW OF GRAVES LIGHT 1934



LOOKING UP INTO GRAVES LIGHT WITH KEEPER
READY LIGHTING MANTLE



CLIFFS OF THE OUTER BREWSTER, PRETTIEST OF
THE ISLANDS

clothing to wear, Rogers found out that the men had all given false names.

In the winter time the rock plovers call at Graves Light and feed on barnacles attached to the rocks. Hundreds of them settle on the ledges which at low tide stretch out for a quarter mile, and the keepers find the birds an enjoyable diversion. The plovers feed by driving their long, sharp beaks into the barnacle shells and seem to keep quite happy on this menu. The men have taken some very interesting photographs of these birds and of winter life in general at the Graves.

We shall now sail out to the ledge, hailing Keeper Reamy from our boat; if he is not too busy, he will invite us "aboard." There is a wharf built in back of the riprap, placed here when the Light was erected, with a long runway going from the storage magazine to the lighthouse proper. We anchor on the lee side of the ledge and row ashore.

The keepers help us up onto the wharf. We now get a close view of the lighthouse itself; the date, 1903, which is cut in the granite, stands out in sharp contrast about 50 feet up on the stone edifice. Climbing a heavy copper ladder on the western side of the lighthouse, we reach the first stage, 40 feet above the wharf. On this level we see the cover to the cistern which is 35 feet deep and holds hundreds of gallons of water. The tank is filled twice yearly with water brought out to the Light by steamboat. The second stage is the engine room, where two semi-Deisel engines are ready for an emergency. The third level is the kitchen, neat and clean at all times. The fourth staging is the bunk room, with two double bunks. The fifth floor, containing the library, is also the watch room where the men spend their leisure time before retiring. The quarters are very cosy, the telephone and radio serving as connecting links with the mainland. The sixth stage, or lantern floor, holds the mechanism of the Light, while the Light itself occupies the two floors above.

The Light is of first order, and so is the reed horn. We may go outside on the highest deck, and view the wonderful picture which unfolds itself. I shall not attempt to give you a description of the scene from the top of the Light but hope that some day you may journey to this far-flung ledge and see the splendid view for yourself.²

BUG LIGHT

Bug Light, formerly a lighthouse but now only an automatic beacon, stands at the entrance to the Narrows, guarding the Spit, a bar that runs from Greater Brewster Island. It is less than a third of a mile across Black Rock Channel from Lovell's Island and almost a half-mile from Fort Warren. Built back in 1856, the original Bug Light stood until 1929 to warn the mariner of the dreaded Harding's Ledge, four miles to the southeast. The lantern was about 35 feet above sea level, and when a sea captain brought Bug Light in range with Long Island Light, he knew he was clear of Harding's Ledge and could safely enter the Harbor.³

Although the romance of this lighthouse is now a thing of the past, we can recall a small group that once occupied Bug Light, so named "because of its many legs." In the year 1893 Gershom C. Freeman was given the position of keeper at Bug Light, succeeding the bearded Captain Turner. Three years later Mrs. Frank Tenney became his housekeeper, moving to the lighthouse with her six-year-old son Francis. In 1908 her son attended English High school, each day making the long row around to the lee side of George's Island from which he took the boat to the city. If a bad storm came up, he would stay on George's Island till the weather abated; otherwise he returned in the dory.

Mrs. Tenney well remembered the *Portland* storm. She had been digging clams on the bar that afternoon, and there

was no sign of the blizzard then on the way. The Light successfully withstood the terrible gale which came up that evening. The stones striking against the iron legs of Bug Light played weird tunes for the occupants above in the lighthouse, as every upright was keyed to a slightly different pitch.

Tom Small was the last keeper of Bug Light. On June 7, 1929, he was painting the woodwork of the house when his blowtorch tipped over; the blaze which followed destroyed the Light. The lighthouse board voted against rebuilding the structure, erecting an automatic bell and light in its place, and for the last six years no one has lived at the end of Great Brewster Spit.

In the summer of 1934, Ralph Kellar of Point Shirley was cruising by Bug Light and noticed that the automatic machinery of the station was ringing the bell as usual every twenty seconds, but in a tone pitched two or three degrees higher than usual. He went ashore where he found to his surprise that a seagull had built its home inside the bell, and that the nest had actually changed the tone of the bell. The mother seagull chose a rather startling place to bring up her young, with the monotonous tolling of the bell sounding more than four thousand times every day.

The future of Bug Light seems entrusted to the gulls. When we visited there in the summer of 1935 to walk the bar from Bug Light to Boston Light, I disturbed hundreds of gulls comfortably resting on the end of the Spit. Except for the casual trips of island sightseers, these birds will find undisturbed rest as the new keepers of Bug Light beacon.

MINOT'S LIGHT

Although Minot's Light is not officially in Boston Harbor, it has been an integral factor in the city's development, and so,

perhaps, a few paragraphs on the Minot's Ledge Lighthouse would not be out of place here.

In 1847 the first lighthouse on the ledge was built to a height of 75 feet, at a cost of \$30,000. It was an octagonal tower, resting on eight wrought iron piles 60 feet high and eight inches in diameter. The piling, secured in many ways, was considered perfectly safe. The beacon was lighted on January 1, 1850. The welcome Light flashed for over 15 months.

But a storm which began on April 15, 1851 turned into a hurricane by the next day. Keeper Joshua Bennet had gone to Boston a few days previously, and returned to the shore to find the gale increasing so quickly that he could not start for the lighthouse. His two assistants, Joseph Wilson and Joseph Antoine, had seen part of the wooden framework wash away on the morning of April 16, and were anxiously awaiting what the darkness would bring. That night, which was to be their last on earth, they lighted the Light as usual. The residents along the shore remember seeing the flashing beam as late as one o'clock the following morning, but when dawn came the structure had disappeared. At low tide the jagged edges of the piling, bent and broken, were visible a few feet above the ledge. The two keepers had been drowned, probably in a vain attempt to reach the shore.

The Government now realized its costly mistake, and soon made plans for a more substantial edifice at the ledge. After several years of preparation, the lowest stone of the new lighthouse was put in place on July 11, 1858. This stone and six others were actually laid under water at low tide. During the first year of work only 130 hours could be spent at the ledge. The work was under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Barton S. Alexander of the United States Engineers. The Minot's Ledge Lighthouse was lighted for the first time at sunset, November 15, 1860, and was visible for 16 miles. The

candlepower is 75,000. Its flash, one-four-three, has led to the name, Lover's Light, with the I-love-you balancing the count ---,---,---.

In the storm of March 4, 1931, almost every sea broke over the top of the lighthouse, 100 feet above sea level! The lighthouse is connected by telephone cable with the mainland at the Coast Guard Station at North Scituate Beach. There are 1079 granite blocks in the Light, and the total cost at the time of construction was \$315,000. The present keepers are Per S. Tornberg, in charge, First Assistant Otis E. Walsh, and Second Assistant Anthony K. Souza.

THE BREWSTERS

The Brewsters were named for the children of Elder William Brewster of Plymouth. Let us discuss a little of the topography of this group of islands.

Greater Brewster is the highest Island in the outer Harbor, its northern bluff rising 104 feet above high water. The southern bluff has been almost washed away and is not quite 50 feet high. Some 585 yards to the north lies Calf Island, its seventeen acres rocky and fairly low in the water. Away to the eastward in a straight line stretch Middle Brewster and Outer Brewster, both very rocky and surrounded by stony ledges. Outer Brewster is perhaps a few feet higher than Middle Brewster, and is a larger island, containing seventeen acres as compared with twelve for Middle Brewster. Green Island's single acre, with its rocky slopes, has a fairly steep cliff on the northern side and is separated from Little Calf Island by Hypocrite Channel. It is almost due north of Calf Island.

These islands of the outer Harbor were given to John Leverett in appreciation of the work his father had done for the struggling colony. On October 19, 1652, all the islands from

Nahant to Allerton were given to the son of Governor Leverett who died April 3, 1650. This grant did not last long, for Hull objected so strenuously that the Court finally passed the Islands back to Hull, giving young Leverett five hundred acres elsewhere to compensate him for the loss of his Boston Harbor property. Captain Coomes of Hull now became the owner of the Brewster Islands, keeping them until the year 1686.

The pirates were very active in this period. One incident of 1665 makes us realize just how strong and bold they had become by that time. Captain John Prentice of Boston reported on July 8, 1665, that two days earlier he had been chased all the way across the Bay and right up to the Brewster Islands by these seventeenth century buccaneers. The pirates gave up the chase as soon as Captain Prentice's ship passed Outer Brewster Island, and the captain duly reported the incident when his ship's cargo was discharged.⁴

In 1686 Coomes sold the islands to John Loring of Hull for the equivalent of \$20. The islands were gradually subdivided, and in 1700 all the property owners met and agreed that Great Island (Greater Brewster) should be

“Bounded to the Steep Bank and the Wood Should be Reserved for the Security of the Bank, and it is agreed upon that if any of the outside lots did Wast By Reason of the Sea yet as to feed for Cattle they should have as good Rights as any other Lots. That the other three Islands should be in a Second Division and Bounded from Sea to Sea and that it Should be Cleared in a General way a man for a lot to Cut down the Brewsters and if any man did neglect or refuse so to do he should Pay to the rest of the Proprietors 2 Shillings a day for every days neglect.”⁵

Evidently Green Island was too small and rocky to come in for consideration. It was also agreed that if any wood

remained standing on any of the islands in question by March 31, 1708, it would become common property. With such agreements in force is it any wonder that our islands lost their forests so soon? Now that we have some idea as to how the outer islands were managed, let us divide our attention by taking each of the Islands separately.

GREATER BREWSTER ISLAND

In 1681, on the highest part of Greater Brewster Island, the town of Hull placed a beacon and received £8 from the Council for the land so used. In 1726 a well was dug two hundred yards away, by Captain Hayes, the keeper of Boston Light. Today, 209 years later, the well is still giving fine water.

The Lorings, the Goulds, and the Bosworths were prominent owners of land on the Greater Brewster in the early and middle 1700's. John Jenkins bought a large part of the property on April 26, 1774, and the following October made the unusual gift of his share of the Island to the Second Baptist Church of Boston. The Reverend Isaac Skillman, who was the preacher at the time, valued the property at £18. In 1792, the church, owning 29/32 of the Island, voted to lease it for any term of time. When James Brackett of Quincy desired to buy the Island, he was informed an outright purchase was not to be considered, but he could lease it indefinitely. He chose to take full advantage of this offer, and leased it from February 8, 1817 until February 8, 2816, or for a period of 999 years, paying £150. His son, Lemuel, sold the Island to the city of Boston for \$4,000 on November 23, 1848, but we cannot tell if the sale took into consideration the fact that it was still owned by the Second Baptist Church. Possibly in 2816 the church will again own one of Boston's Harbor islands.

Honorable Benjamin Dean rented Greater Brewster from the city for many years and around 1875 moved a large house there from Long Island. It is still standing and is occupied by the present keeper, John Nuskey.

Ambitious plans were made by the federal Government in 1898 for a torpedo chute to be installed at Greater Brewster Island. Since the Spanish War ended before any definite steps had been taken, nothing was ever done about it.

Very few ships have been wrecked on the shores of Greater Brewster Island. The wreck which can still be remembered by some of the older residents of the outer Harbor was that of the *Clara Jane*, which piled up on the shore February 1, 1898. In command of Captain Robert Maloney, the *Clara Jane* pounded on the beach for two days but did not go to pieces and was finally pulled off and repaired. There was no loss of life.

George H. Hatchard of Hull was interested in the purchase of Greater Brewster in 1911, and was willing to pay the city of Boston \$6,000 for the privilege of owning the former property of the Second Baptist Church. Since the arrangement which Mr. Hatchard suggested was not found acceptable by the city authorities, Boston kept the Island until the World War when the national Government took it over.

John Nuskey became keeper in 1925, and before he was in charge, John Sandstrom reigned over the summer inhabitants for thirty years. Only a few of the "old timers" still come out to the Island, according to Mr. Nuskey. Timothy Casey and his wife live here in summer. Mr. Casey, who is a retired naval man, finds much happiness in watching the ships pass his house. Andrew DeGaust, brother of Freeman DeGaust, is a prominent lobsterman of the vicinity and has made Greater Brewster his home for many years. Augustus Reekast, veteran inhabitant of the outer Harbor, has lived on Greater Brewster nearly twenty years. Mrs. Crowley is another resident of this

Government-owned property and has two children living with her in their cottage. She is a distant relative of the Captain Turner who was keeper of Bug Light many years ago. Other interesting personalities seen at Greater Brewster include Martin Forrest, a paper salesman; Anthony Viera, a lobsterman; Harry Long, a shipmaster; Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher; Andrew Sweeney; and Captain Morton Smith, formerly of Station 6, Boston Police. Only the older residents are allowed to continue living at the Island since the U.S. Government purchased the property.

The Government at present is engaged in repairing the seawall and erecting a dike across the low part of the property to prevent the usual separation of the Island's two hills during a storm. The waves have always swept right across Greater Brewster Plain in a bad gale, and plans which the army leaders have made cannot be carried out until this topographical defect is remedied. Under the efficient guidance of Inspector I. F. Head, we may soon see a Greater Brewster Island which will stand against the mightiest seas the east wind can raise.

MIDDLE BREWSTER ISLAND

Middle Brewster Island is owned at the present time by Mr. Karl Adams, son of Melvin Ohio Adams. Our earliest record of separate ownership of these twelve acres of rocky soil and ledges is in 1719, when Loring conveyed the property to Matthew Loring. At this time it was known as Bridges' Island, but later, in 1759, when Caleb Loring sold it to John Goold, Junior, it was called Middle Island. It soon became known as Goold's Island, and by that name was sold to Samuel Lovel in the year 1799.

Around 1840, fishermen moved to Middle Brewster. Augustus Russ, visiting here shortly afterwards, became interested in

the Island which he finally bought in 1871. Russ was known all over New England as the principal founder of the Boston Yacht Club. A few years later his friends called him the King of Middle Brewster Island.

In 1890 Benjamin P. Cheney and his wife, the former Julia Arthur, moved to a little house on Middle Brewster Island. In the summer of 1891 Cheney desired an ice-house, but, as he had only bought a house lot on the Island, Russ did not wish him to put up an additional building. Cheney therefore moved off the Island and purchased Calf Island outright.

When Russ died in 1892, the Island was sold to Charles Adams who soon sold it to his brother Melvin. Melvin O. Adams thought so much of Augustus Russ that he had a tablet sunk into the rock on the side of the residence on the property. I copied the legend on one of my trips there:

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
AUGUSTUS RUSS

Born February 6, 1827

Died June 7, 1892

Lord of this isle for twenty years
Generous, brave, and true in the hearts
Of his friends he reigns still supreme.

MELVIN O. ADAMS

POSUIT 1905

An interesting log book, begun by Augustus Russ and containing names of many notables who visited the Island is now in the possession of the Adams family. Incidentally, one of the Narrow Gauge ferryboats is named *Brewster* in honor of the Island.⁷

The flag staff at the Calf Island end of Middle Brewster bears an inscription which tells us Richard S. Whitney erected it here in 1902.

CALF ISLANDS

Calf Island is probably named for Robert Calef, who was prominent in early Boston and in Lynn history. The property was also called Apthorp's Island, and a sentence in the files at the Suffolk Court House, dated January 16, 1713, is of interest in this connection. Mention is made of Robert Calef having a "mortgage by me made of the premises to Mrs. Suzan Apthorp for 150 pounds."

Many other important people have owned property on the Island. Lieutenant Gould of Hull was a prominent owner of Calf Island, and had a peculiar arrangement whereby he could keep one and a half sheep on his part of the Island. Although he was absent for many years from the Harbor, his rights were carefully observed. Ebenezer Chamberlain, John Henderson, and John Petel, Junior, also figured in the ownership of the property early in the eighteenth century. On March 14, 1742 John Miller sold the Island to Samuel Wait, Junior, and it remained in the Wait family for several generations. David Osgood owned Calf Island around 1795.⁸

It was some years after this time that a ship, driven far off her course, crashed on the rocks near here, the crew of seven losing their lives. The men were buried on the Island, but nothing can be found as to who they were, or what ship it was that foundered there. There is one explanation possible—that the bodies were from the *Maritana* which crashed on Shag Rocks in the year 1861.

Twenty-five years after the wreck of the *Maritana* another ship met a tragic end on Calf Island when the *Mollie Trim* ripped over on the ledges January 9, 1886.⁹ This vessel, under Captain Christian Olsen, was heavily loaded with coal and bound for Rockland, Maine. When the gale blew up, he tried to make Boston Harbor and slid in between Outer Brewster and

Green Island, finally going ashore at Calf Island. Olsen, when the ship hit, ordered the crew into the rigging, and climbed to the masthead himself. When the masts fell he was thrown clear onto the beach, and, after a few moments of unconsciousness, was able to get up and survey the position of the ship. To his horror the bodies of the four men of his crew came floating in on the shore. After pulling them above the raging sea, he walked up to the home of a fisherman living on the Island. When the waves finally went down the fisherman rowed him over to Boston Light where a signal was set for aid. The tug *Emily* soon came to his rescue and took him up the Harbor where he was transferred to the police boat *Protector*. The four members of the crew were Lennan H. Murphy and three men whose first names were Charles, Jacob, and Frederick. Their last names and their addresses were never known, so somewhere perhaps, even today, there are three families who do not know what happened to their boys.

Julia Arthur moved here in 1891, living in the handsome residence which her husband built for her at great expense. The building still stands, facing Greater Brewster, but has been unoccupied for many years.

Wanting Calf Island and Little Calf Island during the World War, the Government paid Julia Arthur's husband, Benjamin P. Cheney, \$46,500 and took possession. Nothing has been done since that transfer. Augustus Reekast, known as Gus Johnson, is the present caretaker.

We called at Calf Island many times in the summer and fall of 1934, Mrs. Grace Reekast entertaining us while we were ashore. We visited the lonely graveyard at the top of the Island where the sailors were buried so many years ago in unmarked graves. The driftwood on the shore was piled up ten feet high. A Belgian police dog, Gyp, chases the many rabbits over the Island and announces the arrival of visitors. Mrs. Reekast was

quite busy with a new little baby, whom Gus called his "Little Periwinkle." Their eldest girl, 24, and the boy, 20, both live ashore at present.

Walking about Julia Arthur's former mansion, we saw the large stage which she had in the great hall. One little tragedy we noticed was that of two little swallows which had evidently flown into the house through the chimney and had not been able to find their way out again. They were lying on the floor of the hall with their beaks just touching each other—dead.

Little Calf Island, barely an acre in area, is a rough, rocky ledge, and as far as can be ascertained, never had any history worthy of mention. Hundreds of sea-gulls have their nests here, unmolested except for the casual visit of some adventuresome soul from the mainland.

GREEN ISLAND

We know very little about Green Island. On the older maps it is called North Brewster Island. The fact that it is referred to in 1788 as Greene's Island, makes me believe that Joseph Green, a well-known merchant of this period, either lived here or owned the property. There is not much to the Island, however, as its single acre of rocks and soil does not permit development of the site. Mr. Charles W. Harper, the owner, saw the last building on the Island destroyed in a fire a few years ago.

Nathaniel Shurtleff tells us of Samuel Choate who was rescued from this ledge in the Minot's Light storm of 1851. This lonely old man had been living there as a hermit, existing on lobsters, fish, and clams. He returned to the property after the storm, and it was not until 1862 that he was in trouble again. At this time his boat went to pieces, and he was taken up to Boston. Returning with a new boat, he was able to remain there

three years more, but on February 8, 1865, he was removed for the last time as he was practically starving to death. Since he had no relatives, he was taken to the Bridgewater Almshouse where he died a few weeks later.¹⁰

About the year 1905 two fishermen named McFee and Johnson moved to Green Island. Every four or five days they would go to Boston with a great load of lobsters. After these fishermen left, a Mr. Young lived there for many years. The last and only house on the Island was destroyed in 1932 when the crew of a boat wrecked on the shore built a fire to keep warm. The wind shifted and the house burned down. Andrew and Freeman DeGaust leased Green Island for three years at \$50 a year. They were the last fishermen to have the Island, for Charles W. Harper purchased it soon after.

Mr. Harper has not as yet rebuilt the house destroyed in 1932, and the only dwellers on the Island are casual fishermen who go ashore to sleep while their shipmates continue to Boston to sell their catch. The wreckage of many ships is still to be seen around the Island.

OUTER BREWSTER ISLAND

Outer Brewster Island is, perhaps, the prettiest of all the islands of Boston Harbor. A day spent at this site of chasms and caves will never be forgotten by the visitor. It belonged with the other Brewster Islands in the early days and was not considered as an separate entity until after 1750. At that time it was known as the Outward Island. Some charts call it the Little Brewster.

Samuel Wait of Charlestown was one of its owners toward the end of the eighteenth century. When Mr. Wait died in 1790, his son-in-law, David Wood, inherited the property, estimated to be about ten acres at that time. The Island was

worth \$400 on August 21, 1799, when Nathaniel Austin bought the property. After Austin's death in 1817 his son Nathaniel eventually acquired the whole Island. In 1843 his brother Arthur W. Austin purchased the property and began his plans for macadamizing roads in Boston from material cut at Outer Brewster. At the same time he was cutting a canal through the outer part of the Island as a possible anchorage for ships in rough weather. The demand for the stone material dwindled and the work stopped. Some say the decrease in demand was due to the progress of the railroads. It is believed that Elliot Street in Boston is still surfaced with material from this Island, and a building in City Square, Charlestown, is known to have been partly built with material from Outer Brewster.

During the Civil War a fisherman by the name of Jeffers moved to the Island with his wife and children. He built a shack on the shore near what was known as Rocky Beach and began his practice of trapping lobsters. All went well until one stormy November night when Jeffers and two companions were trying to land on the rocky shore after rowing from Middle Brewster. As anyone knows who has landed at Outer Brewster, there is no real beach, and the sailor who must reach the shore on a stormy night is in a serious plight.

The dory went down; two of the three men, including Jeffers, were drowned. When the survivor reached the rocky shore and told Jeffers' wife what had happened, she made the best of the situation, continuing to live at the Island with her children. Finally she was forced to give up the unequal struggle and moved to the mainland. Hoodlums from the city soon destroyed their home on Rocky Beach.¹¹

The Honorable Benjamin Franklin Dean purchased Outer Brewster in 1871 for \$1,000, and twenty years later Augustus Reekast, Senior, moved there. Mr. Reekast brought up eight children on this lonely place. Still living in the outer

Harbor, he well remembers Benjamin Dean and Melvin Adams, as well as Julia Arthur and Benjamin Cheney. Mr. Reekast built a shack ten feet square at a cost of \$600; for his lease of the Island he paid \$25 a year. In 1894 Mr. Reekast kept three cows belonging to Mr. Richenbach at Outer Brewster. Mr. Richenbach ran a boarding house at Fort Warren, then the center of activity down the Harbor.

With the turn of the century Josiah Stevens Dean took charge of the property, and Mr. Reekast moved to Middle Brewster Island. The Island was leased in 1909 by Mr. Freeman DeGaust, a lobster fisherman, who now paid a yearly rent of \$80. He had come to the United States from Canada at the age of 16.

One of the first steps Mr. DeGaust took was to erect on the Island a sign reading: *This is private property; 10 cents a head for landing.* When engineers were measuring the channel, they had occasion to land at Outer Brewster to take their bearings, so one of them went ashore to negotiate with Mr. DeGaust. The outcome was that the latter agreed, for \$17, to let the engineers land whenever they wished; and he soon received his check from the Government. Mr. DeGaust has seen a hundred ships anchored off the shores of his Island; he told me that the masts made the ocean look almost like a forest, with all the spars filling the Bay.

Leading down to the water, Mr. DeGaust had a wharf three feet wide and 60 feet long, with a ladder at the end of the pier. A mooring about 200 yards from the wharf accommodated his ship except in the worst blows from the west, when Mr. DeGaust would have to use another mooring on the other side of the Island. During the years spent at Outer Brewster Island, Freeman DeGaust lost five boats from various causes.

One morning about six o'clock Mr. DeGaust was putting up his flag when he heard a shout; looking down from the cliff,

he saw two men swimming in the water near a capsized dory. He rushed to the edge of the bluff and was amazed to see a third man swimming under water, approaching the cliff. He hurried to his boat and rowed to the spot, but the man had disappeared. The first two men successfully reached the shore. The body of the drowned man was found one month later, 600 yards from the place where he had last been seen. Mr. DeGaust told me that the weird effect of the drowning man swimming toward him under water gave him perhaps the worst sensation he has ever experienced.

When the Government desired to purchase the Island in 1913 the sole objection which the Army representatives raised was the insufficiency of fresh water to supply the number of men needed to man the proposed armament properly. Mr. DeGaust always had plenty of water for the use of his family from his sixteen-foot well, but whether the supply would suffice for a larger group is still a matter for conjecture. Arrangements were completed on June 4, 1913, when Outer Brewster Island became the property of the Government which paid Benjamin Franklin Dean, 2nd, \$2500 for the property. Although 22 years have passed, no steps have been taken toward the construction of fortifications.

This Island is crowded with enchantment and beauty, and down through the years, various writers have extolled its virtues. Shurtleff tells us that its cliffs far surpass those of Nahant in attractiveness.

With our boat safely moored one hundred yards from the northern cliffs we shall row ashore in the tender. It is high tide, and although it is a relatively calm day, the breakers are still dashing against the outer ledges. If we are careful, we can row in between the rocky cliffs to the entrance of the canal which extends across the eastern end of the Island. We locate the opening after a few troubled minutes and finally pass be-

tween high cliffs with the noise of the breakers to the east diminishing at every stroke of the oars.

At last our craft gently slides up on the pebbly beach, which is covered with driftwood sufficient for many roaring bonfires. It is very quiet compared with the noise of the sea we have just left. We climb up the sides of the cliff and over to the southern side. Here the cliffs and chasms are of such grandeur and magnificence that they far surpass anything else in or around Boston Harbor. Back in the western cove there is a peculiar rock which resembles a pulpit, and Pulpit Rock has been pointed out for many years to visitors at the Brewsters. It is possible to explore many attractive little caves and inlets here at dead low tide.

But we must soon leave this beautiful spot, although a day could easily be spent here exploring the crags and cliffs. I like to think that an island similar to Outer Brewster, the prettiest in the outside Harbor, was in the mind of Thomas Haynes Bayley when he wrote:

*"Absence makes the heart grow fonder:
Isle of beauty, fare thee well."*

NIX'S MATE AND BIRD ISLAND

THERE are two islands down the Harbor which have long stood for tragedy and terror in the history of Boston Bay. More than fifteen notorious pirates have been buried on Bird Island and Nix's Mate, and many an honest sailor has been startled by the skeleton of a buccaneer hanging in chains on one of these islands. Due to the inroads of man and nature, both islands have practically vanished from the Harbor. While a small part of the original Nix's Mate Island still remains, Bird Island, which was probably named after Goodman Bird¹, is but a memory. It is true that at low tide we may see a pile of granite stones marking the site of Bird Island, but the rocks are usually covered at high tide. With the gradual abandonment of Bird Island Passage the Island has been practically forgotten by the mariner of today.

Governor Winthrop tells an exciting story of several men who were frozen in at Bird Island in 1634. When they were coming up the Harbor from Deer Island, the passage became so difficult that they were forced to stop at Bird Island for the night. The group must have suffered terribly on the Island; it was so cold that the Harbor froze over before morning and they were able to walk over to the mainland with the coming of dawn.

In the Town Records for 1650 we read that "Tho^s Munt hath liberty to mow the marsh at Bird Island this yeare." We cannot tell how many years Munt gathered hay from this Island, but we do know that in 1658, "Bird Island is lett to James

Euerill & Rich Woody for sixty yeares, paying 12 d siluer or a bushel of salt every first of March to y^e town Treasurer.”²

The early history of Nix's Mate Island is more obscure than that of Bird Island. We have many different stories as to why the Island is so named. The legend which is often told down the Harbor concerns the mate of a Captain Nix.³ The mate was accused of murdering his captain and was taken to Nix's Mate to be hanged for the crime. Before he was swung off into eternity, he is alleged to have declared that as proof of his innocence the Island would some day disappear. Although this mythical allegation has, to a certain extent, been literally confirmed by the diminished Island, there are two indisputable factors which prevent our acceptance of the popular legend. The first is that none of the pirates brought to this Island was still alive when landed on the shore; the second is that at the time the Island was first called Nix in 1636, no man had been executed for a marine murder in the Massachusetts Colony.⁴

Many students of history have made conjectures as to the real reason for the Island's name. Alexander Corbett, of the *Boston Globe*, believed that what we now know as Gallop's Island was once owned by a man named Nix, and the smaller island, also owned by Nix, was known as Nix's Mate. Moses Sweetser published in his *Handbook* an alleged letter written by a “Rich: Burbeck,” the source of which he does not give. I will quote part of it:⁵

“And so when Master Codington saide, What do you Dutch call that, Dirke said, ‘Nixie Schmalt,’ I do not know how to spell it, but it meaneth the Wail of the Water Spirit, or the Water Spirit is chiding. But Master Codington thought it was the name of the Iland, and set it down on the map he had Nix his Mate Island.”

The first historical record about Nix's Mate dates back to 1636, when John Gallop was granted the twelve acres on “Nixes Iland, to enjoy to him & his heirs forever, if the iland bee so

much."⁶ So we see that even in 1636 the Island was evidently washing away.

Nix's Mate passed out of the possession of the Gallop family after the death of John Gallop in 1650, and later Edward Tyng became the owner. He sold part of the Island to Joseph Rock on August 16, 1669. While Rock owned Nix's Mate, one of the early tragedies of the Harbor took place just off the shore. Josiah Hunting, Ebenazar Blackman, and several other gentlemen went down the Harbor to fish, and when they were off the northern shore, a squall of wind came up, tipping over the boat and throwing the occupants into the water. Blackman, who could not swim, grabbed at Hunting while they were struggling in the water, but, according to Hunting, "slipped his hold and I saw said Blackman no more."⁷ Joseph Rock deeded three-fourths of the Island to Edward Bromfield for six pounds in the year 1683.

We are coming now to the period in Boston Harbor history when the pirates occupy the center of the stage, so let us forget for a time the query as to ownership of this Island of legends and talk of the pirates in our Harbor.

In the old colonial days, long before Dana and other vigilant social workers of the sea had made people of civilized countries realize the hardships of the common sailor, it was not unusual to hear of mutiny on the ocean. Crews would overthrow their superior officers, kill or put in irons those who would not join them, and sail the high seas as pirates. Of course they knew the dangers of the profession and were aware of the chances of ending their days on the gibbet. Because of the treatment they received on board ship, the mutineers probably believed that a quick death was infinitely better than the lingering tortures of the life they were leading.

The first pirate to be discussed in our survey is Thomas Pound, Boston Harbor cartographer and pirate unique. Although at one time in his career he was under sentence to be

hanged for piracy, Pound lived to die a natural death in England. His fine chart of Boston Harbor was drawn about 1685,⁸ and it was such a masterpiece that it was used as a guide by the leading cartographers of the world for the next 60 years.

After Nelson led the attack against Sir Edmund Andros at Fort Hill, Pound evidently decided to cast his lot with the unfortunate baronet, and his plans led him to Bull's Tavern on the eighth of August, 1689, to form a plot which would help his former leader. Although the actual plans will probably never be known, it is safe to assume that Pound and his companions schemed to capture ships and supplies outside Boston Harbor. By these acts of piracy they would thus challenge the *Rose*, the government vessel, to come out and fight the pirate ship. The *Rose*, manned by Andros sympathizers, was to accompany Pound's ship to Rhode Island, where Andros would be waiting for them to sail to France in an effort to aid their deposed King.

With this plan in mind, Pound and six companions left the tavern about midnight and boarded a schooner tied up at the wharf. Slipping quietly down the Harbor, they were soon abeam of Long Island where the ship dropped anchor. They satisfied the owner, Thomas Hawkins, by saying that they had changed their plans and were going fishing instead of to Nantasket, their stated destination. Just before daylight they weighed anchor, and on passing Lovell's Island, heard a boat being pushed off the beach. Soon five armed men boarded the schooner. Pound now announced that he was in command, and owner Hawkins gave in. The schooner sailed in an easterly direction until about thirty miles off the Brewsters, where the pirates stopped a sloop and purchased eight pennyworth of fish. Skirting the shore line until near Halfway Rock off Portland, they captured a fishing ketch, and after changing boats with the fishermen continued on their way. Falmouth, Maine was reached the following Monday, and the pirates communi-

cated with some of the soldiers at Fort Loyal. The pirates were successful in winning over seven of the enlisted men, who fled from the fort that night with most of the powder and guns in the stronghold. Pound and his men were responsible for the subsequent surrender of the defenseless little fort during a battle with Indians.⁹

Now well armed with guns and ammunition, Pound sailed for Cape Cod where he overtook the sloop *Good Speed* and forced the crew to change boats. The pirates informed the captain of the captured craft that when he arrived in Boston he could tell the government that the pirates were ready for the government sloop if she should come out to fight. Thus the critical part in Pound's plot was now to be enacted. But his plan did not work as the *Rose* had been dismantled, and the government finally sent the *Resolution* to chase the pirates. Pound, however, had tired of waiting and was now off the Virginia Capes. Although his plot had failed, he had no alternative but to continue on his career of piracy.

Pound returned to the north and anchored in Vineyard Sound. After sighting a small vessel, the pirates chased her into the harbor at Martha's Vineyard where the inhabitants along shore forced them to sail away. Thomas Hawkins then went ashore with a boat crew near Race Point and deserted the ship, fleeing inland. Later he reached the seaport of Nauset and shipped for Boston with Captain Loper. The Captain, learning that Hawkins had been a pirate, turned him over to the government on his arrival in Boston. And so the man who had sailed his sloop from Bull's Wharf with Pound August 8, 1689, was in a Boston jail to await trial for piracy.

Thomas Pound now continued his piratical career by capturing the sloop *Brother's Adventure*, getting some badly needed provisions from her. On September thirtieth there sailed from Boston Harbor the sloop *Mary*, armed and ready to rid New

England waters of Thomas Pound and his crew. The *Mary* caught up with the pirates at Tarpaulin Cove, and, after a short but bloody encounter, her crew boarded the pirate craft and captured the fourteen remaining pirates. Pound, seriously wounded, was taken to Boston with the others of the crew. As far as his piratical days were concerned, his career was over. Hawkins had already been found guilty the week before, and the other pirates were now all sentenced to be hanged by the neck "until they be dead." Samuel Sewall writes in his diary¹⁰ that he helped spare all but Thomas Johnson, known as the "limping privateer," who evidently had no one to intercede for him. This man, I am afraid, was executed to satisfy the desires of the crowd which had gathered for the occasion.

Shurtleff and Sweetser, usually very reliable in their facts, made the mistake of writing that both Hawkins and Pound were executed. This is not the case. After the trial, the two men sailed on the refitted *Rose*, which was attacked by a French privateer. Hawkins was killed in the battle, as was Captain John George. On reaching England, Pound was appointed Captain of the frigate *Sally Rose* and in 1699 retired to Middlesex County in England. He died in 1703.¹¹

My name was Robert Kidd, when I sailed, when I sailed,

My name was Robert Kidd, when I sailed;

My name was Captain Kidd, God's law I did forbid,

And so wickedly I did, when I sailed.

This was the ballad sung for years after the death of *William Kidd*, a victim of circumstance.

On the tenth of October, 1695, Kidd entered into an agreement with the Earl of Bellomont by which the captain was to sail the seas hunting pirates while the Earl received the major part of the prizes. Kidd, carrying out the agreement, captured two Moorish ships. Unfortunately, the East India Company was friendly with the Moors at this time and declared Kidd a

pirate November 23, 1698. As Kidd had found French passes on the Moorish ships, conditions in Europe should have justified his plundering them without his being called a pirate by his own people.

Kidd finally reached America at Delaware Bay. As Lord Bellomont had heard of the declaration against Kidd, he planned to decoy the captain to Boston and then have him seized. In a letter to Kidd, which is preserved at the Boston Public Library, promising safe conduct, he wrote, "I assure you on my word and honor I will perform nicely what I have promised." Kidd sailed into Boston Harbor July 1, 1699. A writer in 1932 believed that Kidd visited Nix's Mate Island, but there is nothing in history to prove this assertion.¹²

Bellomont soon betrayed Kidd's confidence by having him thrown into jail. The *Advice* sailed from Boston Harbor February 16, taking the unlucky captain back to England. At the trial, Kidd's life depended on his ability to show that the two Moorish ships had been in the service of the French Government. Kidd had given the French passes to Bellomont when he reached Boston, and at the trial he learned of their mysterious disappearance. They did not turn up for well over a century. Without the identifying passes, Kidd's case was lost. At the time of his death sentence, he said, "My Lord, it is a very hard sentence. For my part I am innocentest of them all, only I have been sworn against by perjured persons."¹³ And, as Dow and Edmonds tell us, it was the truth. Captain Kidd was hanged on Execution Dock at Wapping, England, May 23, 1701.

Captain John Quelch is the next subject for discussion, and special attention should be paid to one of the members of his crew, John Lambert. The remains of John Lambert still repose in King's Chapel Burying Ground. In August 1703, Quelch sailed in command of the brigantine *Charles* from Marblehead. The pirates locked the real captain in his room before the ship

had left the harbor and, after reaching the high seas, threw him overboard. In the next few months Quelch captured nine Portuguese ships, with each pirate in the crew making a small fortune. Returning home the middle of the following May, the *Charles* dropped anchor at Marblehead and the men went ashore, apparently believing that they would not be molested. When the authorities in Boston heard of the ship's arrival, however, they sent Attorney-General Paul Dudley to capture the crew of the pirate ship. He brought Quelch, Lambert, and five other pirates back to Boston with him.

There were many buccaneers still at large, however, and late one night Samuel Sewall was notified that there were "9 or 11 Pirats, double arm'd, seen in a Lone-house"¹⁴ at Cape Ann. He arose immediately and alarmed the soldiers of the countryside. There was great excitement along the North Shore until the capture of these notorious men was effected. The twenty-fifth of June saw 25 of these pirates safely imprisoned at the Boston jail. Only seven were eventually sentenced to death, as the rest were given pardons upon the condition that they should enter the Queen's service.

June 20, 1704, the Silver Oar, the emblem of the Court of Admiralty, was carried in front of the condemned pirates as they made their way down to Scarlett's Wharf, located at the foot of Fleet Street. They were taken to the gallows erected out over the water. Cotton Mather, the well-known Boston clergyman, went in a boat to give the men their final admonitions. The surrounding shore was lined with men and women, and Broughton's Hill, overlooking the gallows, was crowded. The spectators eagerly waited to hear the last words of notorious Captain Quelch. He informed the gathering that he was on the verge of eternity merely because he had brought money into New England, money that could not be said to be dishonest. He told his listeners to be careful lest they also be hanged. "I am condemned only upon circumstances," he concluded.¹⁵

When the scaffold dropped from under the seven men, there was such a screech from the women present it was heard by the wife of Samuel Sewall at her house, located a mile from the scene of the execution. This was in spite of a strong wind blowing from the opposite direction.

The bodies of all the pirates but one were taken down the Harbor and either buried or hung in chains on one of the two islands used for this ghastly purpose. Sewall gave permission for the body of John Lambert, a member of a prominent Salem family, to be smuggled up to what is now King's Chapel Burying Grounds and interred in the family lot at midnight.¹⁶ Although the pirate was not given a tombstone, the graves of his wife and his son in the same lot are still to be seen. Thus we have a blood-thirsty pirate buried in the peaceful haven of Boston's own King's Chapel Graveyard.

Samuel Bellamy, who eventually became another New England pirate, had gone to the West Indies to raise a wrecked ship, but, when his plans failed, he turned pirate. His first important capture, effected late in 1716, was the ship *Saint Michael*, which he brought into Blanco. Among the men forced into piracy from this ship was Thomas Davis, who was later rescued from a terrible catastrophe at Cape Cod. In February 1717, the *Whidah* was captured by the buccaneers and a prize crew was sent to take charge of the £20,000 on board.

A ship, known as a "pink," loaded with wine, was seized two months later. The wine caused the ultimate downfall of the pirates, as they indulged to excess.¹⁷

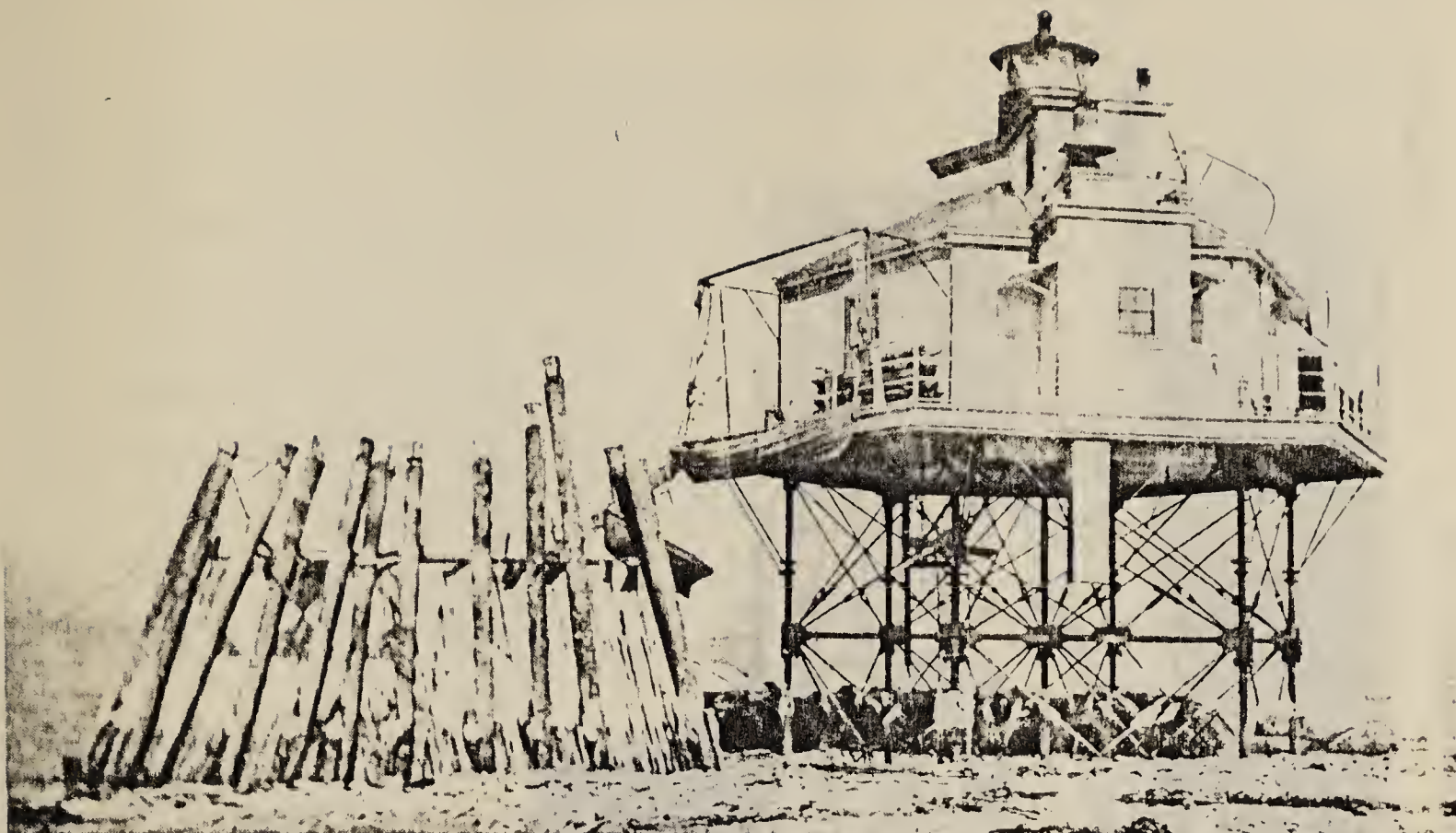
One evening, while the men were intoxicated, a terrible gale blew up, and the ship crashed onto the shore of Cape Cod near what is now Orleans. They were taken to the home of John Cole, but when he became suspicious, fled in terror in the general direction of Rhode Island. Cornered at Eastham Tavern the pirates were seized and sent to Boston. In the meantime the *Whidah* was being driven ashore in the same gale. The

great treasure ship, with a final lunge, hit a reef and ripped apart on the ledges. It is believed she soon turned over, as 144 of the crew of 146 were drowned. Thus ended the career of the infamous Captain Bellamy. Davis, the forced man, was the only white man saved. Captain Cyprian Southack, for many years commander of the *Province Galley*, tells of burying over one hundred of the bodies. The account of this terrible event is in the *Collections* of the Massachusetts Historical Society, where we may also read that the iron caboose of the vessel could still be seen at extremely low tide fully 76 years later.¹⁸ It has been estimated that \$100,000 in gold lies in the skeleton of the ship. Many coins have been picked up on the beach from time to time just opposite the old wreck, and perhaps some day an enterprising person will find the main part of the treasure.

Returning to the pirates who were captured at Eastham, we are told that they were quickly brought up to Boston and lodged in jail. Here they were promptly forgotten until the following October, when the seven men were brought to trial in what is now the Old State House. Thomas Smith was cleared of the charges brought against him, but the other six men were sentenced to be hanged. Charlestown Ferry was the scene of the execution, which took place November 15, 1717. The remains were taken down the Harbor to either Bird Island or Nix's Mate, but no record has been discovered telling on which of the two islands they were buried.

During the smallpox scare of 1721, Captain Timothy Clarke brought the infected ship, *Sea Horse*, up to Bird Island. He had found the boat practically deserted, as most of the men had gone out to hunt for pirates. As a reward for his having brought the vessel to Bird Island, the House of Representatives voted to pay him nineteen pounds, the equivalent of \$90, and his pilot, Robert Orange, three pounds.¹⁹

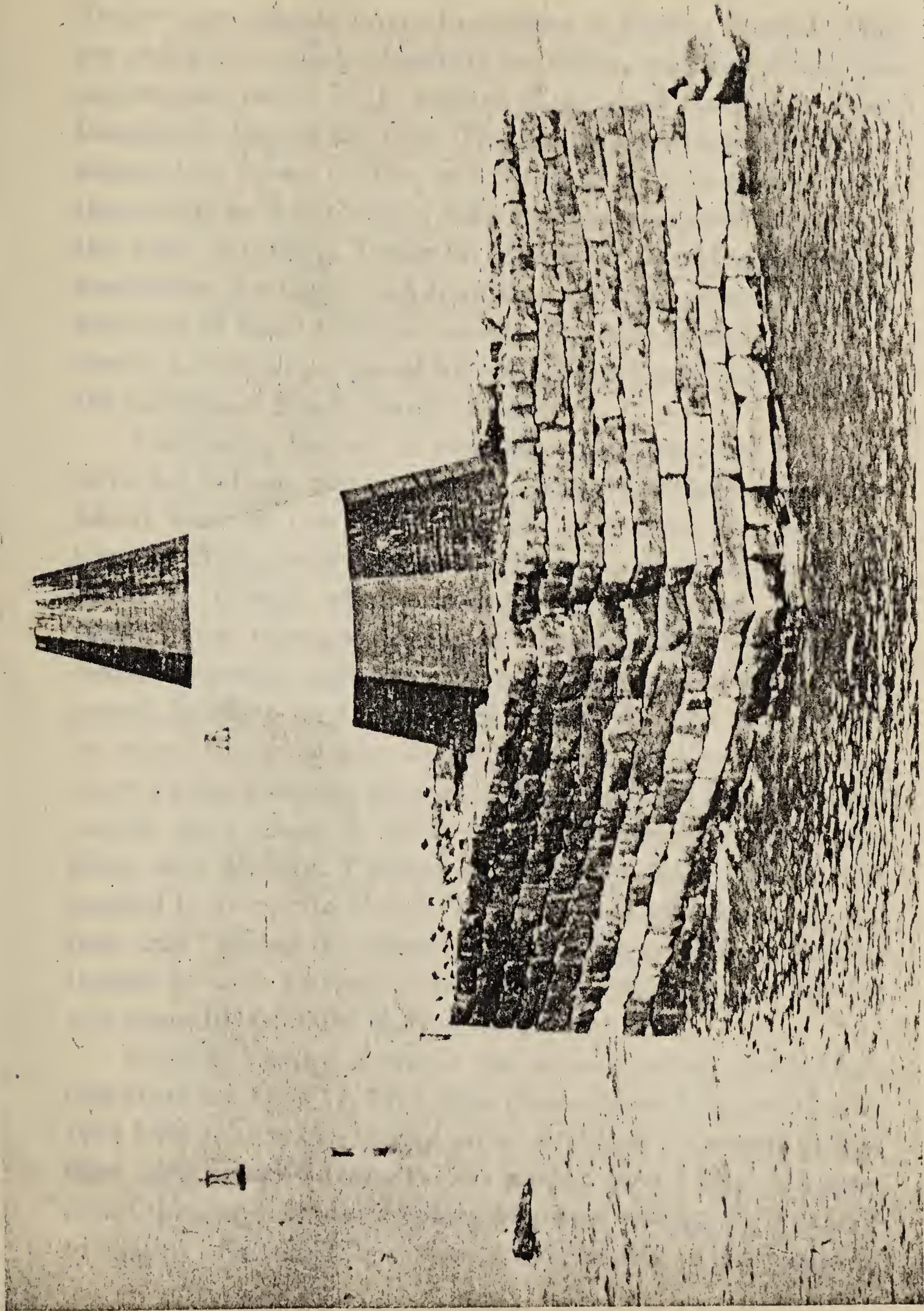
On the second day of June 1724, William White and John



BUG LIGHT, DESTROYED BY FIRE JUNE 7, 1929



PRICE'S VIEW OF "FORT GEORGE ON BIRD ISLAND"



AIR VIEW OF NIX'S MATE, NOVEMBER 27, 1935

Photo Ramsdell-Winapac

Archer were executed over the waters of Boston Harbor. This act ended an exciting adventure for White, who had started his unfortunate career in the seizure of the sloop *Revenge* at Newfoundland, August 23, 1723. The five men participating in the seizure had drawn articles and sworn to them over a hatchet, there being no Bible handy. John Phillips was elected captain of this band of ruffians. Under his leadership several small fishing boats were overtaken, and John Rose Archer joined the pirates from one of these captured vessels. Far from being a "forced" pirate, he was in a class of his own, having once served under the notorious "Black Beard" Teach.

Careening, the act of running a ship onto the beach to scrub her bottom, was often quite necessary in those days, as an added knot or two meant capture or escape. One morning Captain Phillips was supervising the careening of his ship at the island of Tobago when a man-of-war came along, and the *Revenge* just managed to escape. Approaching the American coast, the pirates captured a snow, another type of ship of that period, to which they transferred some of the crew. The pirates on board the snow now decided to shift for themselves, and steered away from the *Revenge*. Phillips detected this move and quickly gave chase. A battle resulted in which one man was killed and William Phillips so badly wounded that it was decided to amputate his leg. The carpenter was chosen for the task, and "taking the injured leg under his arm fell to work as though he were cutting a deal board in two, and soon the leg was separated from the body of the patient."²⁰

Captain Phillips overtook the sloop *Squirrel*, under Captain Haraden April 14, 1724. The *Boston News-Letter* of May 7, 1724 tells us that this daring pirate captured 34 vessels in less than eight months! Haraden was made a forced man, but soon found the ship had many sailors who were waiting for a chance to mutiny. Edward Cheeseman was accepted as the leader of

the men who were planning to mutiny, and with Haraden on board, they believed that the time had come for the surprise attack. Among the forced men was John Filmore, the great-grandfather of President Millard Fillmore. One bright day the ship was plowing along through the waves when Cheeseman gave the prearranged signal, whereupon Filmore raised his broadax and split the head of the boatswain, killing him instantly. Cheeseman grabbed the largest pirate on the ship, threw him over the side, and, when the man hung on, chopped at his hand with the broadax until the buccaneer fell into the water. Captain Phillips rushed on deck but received a broken jaw from Cheeseman, and Captain Haraden's blow with an adz ended the life of buccaneer John Phillips.

The ship, now in possession of the forced men, turned about and headed for Annisquam. The rest of the pirates were saved from death to be used as witnesses in court to prove that the forced men were not buccaneers themselves. The pirates were landed and sent to Boston with the head of Phillips preserved in a pickle barrel.²¹

The trial of the buccaneers was held May 12, 1724, and ended in the execution of White and Archer. John Rose Archer, after his execution, was hung in chains at Bird Island, with the body of William White buried in the sand underneath the gibbet. Before the execution both men were penitent, and spoke against the evils of drink. White declared that he "was drunk when enticed aboard the Pyrate." John Rose Archer made this impressive remark on the gallows: "I could wish that masters of Vessels would not use their men with so much severity, as many of them do, which exposes us to great Temptations."²² That noted diarist of Boston, Jeremiah Bumstead, took a large party of friends and relatives down to Bird Island a week after the execution to see the body of John Rose Archer swinging in chains at the lonely spot.

In the spring of 1726 William Fly shipped as boatswain aboard the snow *Elizabeth*, then at anchor in the harbor of Jamaica. His captain was John Green, and the dying remarks of John Rose Archer should be remembered when judging the next act of William Fly. Captain Green's cruel and abusive treatment so angered Fly that the boatswain planned to seize the ship. At one o'clock in the morning of May 27, 1726, Fly and Alexander Mitchell invaded the captain's cabin and told him they were in charge. They then rushed him up on deck and threw him over the side of the ship to his death. As there was no strenuous opposition after this bold stroke, Fly now assumed control of the snow. Renaming this vessel the *Fame's Revenge* he captured the *John and Hannah* with her commander, Captain William Atkinson a week later. William Fly later had reason to regret the capture. He was so engrossed in the seizure of ships up and down the Atlantic coast that he did not realize the plot which was being formed against him. After a thrilling capture, Fly placed most of his loyal men aboard the captured vessel. Still on the pirate ship with Captain Fly, Atkinson and three other forced men surprised the buccaneers and captured the ship. The rowdy William Fly was placed in irons. Atkinson now sailed for Boston Harbor, and June 6, 1726, William Fly saw the Island of Nix's Mate, where he was soon to be hanged in chains.

We quote from John Campbell's *News-Letter* of July 14, 1726:

"On Tuesday the 12th Instant, about 3 p.m. were executed here for Piracy, Murder, & c. Three of the Condemned Persons mentioned in our last, viz. *William Fly*, *Capt. Samuel Cole*, Quartermaster, and *Henry Greevill*, the other viz. *George Condick*, was Repriev'd at the Place of Execution . . . Fly behaved himself very unbecomingly even to the last; however advised Masters of Vesels not to

be Severe and Barbarous to their Men, which might be a reason why so many turned Pirates . . . Their Bodies were carried in a Boat to a Small Island called Nick's Mate, about 2 Leagues from the Town, where the abovesaid Fly was hung up in Irons, as a Spectacle for the Warning of others, especially Sea faring Men; the other Two were buried there."

Two hundred years have elapsed since the last pirate was buried in the shifting sands of Nix's Mate and Bird Island. The sinister part of their careers now over forever, the two islands were assigned more pastoral duties. Nix's Mate was advertised from time to time for grazing purposes, and in 1735 the *New England Courant* carried an advertisement of sixteen lines stressing its suitability along this line.

William Price, who copied many of John Bonner's masterpieces, made a view of the southeastern part of Boston in 1745, dedicating the print to Peter Faneuil. In the lower left hand corner of the print Bird Island is identified and on Bird Island, Price has put a "Fort George." The inscription plainly reads *Fort George on Bird Island*, but history is strangely silent about this fort. Perhaps Price was confused at the time, but possibly some day we may find evidence to verify his drawing of almost two centuries ago.

Jumping ahead to the days of the Civil War, we read that the bark *Mystery* burned to the water's edge and sank on the flats of Bird Island, July 17, 1861. Extensive oyster farms were later started at this Island by enterprising fishermen. For many years this lucrative occupation was continued, but, with the gradual growth of Boston's population, the Board of Health finally decreed the oyster farms would have to be given up, and around the turn of the century the farm here was abandoned.²³

A rather amusing incident took place on September 18,

1863, when "four gentlemen ran their boat onto Nix's Mate and found themselves in the water." They were rescued by parties from Snow's Island, or Gallop's Island, as it is known today, and according to the newspaper account, returned to their homes much wiser gentlemen.²⁴

We shall now put a little realism into the picture by sailing down the Harbor and going ashore at both Islands. A good high tide submerges Bird Island, so we must pick a low tide for our journey to the forgotten ledge. Landing at the pyramid of granite stones, we climb to the top. A short distance away are the three beacons, "A," "B," and "C," which guide the mariner away from the shoals here. Governor's Island lies off to the southeast, and the airport stretches out its grasp almost across old Bird Island Passage. With perhaps a thought or two for Quelch and Archer, we return to the boat and push off for Nix's Mate. Passing down the ship channel we reach Long Island Head, and there lies Nix's Mate Beacon, between the Nubble and the Narrows. As it is still low tide, we land on the sand bar and walk up to the ominous and sinister pyramid. On the southwestern corner of this seawall there is a stairway and the first step up these grimy stairs is so high it recalls climbing the pyramids of Egypt. Brushing aside spider webs, we reach the top of the wall built around the Island. As we stand at the base of the monument, let us briefly review the history of the Island since Tom Pound turned pirate.

The Island known as Nickel's Mate, in 1695, was sold by Edward Bromfield to William Chamberlain, and at that time "contained by Estimation Two acres of Upland." Thus, since it was owned by Gallop in 1636 it had lost 10 acres of land. After William Chamberlain died the Island passed into the possession of Ebenezer Chamberlain, and upon the marriage of his daughter Eunice to John Petal, Chamberlain gave Nix's Mate to the couple.²⁵

In 1761, the Island was owned by James Gardner, who sold it on the thirtieth of May that year for the equivalent of thirty dollars. Adam Knox, the purchaser, passed it on to his son William, who became keeper of Boston Light in 1781. In 1786, according to the estimate of that time, the Island had enough pasturage for 50 sheep.²⁶

At the turn of the century the Boston Marine Society became interested in preserving Nix's Mate Island. This society, the oldest of its kind in America, started agitation for the preservation of the landmark, but not until 1805 was the seawall built around the Island which at that time had dwindled to approximately 25 by 50 feet. Knox received \$400 from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for the Island. A seawall was now erected 64 feet long, 31 feet wide, and 16 feet high. Captain Ozais Goodwin was aided in the construction of the wall by Colonel Rice of the United States Engineers. The wooden column or marker²⁷ placed on what remained of the Island was 32 feet high. During the World War the marker was changed and is now a cement pyramid.

It is Patriots' Day, 1935, and I am writing these last few lines while leaning against the black and white pyramid at Nix's Mate, with scores of seagulls fluttering overhead. Long Island lies right across the Nubble Channel, with Gallop's old home off to the south, and Lovell's Island to the eastward.

The other islands fade away in the distance, and still farther away, off to the west, the Boston Custom House is silhouetted against the sky. The *Yankee*, soon to cross the ocean to race in British waters, sails proudly up the Harbor between Deer Island Light and Nix's Mate. Off to the east a passenger boat begins the long, wide circle around Graves Light before it straightens its course for the journey across the ocean. A tug with its three tows puffs its way up the Harbor, passing an Italian boat heading for the fishing grounds.

So the next time you sail by the low marker at Bird Island or the high cement pyramid at Nix's Mate, think back two hundred years to the days of Quelch, Archer, and Fly, whose skeletons were buried in the shifting sand bars around the two islands, and be thankful that you are living today, instead of in that far-off time when the emblem of the skull and bones sailed the Spanish Main.

NOTES

GEORGE'S ISLAND—FORT WARREN

1. Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff, *A Topographical and Historical Description of Boston*, [1890] p. 555.
2. Suffolk Deeds, Liber 39, p. 47.
3. Thomas Nill, "The George Family," p. 73.
4. He is the same man who invited the British to Grape Island, May 21, 1775.
5. Massachusetts Historical Society, *Collections*, vol. V. "Diary of Samuel Sewall" vol. I, p. 326.
6. Massachusetts Council Records, vol. V, p. 67.
7. The name *Warren* was kept in mind by the *General Warren*, which probably ran between Boston and the Island for about twenty years, beginning in the 1830's.
8. Louis Édouard Chevalier, *Histoire de la Marine Française*, [1877] p. 118.
9. Frederick W. A. S. Brown, *A Valedictory Poem*, [1819] p. 26.
10. *Boston News-Letter and City Record*, November 4, 1826, p. 210.
11. Enoch Cobb Wines, *A Trip to Boston*, [1838] p. 61.
12. James Lloyd Homer, *Notes on the Sea-Shore*, [1848] p. 33.
13. *New England Magazine*, vol. I, 1889, p. 371.
14. From the *Melodeon* of 1861.
15. Fletcher Webster was the son of Daniel Webster.
16. *New England Magazine*, vol. I, 1889, p. 376.
17. He was killed August 9, 1862, at Cedar Mountain, Virginia.
18. Francis Jewett Parker, *The 32nd Regiment* [1880] p. 4.
19. *Ibid.*, p. 11.
20. Lawrence Sangston, *Personal Journal of a "Prisoner of State"* [1863] p. 65.
21. *Ibid.*, p. 70.
22. On December 29, 1934, I made a special trip to Fort Warren to visit Sangston's room. After reading Sangston's description of the rich decorations and fine furniture, I thought the room looked bare and desolate indeed in its unoccupied state.
23. Lawrence Sangston, *Personal Journal*, p. 84.
24. Records of the War Department, Fort Banks, Massachusetts.
25. John M. Brewer, *Prison Life!* [1862] p. 29.
26. Lawrence Sangston, *Personal Journal*, p. 94.
27. Moses Foster Sweetser, *King's Handbook of Boston Harbor*, [1888] p. 232.
28. *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors and Marines in the Civil War*, volume V, p. 316.
29. Henry W. Gore, *The Independent Corps Cadets at Fort Warren*, [1888] p. 8.
30. *Ibid.*, p. 11.
31. The General Orders were written and read by J. S. Whitney.
32. Henry W. Gore, *The Independent Corps Cadets at Fort Warren*, p. 9.
33. An account of the capture of the *Atlanta* is in Frank M. Bennett's *The Steam Navy of the United States* [1896].
34. Walter Clark, *North Carolina Regiments, 1861-'65*, vol. IV, [1901] p. 732.
35. *New Bedford Mercury*, October 10, 1863.
36. *Boston Post*, October 5, 1863.

37. Edward A. Pollard, *Observations in the North*, [1865] p. 33.
38. *Ibid.*, p. 57.
39. *Boston Post*, October 7, 1863.
40. Myrta Lockett Avary, *Recollections of Alexander Hamilton Stephens*, [1910] p. 128ff.
41. The account is taken from the story told by Corporal Risk of his days at Fort Warren.
42. Francis Jewett Parker, *The 32nd Regiment*, p. 10.
43. *Boston Evening Herald*, July 22, 1881.
44. Henry W. Gore, *The Independent Corps Cadets at Fort Warren*, p. 18.
45. *The Bostonian*, vol. II, 1895, p. 265.
46. *Boston Globe*, May 26, 1895.
47. Colonel James A. Frye, *The First Regiment Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, U. S. Volunteers, in the war of 1898*, [1899] p. 18.
48. *Ibid.*, p. 72.
49. *Boston Post*, September 3, 1898.
50. Captain Brown, while commander, rescued a woman from drowning when the *Resolute* sank off Governor's Island.
51. *Boston Evening Transcript*, May 26, 1905.
52. Frederick M. Cutler, *The Fifty Fifth Artillery*, [1920] p. 9.
53. Lieutenant Paul A. Leahy of Fort Banks generously compiled the information.
54. From a description of Fort Warren, written in April 1886, by Lieutenant-Colonel Gillespie.
55. Francis Jewett Parker, *The 32nd Regiment*, p. 9.
56. The activities of this group were responsible for the eventual planting of scores of trees on the southwestern end of Long Island.
57. The families of the men stationed at the Island include Mrs. Joseph Hardiman and little seven-month-old Joseph Junior; Mrs. John V. Carmody; Mrs. Burns and daughter Alicia, who put flowers in the Mason-Slidell-Stephens room; and Mrs. Comerford with her young son Robert Comerford.

COMMANDING OFFICERS

Colonel Justin Dimmick	1861	Captain E. T. Brown	1899
Major Stephen Cabot	1864	Major Charles Morris	1899
Major A. A. Gibson	1864	Major R. H. Patterson	1901
Major H. A. Allen	1865	Colonel S. M. Mills	1903
Major J. W. M. Appleton	1865	Major W. B. Homer	1905
Captain C. F. Livermore	1865	Lieutenant Colonel S. E. Allen	1908
Major T. Seymour	1869	Major William Chamberlaine	1910
Captain J. B. Rawles	1870	Lieutenant Colonel H. L. Hawthorne	1912
Major George B. Andrews	1872	Lieutenant Colonel W. G. Haan	1914
Captain W. M. Graham	1875	Captain E. T. Weisel	1915
Major John Mendenhall	1877	Captain Clarence G. Bunker	1916
Major C. L. Best	1879	Captain Norton M. Beardslee	1917
Major L. L. Livingston	1885	Major M. S. Holbrook	1917
Captain J. P. Story	1887	Captain F. F. Gallagher	1917
Captain J. B. Campbell	1888	Captain A. L. Kendall	1918
Major Wm. Sinclair	1889	Captain W. A. Berridge	1918
Major C. A. Woodruff	1895	Major W. C. Ellis	1918
Captain G. L. Anderson	1898	Major O. H. Shrader	1919

Colonel Clarence Sayre	1922	Colonel Robert F. McMillan	1927
Major Avery J. French	1922	Major G. D. Holland	1928
Colonel J. T. Geary	1922	Captain E. B. McCarthy	1931
Lieutenant Colonel G.A. Wiczorel	1922	Captain Manly B. Gibson	1932
Colonel C. E. Kilbourne	1924	Lieutenant Colonel Paul D. Bunker	1932
Major E. H. Thompson	1925	Captain Charles S. Denny	1935
Colonel F. E. Harris	1925	Captain Joseph H. Gilbreth	1935
Lieutenant Colonel Roland L. Tilton 1935			

BOSTON LIGHT

1. Translation: When to seamen over the wave is carried the watch fire's light which some shepherd kindles by his lonely fold, high in the hills.
2. In January, 1681, the council approved payment of eight pounds to the town of Hull for work done.
3. The fight in which the *Rose* participated was the same which caused the death of the pirate Thomas Hawkins, who was pardoned from the gallows in Boston.
4. Almost without exception the early pilots regarded the lighthouse position as an opportunity to acquire additional funds. The position itself was not important to them.
5. Daniel Neal, *History of New England*, [1720] p. 586.
6. The total construction cost was £2385.
7. Fitz-Henry Smith, Jr., *The Story of Boston Light*, p. 79.
8. Massachusetts Archives, vol. 63, fol. 586-7.
9. Massachusetts Historical Society, *Proceedings*, vol. V, p. 109. Bennett's, "History of New England."
10. Reverend Elisha Rich, *Poetical Remarks upon the Fight at Boston Lighthouse* (Broadside) [1775].
11. General Orders of Washington, August 1, 1775.
12. William Hyslop Sumner, *History of East Boston*, [1858] p. 414.
13. *Massachusetts Magazine*, p. 72, February 1789.
14. Bostonian Society, *Publications*, vol. II, Second Series, Fitz-Henry Smith, Jr., "Storms and Shipwrecks in Boston Bay", p. 125.
15. James Lloyd Homer, *Notes on the Sea-Shore*, p. 17.
16. Fitz-Henry Smith, Jr., *Boston Light*, p. 118.
17. *Ballou's Pictorial*, vol. II, no. 12, p. 177, March 20, 1852.
18. Lawrence Sangston, *Personal Journal of Prisoner of War*, p. 70.
19. Rufus George Frederiek Candage, in *New England Magazine* vol. 19, October 1895.
20. Fitz-Henry Smith, Jr., "Storms and Shipwrecks in Boston Bay", p. 52.
21. *Boston Post*, December 26, 1909.
22. Bostonian Society Collections.
23. The Boston papers at the time referred to the efforts of the doctor in attempting to land at the Light during the storm.
24. Bostonian Society, *Publications*, vol. VII, p. 74, Fitz-Henry Smith, Jr.

CASTLE ISLAND

1. John Winthrop, *History of New England from 1630 to 1649*, [1908] vol. I, p. 130.
2. Pullen Point included all of the section now known as Winthrop.
3. John Winthrop, *History of New England from 1630 to 1649*, vol. I, p. 223.
4. *Records of Massachusetts Bay*, vol. I, p. 332.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 262.

6. The Mss. collection of Jared Sparks in Harvard College Library contains most of Bernard's Boston correspondence.
7. *Records of Massachusetts Bay*, vol. II, p. 36.
8. John Winthrop, *History of New England from 1630 to 1649*, vol. II, p. 106.
9. *Records of Massachusetts Bay*, vol. II, p. 73.
10. Richard Cotymore of Charlestown was originally chosen.
11. *Records of Massachusetts Bay*, vol. II, p. 137.
12. Mrs. Wilbur Bryant has definitely proved that the bell is of early Danish manufacture. The original inscription resembles the following: *Tillhör ig Skeppet Patrioten*.
13. *Memoirs of Captain Roger Clap*, p. 32.
14. This was due to the lack of support given the Castle by the surrounding towns.
15. He was fined £50 at one time, but the fine was later remitted.
16. A lane ran through the graveyard from Court Square to Tremont Street, until the old City Hall was taken down in 1863.
17. It is not commonly known that the notorious pirate, Thomas Pound, had his share in the Andros plot.
18. Andros later visited Virginia and became interested in William and Mary College there.
19. Cotton Mather is generally supposed to have been the author of the Latin inscription on Stoughton's tomb.
20. Romer wrote to England that the men under him were constantly arguing about the plans for the fort.
21. Shurtleff calls him "William Wolfgang Romer," but the tablet reads "Wolfgang William Romer."
22. The original inscription is as follows:
 ANNO DECIMO TERTIO REGNI WILHELMI
 TERTII MAG: BRIT: FR: & HIB: REGIS
 INVICTISSIMI HOC MUNIMENTUM
 (EX EJUS NOMINE WILHELMI CASTELLUM
 NUNCUPATUM:) FUIT INCEPTUM
 ANNO SECUNDO REGNI ANNAE
 MAG: BRIT: FR: & HIB: REGINAE
 SERENISSIMAE PERFECTUM ANNOQ:
 DOMINI M DCC III
 a Tribuno Wolfgango Wilhelmo
 Romero Regiarum Majestatum
 in Septentrionali America Architec-
 to Militari primario constructum.
23. *Acts and Resolves of Province of Massachusetts Bay*, vol. I, p. 546.
24. *Ibid.*, p. 631.
25. Noddle Island's Camp Hill was named because of the hundreds of men who camped there while the fleet was in Boston Harbor.
26. *Journals of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts*, vol. I, p. 6.
27. *Acts and Resolves of Province of Massachusetts Bay*, vol. II, p. 87.
28. *Journals of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts*, vol. VI, p. 119.
29. The men were Daniel Rutter, John Cooper, and Joseph Russel.
30. When Byles died, however, another poem of satirical intent was found among his writings, so perhaps even Byles did not approve of Burnet.
31. *Journals of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts*, vol. IX, p. 138.
32. *Ibid.*, p. viii.

33. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, *Ballad of the French Fleet*.
34. *Boston Town Records*, 1742-1757, p. 127.
35. A drawing of the Castle by Pownall is to be seen in the Boston Public Library.
36. His letters show his reactions at the time.
37. "Castle Island Records," p. 5.
38. Sophia Elizabeth Higgins, *The Bernards of Abington and Nether Winchendon*, vol. II, p. 74.
39. "Castle Island Records," p. 7.
40. Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Lady Eleanor's Mantle*.
41. Many references to these unfortunate people are found in the Massachusetts Archives.
42. Although there is a monument on Boston Common to the memory of Crispus Attucks, one of the victims, his real name was Michael Johnson.
43. Colonel Leslie did not arrive at once, the Castle in his absence being commanded by his senior officer.
44. E. Alfred Jones, *The Loyalists of Massachusetts*, p. 91.
45. Frank Warren Coburn, *Battle of April 19, 1775*.
46. William W. Wheildon, *Siege and Evacuation of Boston and Charlestown*.
47. Diary of Doctor Warren.
48. The explosion did not take place until the fleet was far at sea, as the British soldiers had left a trail of powder to the bomb.
49. The *Somerset* had been wrecked a short time before at Cape Cod.
50. "Castle Island Records," p. 11.
51. John Howard was an English prison reformer who lived from 1726 until 1790.
52. Robert Frost, the poet, has published a fine edition of the life of Stephen Burroughs in large print.
53. "Castle Island Records," p. 14.
54. *Ibid.*, p. 15.
55. *Ibid.*, p. 119. Dearborn was Secretary of War.
56. *History of the Humane Society*, 1877, p. 49.
57. This famous fight between the two vessels was witnessed by thousands of people from the towns of Boston Harbor. The English ship *Shannon* was victorious.
58. A sketch of the monument while it was on Governor's Island appears in the *Bostonian Magazine* for 1895.
59. Walter K. Watkins, in *Ye Crown Coffee House*, tells us Evered lived on the site of the Old Corner Bookstore.
60. An interesting parallelism can be made with the skeleton found in 1905 at Castle Island and Poe's story of the *Cask of Amontillado*.
61. The ruins of his work at Governor's Island can still be seen on the southern shore.
62. At the present time Thayer Academy is one of the outstanding private schools of Massachusetts.
63. The account is taken from *Ballou's Pictorial*.
64. Moses Foster Sweetser, *King's Handbook of Boston Harbor*, p. 230.
65. *Autobiography of Charles Francis Adams*, p. 116ff.
66. *Boston Evening Transcript*, June 25, 1874.
67. *Records of the Legion of Loyalty*.
68. *Boston Post*, June 30, 1896.
69. *Boston Globe*, December 7, 1898.
70. *Boston Herald*, January 28, 1899.
71. *Boston Globe*, November 27, 1907.
72. *Boston Globe*, July 11, 1915.
73. Much credit for this and other items belongs to Dr. William Flynn of Dorchester.

74. The parking space includes the strandway itself.
75. Patrick J. Connelly, *The Islands of Boston Harbor*, p. 12.
76. Sketch found in Massachusetts Archives, vol. 64, p. 51.
77. Henry Greenleaf Pearson, *Life of John A. Andrew*, vol. II, p. 51.
78. The story probably was due to Massie's monument which stood on the glais from 1817 until its removal in 1892.
79. At least a score of ships have foundered just off the Island since 1830.
80. *Boston Globe*, August 3, 1903.
81. When the radio station was installed, many unidentified skeletons were found as the foundation was dug.
82. Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff, *A Topographical and Historical Description of Boston*, p. 473.
83. This work comes under the supervision of the Park Department, in cooperation with the Emergency Relief Administration.
84. McKay originally came from Nova Scotia.
85. The records of his *Flying Cloud* still stand.

THOMPSON'S ISLAND

1. Charles Henry Bradley, *The History of the Boston Farm and Trades School*.
2. Massachusetts Historical Society, *Proceedings*, vol. 14, p. 382.
3. Maine Historical Society, *Collections*, Second Series, vol. III, *Trelawny Papers*, p. 76.
4. John Ross Dix, *Local Loiterings*, pp. 100, 101, 102.
5. Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff, *Topographical and Historical Description of Boston*, p. 500, 501.
6. *Jewish Encyclopedia*, vol. XII, pp. 212, 213.
7. *The Beacon*, vol. 37, no. 11, p. 1.
8. *The Beacon*, vol. 38, no. 7, p. 1.

ISLANDS ALONG THE BACK CHANNEL

1. John Winthrop, *History of New England from 1630 to 1649*, vol. I, p. 258.
2. Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff, *Topographical and Historical Description of Boston*, p. 512.
3. Massachusetts Archives, vol. 63, fol. 483.
4. Archibald Robertson in his diary mentions the British troops ashore at Spectacle Island, but this brief reference is practically all we know of their operations there during the Revolution.
5. Suffolk Deeds, Liber 39, p. 31.
6. Mass. Archives, vol. 62, fol. 380.
7. *Suffolk Deeds*, Liber II, p. 291.
8. *Boston Post*, September 1, 1865.
9. Thomas Morton, *New England Canaan*, p. 84.

GOVERNOR'S, APPLE, AND SNAKE ISLANDS

1. *Records of Massachusetts Bay*, vol. IV, part II, p. 504.
2. *Ibid.*, vol. I, p. 94.
3. *Ibid.*, vol. V, p. 399.
4. John Winthrop, *History of New England from 1630 to 1649*, vol. II, p. 275.
5. Samuel Kneeland, *Journal of the House of Representatives*, [1749] p. 113.

6. A pleasing reproduction of this view may be seen in Mary Farwell Ayer's *Early Days on Boston Common*, opposite page 28.
7. A sketch of the graveyard while at Governor's Island appears in the *Bostonian Magazine*, vol. II, 1895.
8. John Winthrop, *History of New England from 1630 to 1649*, vol. II, p. 156.
9. Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff, *A Topographical and Historical Description of Boston*, p. 457.
10. James Lloyd Homer, *Notes on the Sea-Shore*, Book II, p. 22.
11. *Boston Evening Transcript*, November 12, 1835.
12. Suffolk Deeds, Liber 37, p. 17.
13. Sons of American Revolution, *Register of Old Suffolk Chapter*, 1900, p. 42.

RAINSFORD'S, GALLOP'S, AND LOVELL'S ISLANDS

1. Owen Rowe was one of the judges who signed the death warrant of Charles I in 1649. He was an early member of the Massachusetts Bay Company.
2. Suffolk Deeds, Liber 34, p. 83. September 30, 1719.
3. This information is chiseled into the rock on the southeastern shore of West Head.
4. Thorwald was allegedly killed at Point Allerton in a battle with the natives in 1004, and according to the legend, was buried nearby at a spot which the Indians would not easily discover.
5. A translation of the inscription: Look to the character of the man, not his outward appearance; for true worth lies in virtue.
6. *Boston Globe*, February 13, 1918.
7. *Boston Herald*, January 1, 1921.
8. John Winthrop, *History of New England from 1630 to 1649*, vol. I, p. 184.
9. Suffolk Deeds, Liber VI, p. 67.
10. *Boston Evening Transcript*, September 3, 1865.
11. *Boston Herald*, September 30, 1908.
12. *Records of Massachusetts Bay*, vol. III, p. 145.
13. Suffolk Deeds, Liber 110, p. 240.
14. Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff, *A Topographical and Historical Description of Boston*, p. 550.
15. Captain Edmund Halley's Chart of Boston Harbor, made in 1700.

NODDLE'S AND HOG ISLANDS

1. John Vicars, *England's Worthies* [1647].
2. John Winthrop, *History of New England from 1630 to 1649*, vol. I, p. 83.
3. *Records of Massachusetts Bay*, vol. I, p. 104.
4. *York Records*, Book I, pp. 118, 119 (January 25, 1645).
5. John Winthrop, *History of New England from 1630 to 1649*, vol. II, p. 256.
6. Massachusetts Historical Society, *Collections*, vol. III, Third Series, p. 231.
7. *Records of Massachusetts Bay*, vol. II, pp. 32, 54.
8. *New York Colonial Manuscripts*, vol. III, p. 185.
9. Sir Thomas Temple was better known as the governor of Nova Scotia.
10. Jeremiah Dummer, *Defence of the New England Charter*, [1721] p. 24.
11. Henry Howell Williams died December 26, 1802.
12. William Hyslop Sumner, *A History of East Boston*, [1858] p. 586.
13. George Frederick Benner is one of the few remaining ship-calkers of East Boston.
14. Suffolk Deeds, Liber III, p. 23.

15. Massachusetts Historical Society, *Collections*, 1878, vol. V, Fifth Series. "Diary of Samuel Sewall." vol. I, pp. 176, 181.
16. Suffolk Deeds, Liber 179, p. 279.

PEDDOCK'S ISLAND AND HINGHAM BAY

1. Moses Foster Sweetser, *King's Handbook of Boston Harbor*, pp. 206, 207.
2. *Boston Herald*, July 30, 1909.
3. Records of Massachusetts Bay, vol. I, p. 191.
4. From the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, *Publications*, vol. 15, Harvard College Records, we see the rents increased from 50 shillings in 1683 to £23 forty years later.
5. Suffolk Deeds, Liber 39, p. 112.
6. Information furnished through courtesy of W. L. Howard, Town Clerk of Hingham.
7. There are reports that the eel grass is gradually coming back, having been seen at Cape Cod in the summer of 1935.
8. *Suffolk Deeds*, Liber XIV, p. 45.
9. Thomas Dibdin, an English poet, was born in 1771, dying in 1841.
10. Moses Foster Sweetser, *King's Handbook of Boston Harbor*, p. 211.
11. Suffolk Deeds, Liber 85, p. 27.
12. Edward T. Bouvé, in *History of the Town of Hingham*, vol. I, part 1, p. 177.
13. John H. Stark, *Illustrated History of Boston Harbor*, p. 59.
14. *History of the Town of Hingham*, vol. II, p. 423.
15. The wrecks vanished many years ago from the shores of Little Hog Island.

DEER ISLAND AND LONG ISLAND

1. William Wood, *New England's Prospect*, [1634] p. 42.
2. The construction of the sewer under Shirley Gut, along Deer Island, and out into Broad Sound is said to be an engineering accomplishment seldom equaled.
3. John Winthrop, *History of New England from 1630 to 1649*, [1908] vol. II, p. 69.
4. Leofric, Earl of Chester, Temple's ancestor, lived in the manor of Temple, Leicestershire County, during the reign of Edward the Confessor.
5. Massachusetts Archives, vol. 35, fol. 273.
6. Boston Town Records, March 12, 1718, p. 373.
7. William Tudor, *A Discourse before the Humane Society*, [1817] p. 21.
8. Frederick W. A. S. Brown, *Valedictory Poem*, p. 34.
9. Dr. E. C. Wines, *A Trip to Boston*, p. 124, 1838.
10. James Lloyd Homer, *Notes on the Sea-Shore*, [1848] p. 26 or 1845 in *Boston Post*.
11. *Boston Herald*, January 10, 1886.
12. *Boston Globe*, November 10, 1932.
13. Boston Town Records, 1640, p. 39.
14. Boston Town Records, 1667, p. 27.
15. *Suffolk Deeds*, Liber VI, p. 329.
16. Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff, *Topographical and Historical Description of Boston*, p. 535.
17. *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines with Civil War*, June 27, 1862, vol. I, p. 672.
18. Daniel George MacNamara, *History of the Ninth Regiment*, [1899] p. 18, 19, vol. I, p. 672.
19. *Ibid.*, p. 26.

20. *Boston Post*, October 10, 1863.
21. Edward H. Savage, *Boston Events*, [1884] p. 132. (January 29, 1873).
22. I am greatly indebted to Dr. Clay for furnishing me with the factual knowledge contained in the report.

ISLANDS OF THE OUTER HARBOR

1. Fitz-Henry Smith, Jr., in *Bostonian Society, Publications*, vol. II, Second Series, "Storms and Shipwrecks in Boston Bay", p. 66.
2. September 1, 1935, the 30th Anniversary of Graves Light was celebrated on the Ledge, with Executive Secretary George P. Tilton of the Boston Port Authority giving a fine speech in honor of Thomas Graves, whom he called the first American foreign trader.
3. Before Bug Light was erected, a beacon, the foundation of which is still standing, served to keep the mariner away from the end of the Spit, and is spoken of in 1849 by Miss Lucy Maria Long, the daughter of Keeper Long of Boston Light.
4. *Records of Massachusetts Bay*, vol. V, p. 488.
5. Suffolk Court Files, vol. 48, no. 4667.
6. *Boston Herald*, February 2, 1898.
7. *Boston Herald*, June 8, 1935.
8. Suffolk Deeds, Liber 162, p. 232. Osgood had purchased the property in 1785.
9. *Boston Post*, February 2, 1898.
10. Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff, *A Topographical and Historical Description of Boston*, pp. 576, 577.
11. Moses Foster Sweetser, *King's Handbook of Boston Harbor*, p. 250.

NIX'S MATE AND BIRD ISLAND

1. Suffolk Court Files, vol. I, no. 76.
2. Boston Town Records, April 2, 1658, p. 142.
3. The first recorded account which I have been able to find about the fictitious Captain Nix as written in the *Boston News-Letter and City Record*, December 16, 1826, p. 280, by Jerome V. C. Smith.
4. Neither John Winthrop, Samuel Sewall, nor Cotton Mather mentions a hanging for a marine crime in Boston until 1672, when, as Mather tells us, William Forrest, Alexander Wilson, and John Smith were executed.
5. Moses Foster Sweetser, *King's Handbook of Boston Harbor*, p. 198.
6. *Records of Massachusetts Bay*, vol. I, p. 179.
7. Suffolk Court Files, vol. 214, no. 27959.
8. See front book ends for Pound's Chart.
9. Massachusetts Archives, vol. 35, fol. 5.
10. Massachusetts Historical Society, *Collections*, Fifth Series, vol. V, "Diary of Samuel Sewall, vol. I, pp. 309, 310.
11. John Henry Edmonds, in Colonial Society of Massachusetts, *Publications*, p. 44, "Captain Thomas Pound."
12. Patrick J. Connelly, *Islands of Boston Harbor*, p. 24.
13. George Francis Dow and John Henry Edmonds, *Pirates of the New England Coast*, [1923] 1630-1730, p. 82.
14. Massachusetts Historical Society, *Collections*, Fifth Series, vol. VI, "Diary of Samuel Sewall", vol. II, p. 104.
15. George Francis Dow and John Henry Edmonds, *Pirates of the New England Coast*, 1630-1730, p. 377.

16. Massachusetts Historical Society, *Collections*, Fifth Series, vol. VI, "Diary of Samuel Sewall", vol. II, p. 111.
17. George Francis Dow and John Henry Edmonds, *Pirates of the New England Coast*, p. 126.
18. Massachusetts Historical Society, *Collections*, First Series, vol. III, p. 120.
19. Massachusetts Historical Society, *Journal of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, 1721-1722* (1922). p. 75.
20. Massachusetts Archives, vol. 63, fol. 381.
21. *New England Historic Genealogical Register*, vol. 15, p. 201, 1861, "Diary of Jeremiah Bumstead."
22. George Francis Dow and John Henry Edmonds. *Pirates of the New England Coast*, p. 325.
23. A delightful sketch of the oyster farm may be seen in the manuscript room of the New York Public Library, in the sketch book of Thomas Kelah Wharton.
24. *Boston Post*, September 18, 1863.
25. Suffolk Deeds, Liber 51, pp. 48, 49.
26. *Boston News-Letter and City Record*, December 16, 1826, p. 280.
27. From information taken from the unpublished records of the Boston Marine Society for 1805.

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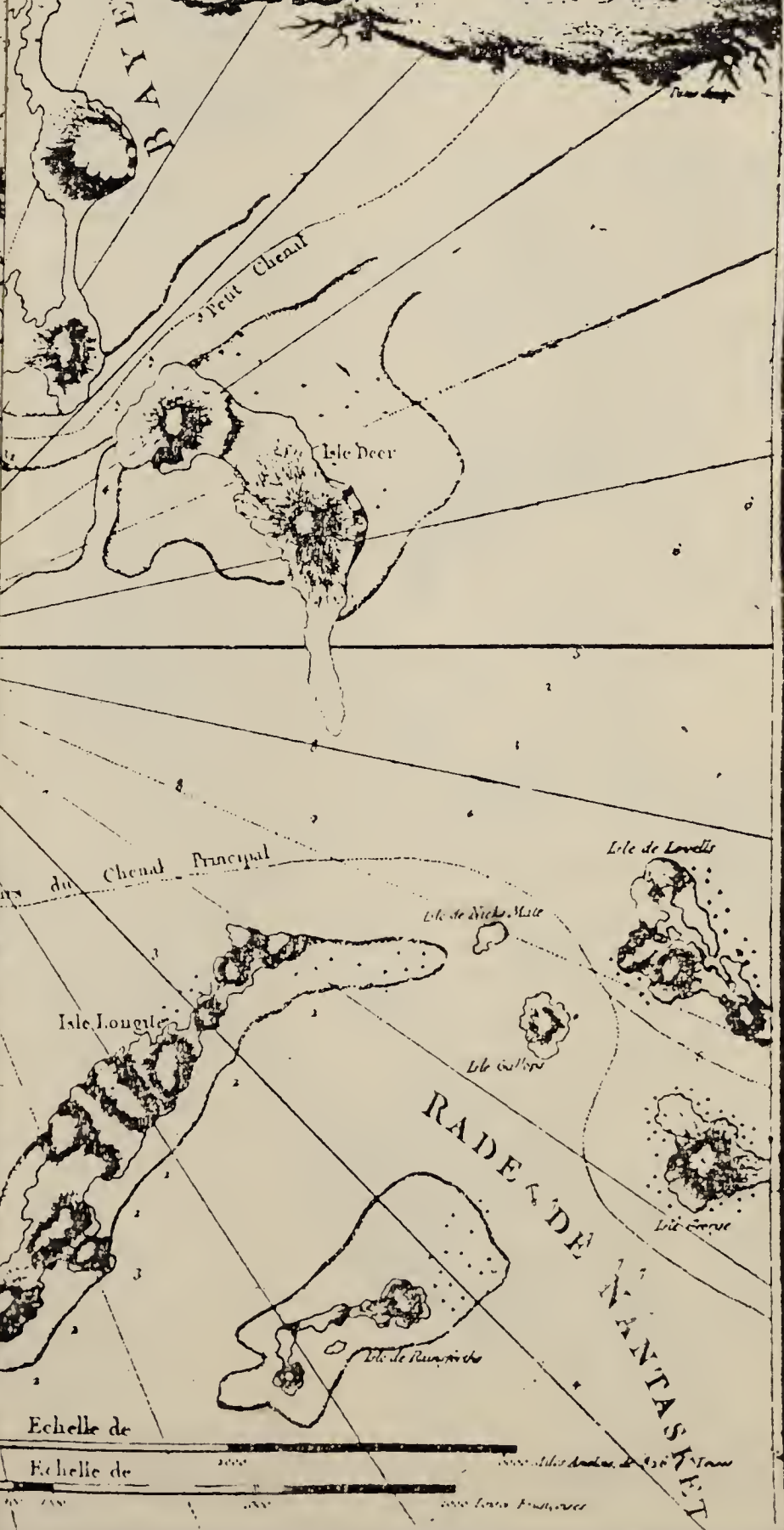
Edward Rowe Snow

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avec les Côtes adjacentes,
dans lequel on a tracé les Camps
et les Retranchemens
occupés tant par les Anglois
que par les Américains.

DEDIEE
et présentée au Roy
Par son tres humble et
tres obéissant serviteur et
fidèle le Chevalier Benjamin
Geographie de sa Majesté
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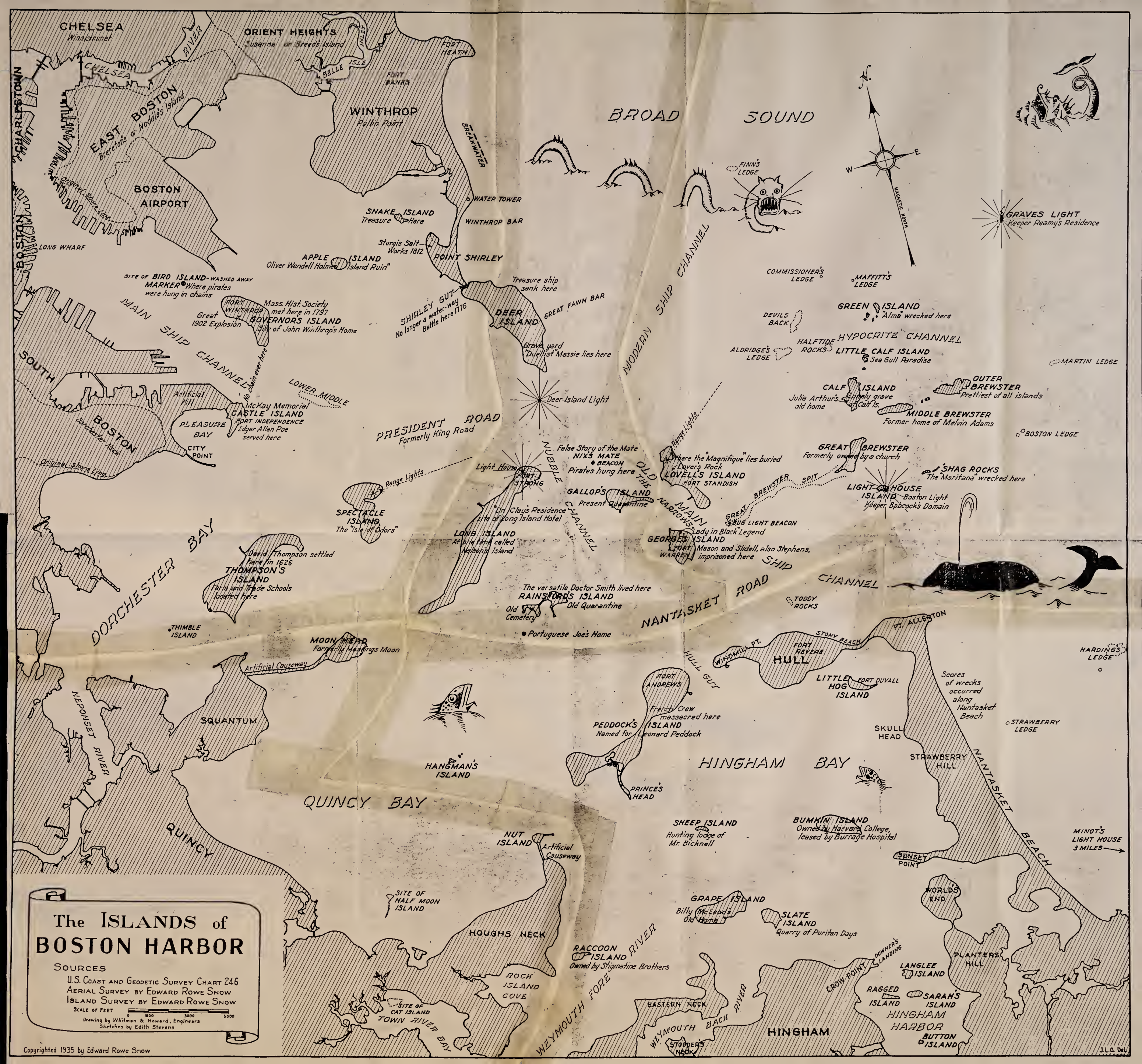
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